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THE NEW YORK MONTHLY ▸ APRIL 198

SPY

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COFFEE GROUNDS OF THE RICH AND INTEROFFICE MEMOS OF THE FAMOUS — A SCIENTIFIC, SANITARY AND NOT AT ALL UNSEEMLY *SPY* INVESTIGATION

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Bernadette Peters as The Celebrity

AD. DIR: PAUL MARCIANO PHOTO: ELLEN VON UNWERTH



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THE COVER
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DEPARTMENTS

GREAT EXPECTATIONS 9

NAKED CITY

Apartheid at The Royalton and The New Kowtowing at New York. *How to change your name, cure your baldness and handle an Uzi.* SPY *looks back: at Joseph Heller's long-lost* McHale's Navy *episode and at the history of the Heimlich maneuver* 36

THE SPY MAP

Mr. Manhattan Man—the Eyes and Ears, the Gums and Freckles and Butt of the city. By ALLEN KURZWEIL. *Illustrated by* LILLA ROGERS 134

PARTY POOP 154

NEW, IMPROVED NEW YORK

New York's seminatural hot steam springs, harnessed for your, uh, health. Illustrated by WILLIAM JOYCE 156



FEATURES



ADVANCED ANTHROPOLOGY: A GARBOLOGICAL GUIDE TO THE FAMOUS

You'd like to know a little more about some big-shot New Yorker? You could send him a letter. Or ask for an interview. Or load his garbage from the sidewalk into a specially equipped Chevrolet van and then root through the stinking bags with rubber gloves. JOHN BRODIE *and* BOB MACK *did the latter. They left no can unturned. Photographs by* SARA BARRETT.. 66

IT'S MORNING IN AMERIKA

Perhaps you've noticed the long lines. The mandatory forms. The huge industrial combines that can't produce decent goods. The leader who used to run a ruthless intelligence agency. You are not the only one who sees these things, comrade. GUY MARTIN *examines the Sovietization of America* 74

YOU MAY ALREADY BE A WINNER!

Congratulations! Just by scanning this very sentence, you've probably qualified for some kind of trophy or certificate or bronzed thingamajig. From the Nobel to the Grammy to the Semmy to the Awgie, MARK LASSWELL *explores the ever-burgeoning world of prizes and shows how all good things come to those who wait—and even more so to those who scheme* 84

I WAS A THREE-WEEK BRAZILIAN FLASH IN THE PAN

To us Americans, John Lurie is a vaguely familiar cult actor and an even less familiar cult musician. To Brazilian newspapers he was a big-time Yankee superstar—that is, until the backlash set in. But what a three weeks it was. LYNN GELLER *(with Lurie's help) tells a tale of foreign media gone mad* 129



TAKE MY INSIDE STRAIGHT. PLEASE.

"So this guy walks into the Friars Club of California, right? Buys into one of those illegal high-stakes poker games they've got going. He sees Milton Berle, so he says, 'Hey, Uncle Miltie! All that dough you raise from them charity roasts—exactly what charity is that?' " FRANK FELDINGER *delivers the punch line on aging yucksters, hucksters, Tom Bosley and Milton "I Use Goddamn Fucking Language" Berle* .. 136

COLUMNS



IGNATZ RAZTWIKZWIZKI *follows the leads in* **Review of Reviewers**; CELIA BRADY *examines the Retin-A generation in* **The Industry**; *in* **Resident Alien**, ALEX HEARD *discovers that Jesus is back, and this time He's got publicists;* JAMES GRANT *wonders why Kravis and company are still the stars of* **The Street**; CARL MACDONALD *on ultrafinicky cheapskate billionaires and their* **Real Estate**; *and* ELLIS WEINER's *enemies teach him* **How to Be a Grown-up** 144

OUR UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By ROY BLOUNT JR. 153

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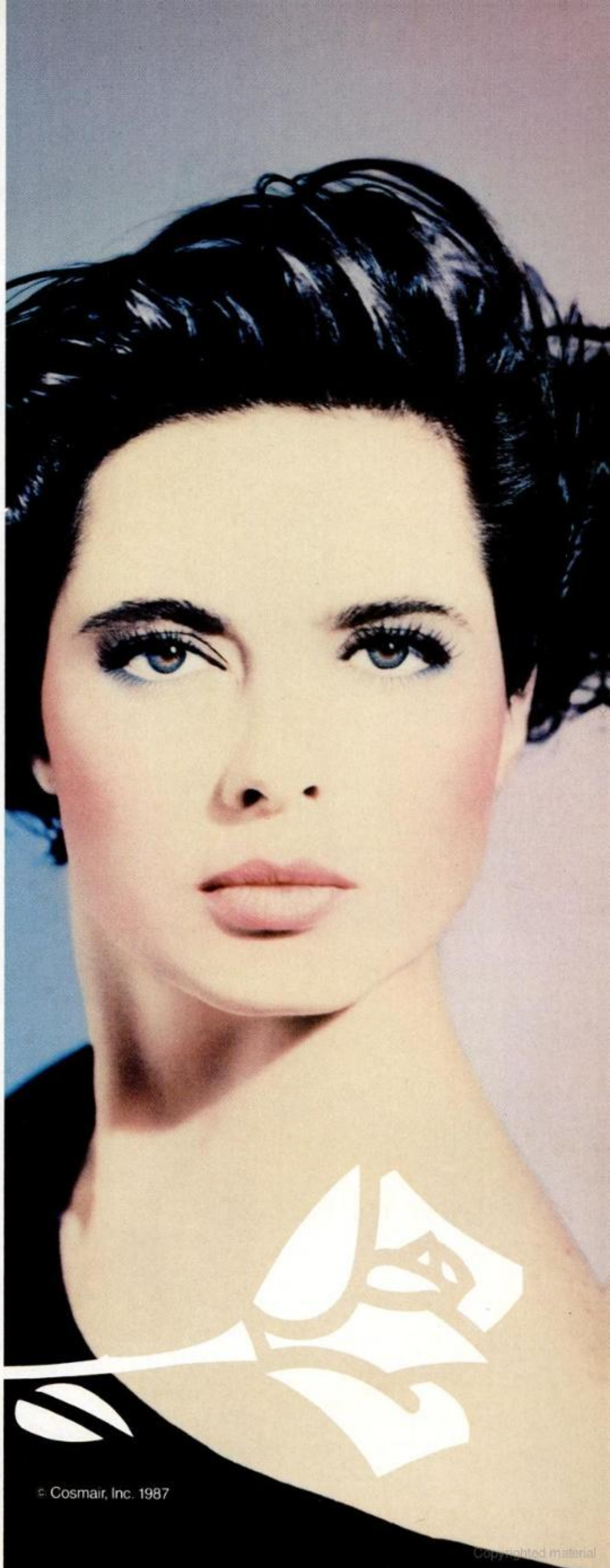
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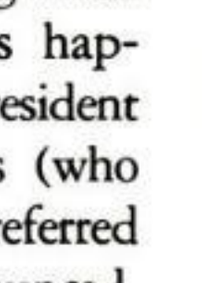


"We are going to fill it."—Grace Murabella, founding editor of the new fashion magazine *Mirabella*



NO MORE APRIL FOOLS' SHENANIGANS FOR US: THE MOMENT HAS COME TO GROW up, get serious, address the issues of the day carefully, thoughtfully, straightforwardly. We can't just sit back and mock the grotesque and marvel at the bizarre. We must do more than merely tease and chastise. We are privileged members of history's most privileged generation, children of plenty who stopped a war and rededicated a nation to its ideals of tolerance. Enough jokes, enough merrymaking. It's high time that we told the world not just what repels and astounds us, but what we are *for*. We're thinking. All right, here's one: *we are* for *helping sick babies feel better*. Earlier this year, back before the honeymoon was over, back during those several seconds of fondness we felt toward the president, back when he was still new to the White House—indeed, the morning after he had, Reagan-like, got lost there—George Bush arose at 6:00 a.m. to take care of Ellie LeBlond. Ellie LeBlond is his two-year-old granddaughter (one of the little white ones). "Pumped a half a Tylenol into her," Bush said later, making Ellie sound like a finicky chainsaw, "and she's looking good." Bush has been doing a lot of things we are for: we are *for* giving Dan Quayle inconsequential make-work, and we are *for* fishing. Casting off a Florida key, the president landed a catfish—pumped a hook into her, and she's looking good—even though it was not what he was after. Bush is a *bonefish* man. When he catches one, he says, he strokes it (afraid so: kindly, gently) before tossing it back. Bush was fishing when some British tourists happened by, and the president of the United States (who had on television just referred to his own wife as "a blimp," and whose spokesman announced, "There are times when he may want to do personal things late at night") suddenly blurted out, "Do you think Margaret Thatcher would like a little bit of this bonefishing action?" This being spring, we are, naturally, *for* U.S. presidents making goofy double entendres about Tory prime ministers. The Reagan-Bush administration's

No more April Fools' shenanigans





"There's an ass out there, and

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heroic Oliver North has managed, in the manner of CIA turncoats who know too much, to blackmail the government into backing off from prosecuting him fully. And Bush has been excused from appearing as a witness at North's trial, because, according to a White House official, "presidents just don't testify in court." What *do* presidents do? Well, former presidents



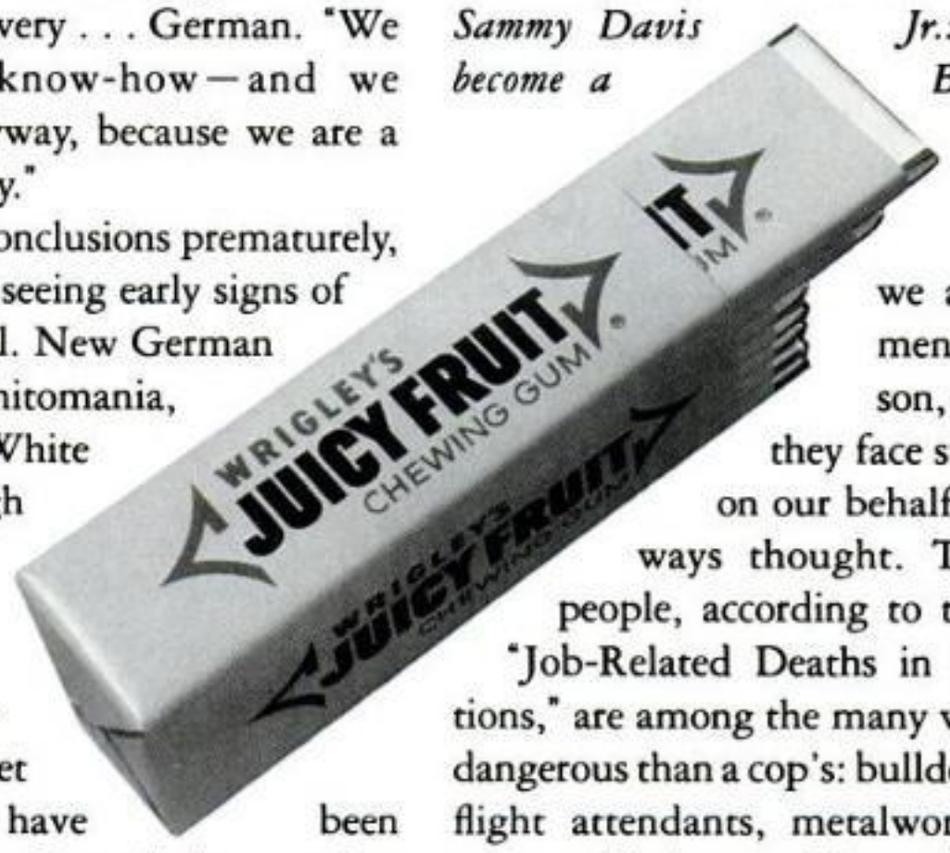
sign several-million-dollar book deals 48 hours after leaving office. (Diverting but trivial best-selling books: we're definitely *for* them.) Former presidents continue to put on ridiculous headgear if photographers are anywhere in the vicinity. And they pull down around $1,000 a minute for delivering after-dinner speeches. More, maybe, if they tour as a double bill with alleged felons and national heroes, a marketing-of-Ronald-Reagan plan that Oliver North recently proposed.

Just as the nation's focus was on Washington and the new administration, another charismatic national hero, Teddy Kennedy, was doing some late-night . . . fact-finding at a bar called American Trash on upper First Avenue. (We are most certainly *for* the hearty but responsible consumption of alcoholic beverages. We are somewhat less enthusiastic about pineapple-juice-based drinks, such as those Kennedy was drinking on upper First Avenue. As for upper First Avenue: probably more against than for.) Anyway, Teddy pumped a half a drink into himself, and he's looking good—pretty good, anyway, until he had a dustup with a fellow high-spirited Irish-American bar patron, who told the senator, *You're no John Kennedy*.

Georgette Mosbacher notwithstanding, the 1980s are now really, finally over. We're sure of it, with such astonishing images of 1990s-ness cropping up—the lice infestation at the Library of Congress, for example. They called in Dr. Thomas Parker, an emergency library entomologist, to delouse the place, and he delivered his assessment: the lice had attacked *Barron's*, *The Wall Street Journal* and *Architectural Digest*. Who knew that modern vermin were so calculating, so attuned to the nuances of social mood? We just thank God that Dr. Parker got to Washington before they reached the shelf where the *USA Today*s and Jay McInerney novels are kept.

Ever since a firsthand encounter in 1973, we have been very much *for* killing lice (*memo to Librarian of Congress: Throw out any terry-cloth bathrobes immediately*), by wholesale fumigation if necessary—pump a half a pint of DDT into them, and they're looking good. Poison gas? Government-run exterminations? Speaking of Germany, it is important to reiterate that the West German chemical company Imhausen-Chemie did not—repeat, *did not*—help Libya build its new chemical-weapons factory. "We have nothing to do with this project," said company *Über*executive Jürgen Hippenstiel-Imhausen, his denial sounding somehow familiar, somehow very . . . German. "We don't have the know-how—and we wouldn't do so anyway, because we are a responsible company."

Not to jump to conclusions prematurely, but we just may be seeing early signs of a mid-1940s revival. New German war crimes, Hirohitomania, a flying ace in the White House, not enough sex and last winter's J. Crew clothing catalog. J. Crew is marketing a corduroy jacket as one that "might have been worn by J. Robert Oppenheimer at Los Alamos." Okay, we'll take one of those—and while you're at it, send along one of those very handsome white smocks that might have been worn by Wernher von Braun at Peenemünde.



Don't get us wrong: we're *for* science and technology—especially when it's used to update perfectly good all-American 1940s-era products. The Wm. Wrigley Company just hired Advanced Polymer Systems Inc., whose vice president of research and development is a man named Sergio, to put tiny, flavor-filled *synthetic sponges* into sticks of Doublemint and Juicy Fruit. Advanced Polymer figures that the flavor lasts twice as long, up to 22 minutes. And they say the American Century is over.

First scientists solve the chewing-gum-flavor-extension problem; then, in a flash, they solve the drug problem. Researchers have discovered that a dose of PCP, or angel dust, *protects* brain cells during heart attacks and strokes. In other words, pumped some PCP into her, she's looking good. Does this mean—yikes!—that now we're *for* angel dust?

We thought we were for minority-hiring schemes, especially in Boston. The Boston Fire Department lists 361 minority-group members among its fire fighters. It turns out that at least eleven of those putative blacks and Hispanics, however, may be white people (including twin brothers named Malone) who lied about their race in order to get hired—life imitates *Soul Man*—because in Boston blacks and Hispanics can pass the civil-service exam with lower scores than whites. Each suspected white person is now being required to produce "proof that one has participated as a member of the black community" (*memo to Sammy Davis Jr.: Don't try to become a Boston fireman or policeman*).

Of course, we are *for* policemen, within reason, partly because they face such daily peril on our behalf. Or so we always thought. The following people, according to the new study "Job-Related Deaths in 347 Occupations," are among the many with jobs more dangerous than a cop's: bulldozer operators, flight attendants, metalworkers, roofers, surveyor's helpers, millers, cabdrivers, truck drivers and—more than twice as dangerous—garbage collectors.

So, Bush is not altogether objectionable, angel dust is good for you, affirmative action backfires, cops are wusses. . . . We embark on spring suddenly confused and ambivalent, no longer so sure just what or whom we are for or why. The solution? *Spring*: take off the storm windows, hand over a baby daughter, pump a half a quart of orange juice into us, and we're looking good. ◆

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SEVEN YEAR ITCH

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FINNISH UP

From the SPY mailroom: A little success and it's suddenly open season on still-small, New York–based satirical monthlies. A few more copies are moved each month, one or two new ads come in, a very modest paperback book sells respectably, and before you can say "payment on acceptance," readers have you by the lapels and are starting to assert themselves. Complaints and requests, requests and complaints. Okay—let's have it.



The following handwritten note was sent to us on the back of a SPY Holiday Gift Order Form sent to D. Stuart Carr of Richmond, Virginia: "As one of your subscribers, I would like to make a suggestion: I find your magazine tedious to read. I think you should emulate the format and writing style of *Vanity Fair*." Mr. Carr, if he is indeed our correspondent, is either making a very subtle jest or subscribing to a magazine he hates but nonetheless reads closely enough to pass judgment on.

Here's a helpful postcard: "Take a look at your December issue, p. 116, l. 24: 'A group of essays were collected into his first book. . . .' A group *were*—? Come on, guys! Shape *up*! A FRIEND." Some friend. We checked *Words Into Type*, third edition (1974), page 354, under "Collective Nouns": "A collective noun takes a singular verb unless the individuals forming the group are to be emphasized. . . ." *Unless the individuals forming the group are to be emphasized.* It occurs to us that a good example of the exception cited might be "A group of essays were collected into his first book."

"Information, please, concerning Kay Gardella," starts a letter from William Giese of Chevy Chase, Maryland, a man clearly accustomed to getting what he wants and getting it *now*. "How old is the photo of Kay that accompanies her *Daily News* column? Any possibility this is a record?" We phoned Kay—you see, Bill, as you guessed, in New York *everybody knows everybody else*, which is why it's not unreasonable for people in, say, Chevy Chase, Maryland, to assume that any random New Yorker can answer for

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them whatever odd question pops into their head regarding any other New Yorker. So, anyway, Kay laughed (that Kay) and told us it was "a good ten-year-old picture," by which she probably meant to say that the picture is a good ten years old. Or perhaps she meant that as ten-year-old pictures go, it's a good one. After all, we never saw her other choices. (It surprises you, doesn't it, Bill, that we never saw her other choices, given that we live in New York and, like Gardella, work in journalism? Oh, never mind.)

Susan Moloney of West Milford, New Jersey, has time on her hands. Or did, until she discovered that days spent tabulating the number of letters SPY publishes from men vs. the number from women are days that pass much more quickly. She writes that in the December SPY, men's letters outnumbered women's by three to one. "This letter imbalance exists in previous issues as well," she claims. "Why don't you print more letters from women? Don't you find them as clever as the endless letters you publish from people with names like Michael, Jack and Jason?" Now, hold on there, Susan. Maybe we're being oversensitive, but are you suggesting that letters from a certain Jason—okay, Jason de Menil—should no longer be welcome in our pages? We hope not. But your point is well taken, and we'll redouble our efforts to persuade women we don't know to write amusing or enlightening letters to us.

The dissatisfaction continues. "If Liz Smith is, indeed, guilty of an 'error-ridden syndicated gossip column,' why, then, must SPY emulate this purveyor of misinformation?" asks Louis A. Rachow of Manhattan. Well, we can't answer that one until we figure out what Mr. Rachow means by "emulate." Is he referring to our occasional use of boldface type, our error-ridden syndicated gossip column or our tendency to illustrate said column with a ludicrously youthful photograph of ourself? Or does Mr. Rachow really mean "give publicity to"?

Any more complaints? Of course.

"What has happened to my beloved SPY?" begins Jane Garcia of West Hollywood. But let's not be too quick to assume it's more trouble. Maybe she's

DEAR EDITORS While I don't have the privilege of attending the same august institution as Jason de Menil, I have many friends at Harvard, some of whom claim not only to have met Eric Kaplan but also that Jason de Menil is in fact either a close personal friend of Eric Kaplan's or even his roommate. If this is in fact true, why can't Eric get Jason a job and end his inane stream of letters to SPY? If I want pseudointellectual ravings, there is always *The New Yorker*.

Jon Lichtenstein
Ithaca, New York

Don't be so quick to assume that Messrs. Kaplan and De Menil, because they attend the same university, even know each other. That's the sort of thinking that always has people linking us with Kay Gardella.

DEAR EDITORS Jason [de Menil]: I'll just *die* if you hole yourself up in Harvard Yard. My happiness literally hinges upon your selfless quest for, well, what? Anyway, um, it is only one such as you, with all that positive self-esteem, unlike those of us afflicted with negative self-esteem, who could possibly tame the hungry media. I mean, boy, you *really* put them [SPY] in their place [Letters, December 1988]. I just can't believe how *mean* they've been to you.

Mary Catherine Martin
Auburn, Alabama

DEAR EDITORS Andrew Sullivan's scrabbling smear job of American Rhodes scholars ["All Rhodes Lead Nowhere in Particular," October 1988] was not worthy of your excellent magazine. Mr. Sullivan is just another sulky British writer who is filled with self-hatred because he wasn't born here. He has been reading too much Tom Wolfe without getting the point.

SPY typically shows what wit and a sharp sense of humor can do when they team up with finely tuned writing. Mr. Sullivan's piece shows what happens when sloppy, self-indulgent work teams up with a mean spirit. A style that looks to Dickens for inspiration—one sentence boasts commas, parentheses, quotations, brackets, a colon *and*, my goodness, what dexterity, an ellipsis—delights no one but a nineteenth-century subscriber to the *Illustrated London News*. Give Alistair Cooke Jr. here a copy of *The Elements of Style* and a quick primer in ethical journalism. Name your sources, Mr. Sullivan.

The substance of the piece is less impressive. We learn that Rhodes scholars are bores because none has ever been president, and what they have been—Harvard professor, House speaker, Pulitzer winner—isn't worth much. Suggest something better, scion of the Old World. What no one in this eclectic collection has been, quite obviously, is a snide, keen-eyed young wit ready to make his mark in his adopted home. Pass the Pimm's.

Bob Neer
New York

DEAR EDITORS During a recent stay in a Harley hotel, I was surprised to discover that Leona Helmsley shares a common love with millions of travelers throughout the U.S.: she loves ratty, thin, nonabsorbent hotel towels. Perhaps the behavior that earned her the No. 2 position on The SPY 100 [October 1988] was a pretense, and in reality she's a down-to-earth "regular American." Do you think this secret love will earn her mitigating points next year?

Brian Bachman
Collingswood, New Jersey

It's hard to say. We'll feed it to the computer and, as always, just typeset the results.

DEAR EDITORS I found all your assessments in The SPY 100 to be both accurate and entertaining. Although you viciously chastised both Andrew Lloyd Webber and his "rodent-faced, Q-tip-shaped" wife, you had the keen perception and good taste to apply the oft-clichéd (but not in this case) word *excellent* to the performance of Michael Crawford in *Phantom of the Opera*. This man has the voice to melt a heart of steel.

Sally L. Armstrong
New Orleans, Louisiana

DEAR EDITORS Perhaps you could provide me with some enlightenment regarding a question that has been plaguing me since the October 1988

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ROY BLOUNT, JR., HATES TO SHOP...

except in grocery stores:

"Because you don't have to try on groceries. And in grocery stores, they don't squirt things on you. They don't run out at you, shouting, 'Here! Here! wouldn't you like some of this cheese stuff on your tongue?'"

If you begin each day wondering if the world's gone mad, Roy's hilarious new book, NOW, WHERE WERE WE?, will be better for you than a night at the posh Hotel Plaza Athénée—where Blount encounters a bottle in the bathroom labeled "Hair Shampoo" (*"What other kind of shampoo did they think I would take it for? Dog? Rug?"*)—or an elegant repast at the trendy new eatery Snake 'n' Stuff (Blount recommends their "Road Kill Ragout," but cautions, "Not for everybody").

"Blount's stuff makes me laugh so hard, sometimes I have to sit in a room and shut the door."
—GARRISON KEILLOR

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just mislaid her issue. *We'll replace it!* No such luck. Reading on, we learn that SPY is no longer funny. Just *look* at that December issue, will we? Articles by "humor has-beens" Harry Shearer, Tony Hendra and Penn Jillette. We've also, it turns out, been running letters from the likes of Bernie Brillstein and Don Simpson (attention Susan Moloney: that's two more men for your tally). "I'm beginning to wonder," Ms. Garcia continues, "if SPY now exists purely for these 'people' to read about themselves, and then write in to complain about what you say afterward." Actually, SPY—this region of it, anyhow—now exists purely for other people to write in to complain about what we say about still other people, and then read about *themselves* afterward.

Finally, a Burlington, Vermont, citizen chose this precise moment to send us a typewritten-in-red note reading, "Dear Editors: Fuck You. In General." We fully expect that this gentleman, who enclosed his bon mot in an envelope addressed to "SPY Mag-O-Zine," will be applying for an internship soon.

CORRECTIONS

Lex Alexander of Greensboro, North Carolina, points out that former secretary of the Interior James G. Watt didn't actually oversee "Jim and Tammy Bakker's splurges" as chairman of the board of the PTL Club ("Popsicles and Nutty Buddies," by Jamie Malanowski, January/February). Watt merely became a member—not chairman—of the PTL's board after Bakker resigned.

And a correction of a correction: In the January/February issue we ran a letter from Philip Fay Stevenson of San Francisco challenging the assertion (in "Everybody's a Great Communicator," by Jack Hitt and Bob Mack, November) that Pierre Salinger was at one time a U.S. senator from California. "Right you are" is how we began our answer. What we really meant to say was "Right *we* are." Jeff Greenfield as well as several people who do not regularly appear on TV pointed out that we were correct the first time: Salinger was never elected but was *appointed* senator on August 4, 1964, to fill the vacancy left by Clair Engle's death; he served until the end of that year.

issue of SPY. On page 126, Elissa Schappell demonstrates her chameleonlike savoir faire in a daring infiltration of the Testboard modeling program ["I Looked Just Like One"].

What puzzles me is the uncanny resemblance between that would-be Jerry Hall, Miss Schappell, and the woman pictured on page 32 of the June 1988 issue accompanying a story about Melissa Bellinelli, a gallery director who had violated the Frick Art Reference Library's dress code ["Life Intimidates Art"]. Always the good sport, a Frick doorman provided her with a "frumpy" skirt to wear while negotiating the Frick's Byzantine library regulations. Alas, I fear the woman in both the issues is the same person, that queen-of-a-million-outfits, Elissa Schappell.

P. Casey Coston
Washington, D.C.

DEAR EDITORS Just in case Elvis Costello or Stephen Stills doesn't get a chance to call this to your attention—it was Bonnie Bramlett (singer and ex–Delaney and Bonnie member) who had that much-publicized tiff with the former British New Waver turned crooner ["When Feuds Turn Physical: SPY's Star-studded Modern History of Brawling," by Jamie Malanowski, November 1988].

Dale Ashmun
New York

True, but what a happy error! It should signal the beginning of at least four new feuds: Stephen Stills vs. Elvis Costello, Stephen Stills vs. SPY, *Elvis Costello vs.* SPY, *and Bonnie Bramlett vs. Dale Ashmun.*

DEAR EDITORS I find your magazine very entertaining, especially when you're blatantly outrageous, *but*—in Jamie Malanowski's brawling article why did you use a photo of Rafer Johnson in the item about Jim Brown (page 72)? On page 74 you got the photo correct—didn't anyone notice the difference?

My only real complaint is that I'm going blind trying to read The Fine Print. . . .

Yvonne Cryder
Los Angeles, California

Correct. We noted the error last issue, which of course you hadn't yet seen when you wrote us. As for The Fine Print—well, it wouldn't really be The Fine Print if you could read it from across the room. Or even at arm's length.



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DEAR EDITORS Your "Seventies" issue ["The 1970s," by Tony Hendra, December 1988] was excellent, and stirred a plethora of until-now-repressed memories. However, two omissions were unforgivable.

First, how about the maxicoat? Not only does it fulfill every criterion for a seventies classic (what could be longer, huger, *wider?*), but I would go so far as to argue that the appearance of this doorman-derived item (circa November 1970) did in fact signal the moment when what I think of as the Mustard-Colored Decade began.

Second, how in the name of all that's hideous could you forget the disco shirt? With its wide lapels, stretch Ban-Lon fabric, grotesque printed motifs and suggestions of unbridled sexuality as potent as a waterbed, it seems another dare-I-say-seminal item. Further, its ability to go from Ur-Eurotrash to K-Mart special in a matter of two weeks is an early historical example of the instant dissemination of trends we've seen so much of in the franchise-mad eighties.

Sally Helgesen
New York

Listen, it was just a 152-page issue. Besides, we did *mention wide lapels, synthetic fabrics and other key elements of the disco shirt.*

DEAR EDITORS I am writing to you about an oversight in your seventies feature. There was no mention of the most mystifying of all celebrities to come of age in "the decade of shame": Charo.

John V. Kerrigan
Chicago, Illinois

DEAR EDITORS Your article "Why Johnny Can't Act" [by Jay Martel, December 1988] made me recall my last class with a recently deceased recent Oscar winner (initials G.P.), who told me, after my scene in class from *Marty*, that my only believable moment was when I went offstage to blow my nose. She then (while wearing a ratty housedress and floppy hat) blamed my performance on the fact that though the scene was set in my character's apartment, my partner brought the contents of the fruit bowl on the coffee table.

John Mainieri
New York

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For those without reservations.



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HAVE YOU HEARD THE ONE ABOUT SALLY FIELD AND TOM HANKS?

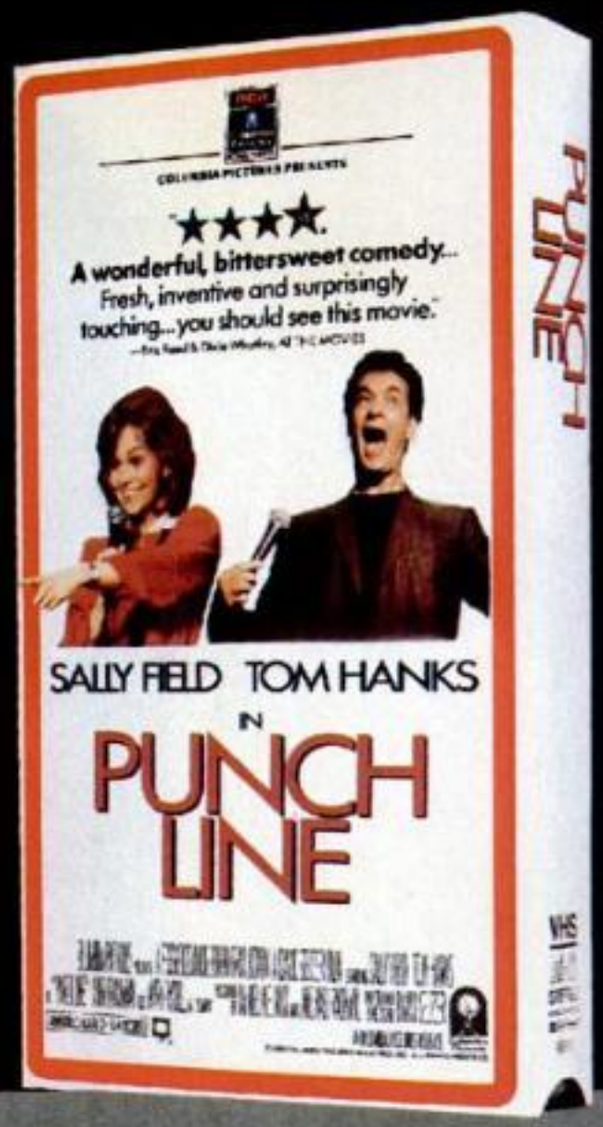
"**Bold, sneaky, brilliant**...I can't remember laughing this much with tears still streaming down my face, or beginning to weep while my sides still ached from laughing."

— Sheila Benson, THE LOS ANGELES TIMES

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DEAR EDITORS One night two winters ago I walked through one of those plywood tunnels at a condominium construction site and stepped on a long, black, rubber no-slip mat that seemed strangely . . . squishy. The sensation unnerved me so much that I turned around at the end of the tunnel and came back to look at the mat more closely. The mat wasn't entirely level, but it lay on a very bumpy dirt floor. Gingerly, I stepped on it again. It made me queasy to feel how it gave under my heel.

Two women in fur coats and very high spiked heels were coming through the tunnel, so I waited to see how they would react when they stepped on the mat. They both sank into it a little and then hurriedly stepped off, looking back at it as they walked on with suspicion and disgust.

I couldn't be sure, but I thought I heard a grunt when they stepped on the mat.

The two women also had to turn around after a few steps. The three of us stood watching the mat. We agreed that I would look under it while they watched. I leaned over and grabbed one corner.

Two mittened hands came out from underneath and clutched each side of the mat, holding it down. "*Leave me alone!*" the mat said.

The two women gasped and stepped back, then turned and walked away. After a minute I leaned over and whispered to the mat, "Do you need help? Maybe you should consider a shelter?"

"Please leave me alone," the mat said. "I don't want people to know I'm here. I'm an actor. It's for class. I'm supposed to learn how it feels to get walked on."

Kerry Sherin
New York

DEAR EDITORS The opening paragraph of "Why Johnny Can't Act" duplicates a bit of psychotrauma I saw Christopher Reeve put himself through several years ago. ("My puppy was sinking into the snow . . . and my mittens—they were red! I just remembered that!") Reeve's coach at the time, New York acting teacher Sandra Seacat, has had a stable of star clients (Jessica Lange, Marlo Thomas, Cicely Tyson, Rachel Ward). The week I spent at her Taos, New Mexico, outpost I truly count as one of the most excruciating in my life: not only did we do the "Happy Birthday" dance and experience numerous personal moments, we also listened to Sandra's tales of Swami Muktananda ("the Baba") and learned that she often hallucinated seeing Oz inside hollow tree stumps. After a week with Sandra, any one of us could have played poor Frances Farmer—and acting had nothing to do with it!

Paula Becker
Dallas, Texas

DEAR EDITORS I only wish you had interviewed *me* for your article about New York's screwiest acting teachers. I could have told you my favorite Neighborhood Playhouse story. Sanford Meisner had set up an exercise in which I was to play a corpse. I lay on the floor, simulating death, waiting for my partner to enter the room and the exercise to begin. Suddenly Mr. Meisner straddled me, slapped me about the head and face and screamed, "You're not dead! You're only *pretending*! You're not dead! You're only *pretending*!"

Bill Adams
New York

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DEAR EDITORS While it was interesting to find out that Bob Greene had actually covered a trial, your article ["You Wouldn't Want to Be Bob Greene," by Magda Krance, December 1988] failed to convey the horror of coming upon Bob's helmeted mug lording over 127 lines of self-aggrandizing, xenophobic, mildly titillating drivel over and over and over again and again. (For a long time, the *Chicago Tribune* would *reprint* his columns when he'd go on vacation.) His column is worse than the wind here.

Anne Moore
Chicago, Illinois

DEAR EDITORS One day Bob Greene plops into the bar where I work and orders a burger. He proofs his copy for tomorrow's edition, waiting for someone to recognize him.

On his third vodka on the rocks, his burger has yet to arrive. We have a policy to not charge for meals not delivered within a certain time span. I don't know what that time span is, but I figure three drinks qualifies. I go to the kitchen and beat the cooks into hurrying it up.

"You don't have to do that," Bob replies sincerely. "I'll pay for it."

"It's our pleasure, Mr. Greene. We regret the delay." I serve him his burger.

Upon finishing, he gets up to leave and realizes there's only 35 cents on the bar. Another sincere smile as he digs deeply into his pocket and tosses me another quarter.

Watching him roly-poly his way through the revolving doors, I can't help but ponder how Mike Royko represents a fading era, a time when journalists rated their columns as only of slightly more importance than their bartenders.

Rob Andropolis
Chicago, Illinois

DEAR EDITORS In "SPY's It's a Wonderful Life 1988" [December 1988], Jamie Malanowski says that if Richard Pryor died, Hawaii would only have *three* tired celebrity residents: Jack Lord, Carol Burnett and Jim Nabors. But doesn't Tom Selleck live there, too?

Kelly Kittell
San Francisco, California

Tom Selleck, the star of Her Alibi*?* Tired*? Are you joking or what?*

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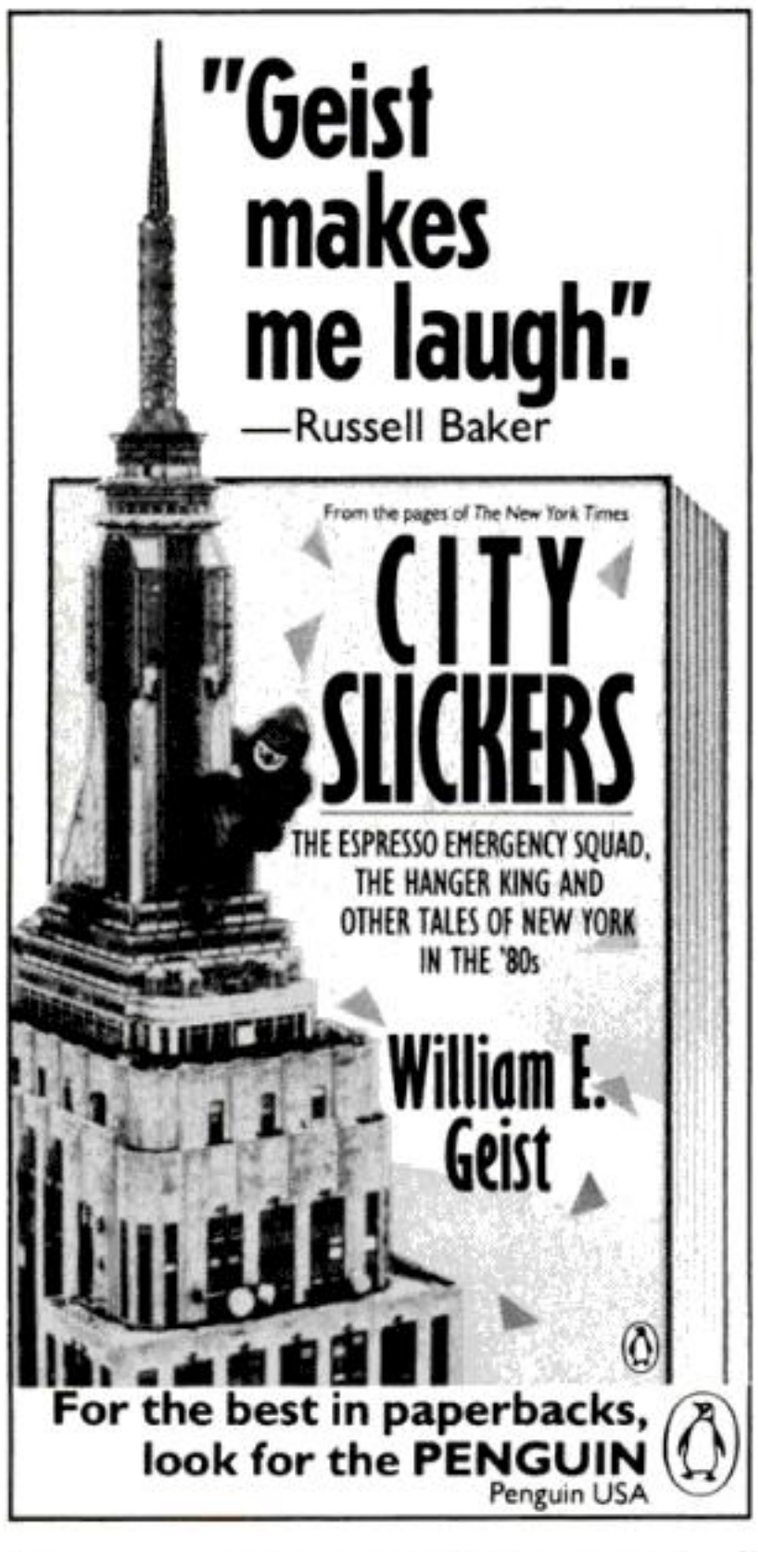
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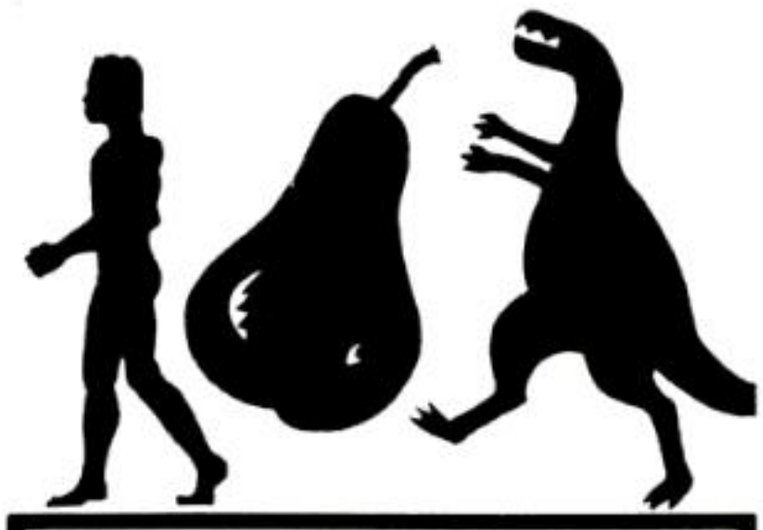
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DEAR EDITORS Was it a cruel play on words or a carefully placed turn of phrase to find out who's paying attention? The would-be RMN Express more likely required EXTRA FAIR due to the carelessness of some editor who is obviously ignorant of this typical SPY reader's need for the magazine to be perfect in every way.

Kathy Martin
Rahway, New Jersey

Ms. Martin is referring to the ersatz Transit Authority sign in a photo accompanying "SPY's It's a Wonderful Life," which announces an extra "fair" for the RMN Express to Nixon Airport. Um, carefully placed turn of phrase? Seriously, what we think we were suggesting is that if Nixon had been elected in 1960, the nation's spelling and proofreading standards would have deteriorated to an even more alarming degree than they have.

DEAR EDITORS As usual, you're right. The New Jersey Nets *don't* exist [Sports, by Joe Queenan, December 1988]. I know because I was watching the Detroit Pistons—a team that *does* exist but until recent years has generated only existential ennui—play the "Nets" at the Meadowlands on our local cable sports channel. True, the "Nets" *looked* as though they existed. I could *see* them on TV. The "players" appeared three-dimensional, and they moved this way and that. But soon the veil fell from my eyes to reveal the greatest bit of sport since Meadowlands Giant Lawrence Taylor was touted as having kicked cocaine after several rounds of golf therapy: *The "Nets" are a hologram!* Isiah Thomas drove right through several "Nets" for easy lay-ups—*as if the "Nets" weren't even there.* Passes sailed right through "Nets" hands—*as if the "Nets" weren't even there.* The tiny crowd slumbered—*as if the "Nets" weren't even there.*

The technology exists. The "Nets" don't.

Bill Holm
Grand Rapids, Michigan

DEAR EDITORS Shame on you, SPY! There are plenty of really *great* films that Playmates have been in that you missed in The Fine Print ["A Guide to the Films of the *Playboy* Playmates," by Jamie Malanowski, December 1988]. Any one of them could have been a blockbuster; here's a list that should help relieve the evident cultural famine at SPY.

Hard Ticket to Hawaii: Hope Marie Carlton (Miss July 1985) and Dona Speir (Miss March 1984) come to the land of the lei.

Picasso Trigger: This Andy Sidaris film has *seven* Playmates in *major* roles, including Hope Marie and Dona Speir. Sexy, wicked, great weapons handling.

Big Bad Mama II: She might be baaad, but Julie McCullough (Miss February 1986) is goooood.

Double Exposure: These deuces are wild! (Hope Marie)

Slaughterhouse Rock: Not for the timid. Hope springs eternal.

Million Dollar Mystery: Penny Baker (30th-anniversary issue) sparkles like a diamond.

Roxanne: Heidi Sorenson (Miss July 1981) is the mayor's girl, but her part's a victim of the editor's knife. You'll never know what you missed.

Dragnet: Ava Fabian (Miss August 1986) plays Ava. Another cutting-room disaster.

Student Confidential: It's hard to keep your mind on studies with the gorgeous Susan Scott (Miss May 1983) around.

Stewardess School: The education of Playmates continues; this time it's 1976 Playmate of the Year Lillian Müller's turn.

Tiger Shark: Action-packed setting for an appearance by Pamela Bryant (Miss April 1978).

Kandyland: Kimberly Evenson (Miss September 1984) in a difficult, emotional role; steamy strip scenes balanced by heartache.

Porky's Revenge: A campy triumph for Kimberly.

Can't Buy Me Love: Devin De Vasquez (Miss June 1985) as the most beautiful high school girl *ever.*

Fear City: Ola Ray (Miss June 1980) adds some sexy relief to this nail-biter. Look for Ola as Michael's date in the *Thriller* video.

Christopher Napolitano
Playboy
New York

DEAR EDITORS We all know the brains behind your "scabrous" (to quote *Time*) periodical are immense, but are they also dishonest?

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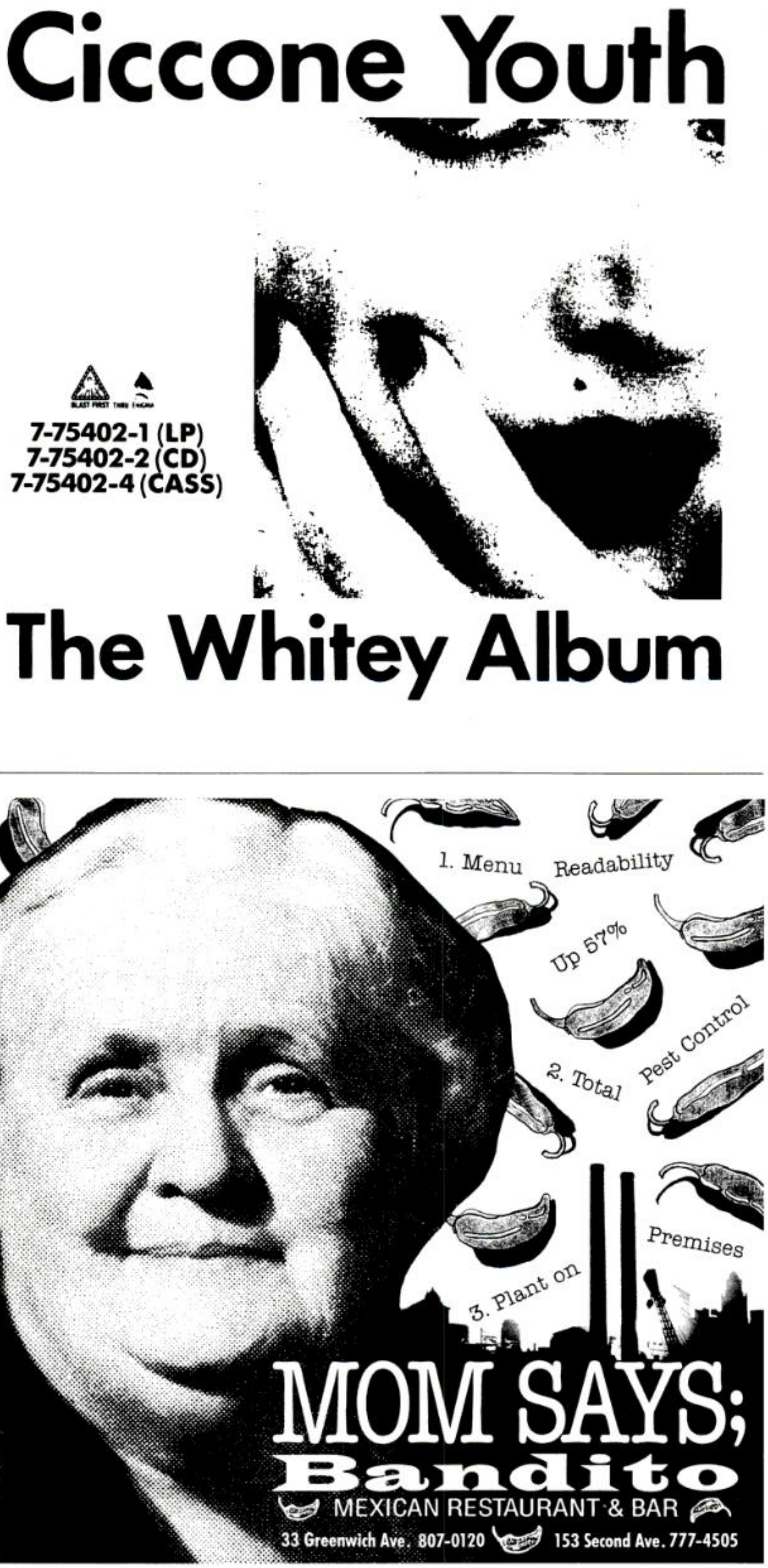
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That is the only explanation I can come up with in regard to your Letters to the Editor of *The New Yorker*. I mean, how do you *obtain* those letters? Steal them? Have someone at the magazine pass them on to you? Or do readers actually *send* the letters to you—perhaps knowing they won't be published in their original choice?

If you don't wish to print this letter, could the editors of some other periodical do so?

Taso Lagos
Los Angeles, California

We hesitate to assure so unrelenting a correspondent as Taso Lagos—how many letters does this make? four? five?—that readers actually do send us mail regarding The New Yorker *and that we print it. But it's true. Taso, are you thinking what we're thinking?*

DEAR EDITORS I really enjoy your anagrams. I just wanted to pass along a few that I came up with:

RONALD REAGAN—A DARN LONG ERA
ROBIN GIVENS—VS. IRON BEING
LEONA HELMSLEY—HELL ON MY LEASE
TED TURNER—UTTER NERD
DONALD TRUMP—PLOT AND DRUM
BARBARA WALTERS—BLAB WAS RARE ART
GERALDO RIVERA—DRIVEL AGE ROAR
MATTHEW BRODERICK—RD. BRAT: WOE THE MICK
JERRY LEWIS—SIR JEWELRY

Frank Tobin
San Francisco, California

DEAR EDITORS Colonel Oliver North USMC:

VIET HONOR ROLL SCUM CLONE

Alexander Bernstein
New York

DEAR EDITORS With regard to William F. Buckley Jr., you may distantly recall that "painting by the numbers" was the chief lowbrow fad during the 1950s. The fad before that, however, was memorizing the dictionary. To wit, memorize the word, memorize the definition, use the word in three sentences, *et voilà*. . . .

Hadley Morris Livingston
New York

Funny, we don't remember placing an ad in the Times *Book Review—you know, "For an arti-*

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cle on William F. Buckley Jr., we would appreciate hearing from anyone with reminiscences, anecdotes, correspondence, etc., however seemingly irrelevant. . . ." As it turns out, we are *preparing a piece on Buckley—so, uh, thanks.*

DEAR EDITORS I used to feel slightly dishonest subscribing to "The New York Monthly" and living across the Hudson in suburban New Jersey. Then I noticed your return address: the very chic metropolitan city of Palm Coast, Florida. Thanks for reinstating my sense of integrity.

Kimberly Morrell
New Brunswick, New Jersey

This may be as good a time as any to admit that we all actually live in Palm Coast. But you're from New Jersey, you say. That's right near New York City. Do you know Kay Gardella?

DEAR EDITORS May I make a modest proposal that SPY subscribers be permitted to chip in and buy the page now (apparently and regularly) occupied by the Dom Ruinart ad, on which might be printed COMPLIMENTS OF YOUR FRIENDS or something equally compelling? It would be less creative but far more palatable than the ersatz chichi bullshit now being served us!

Robert Jeffries
New York

DEAR EDITORS Why is every man that you write about described as "tiny" or "dwarfish"?

Is everyone at SPY *really* tall?
Is everyone also blond and muscular?
Do you have office tours?
Can I crash your Christmas party?

Lowell Detweiler
New York

Only the tiny, dwarfish men we write about are described as tiny or dwarfish. Everyone here is tall, blond and muscular except for Liesl, the woman who conducts the office tours. And you wouldn't want to crash our Christmas party.

SPY *welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to* SPY, *The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime telephone number.* D

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Naked City

THE USUAL SUSPECTS



S. RUBELL



A. BASS



M. OVITZ

THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

"Imagine for just one awful moment what a gap would be created in the movements of the American people if there were no Communist Party, USA," writes Gus Hall, national chair and four-time presidential candidate of the CPUSA, in a recent fundraising letter. "Imagine what a hole would be left even if we were forced to curtail our activities because of lack of funds."

We know—we have a hard time conceiving of anything that extraordinary in size ourselves. But Gus Hall hasn't remained in charge of the CPUSA for 30 years because he lacks vision (a sense of plausibility, maybe, or of history, but not *vision*). In fact, pretty much like Mikhail Gorbachev himself, Gus has had the courage and flexibility to adapt to a changing world, as the letter quoted above demonstrates. Where once American Communists funded their work by passing a hat after a hootenanny or by tapping the secret pipeline from Moscow, today's Reds use modern direct-mail fundraising techniques. Specifically, they offer valuable premiums, the same approach used with great success by that other philanthropy of dreary former idealists, Channel 13, although the Communists are not offering anything so pedestrian

BREAKING FROM THE ANCIENT annual ritual of giving every Condé Nast employee some decorative trinket at the end of the year, the publishing factory decided to give its workers something very, very special—a copy of *The Artist in His Studio*, the book by Condé Nast éminence grise **ALEX LIBERMAN**. Such an elegant switch in custom: the nominally $60 books, published by Condé Nast's corporate sibling Random House, would have otherwise languished in a warehouse, just waiting and waiting to be bought. Within days after the Libermans were distributed to grateful employees—and *purely by coincidence*—a sudden rush of people showed up at the Strand used-book store, each of the dozens offering for sale a mint copy of *The Artist in His Studio*. The store paid $15 apiece—a sum that would more than cover the round-trip taxi fare from, say, 45th and Madison to 12th and Broadway.

FORMER CELLMATES **IAN SCHRAGER** and **STEVE RUBELL**, the inventors at Studio 54 and Palladium of the most effective modern means of discrimination—the velvet rope—have, in their ultrafab new Royalton, promised a return to the good old days of cosmopolitan innkeeping.

The old days, anyhow. In the course of one week Schrager and Rubell fired three black employees (and goaded a fourth into leaving). One was fired because Rubell said she "smelled." Colin Mayers was fired, at Rubell's insistence, just two days after he was hired—and apparently less than an hour after Rubell first saw him. Maybe Rubell truly believed that Mayers had, as Rubell told the hotel manager, "a bad attitude." The four blacks simultaneously sacked from the Royalton worked on the first floor. Their dismissal brought the total number of blacks who then worked in the hotel's public area to—let's see, four minus four equals . . . *zero*.

Not long ago Rubell cornered the hotel's concierge (who was subsequently fired) to discuss an incident he'd heard about—a few nights before, a group of blacks had lingered in the lobby drinking the hotel's coffee. "We can't let them in," Rubell told the concierge. "It's bullshit—you tell them [the lobby] is for guests only. . . . This is a problem—*you can't let them in*."

Later that day, Schrager saw a black businessman, a Mr. Williams, walking through the lobby. "Who's he?" Schrager asked the concierge. "What's he doing here?" He was a guest. Schrager, however, was not mollified. "No," he said, "*we can't have this*. When blacks come to the door, you tell them that the hotel is for guests only. *Don't let them in*."

COWING JOURNALISTS has never been hard, but these days it's become humiliatingly easy. All it takes to prevent a *New York* story is to point your limo in the direction of publisher, editor and society stooge **ED KOSNER**. When billionairess **ANNE BASS**'s refusal to grant the magazine an interview didn't get them to scrap plans for a profile, she had herself delivered to the magazine's offices. Kosner could barely contain his excitement over her arrival and grovelingly introduced her to one editor as "the famous Anne Bass." A day or two later the profile was killed. Next it was **MICHAEL THOMAS**'s turn to feel the chilly draft from Kosner's rapid social climb when, in his first monthly column for the magazine, an unflattering reference to **IVANA TRUMP** was excised by Kosner, who complained through his trusted regent, **PETER HERBST**, that it was "detracting to" her.

Getting *in* the magazine is pretty easy, too. The generally tough-minded Intelligencer, *New York*'s gossip column, led with a weirdly out-of-place puff piece on the enormous grosses of three movies loaded with Creative Artists Agency flesh. Accompanying it was a photograph of almighty CAA Ninja-chief **MIKE OVITZ**. As it happened, an interview with Ovitz was in the works at *New York*. It seems that flack–cum–propaganda minister **HOWARD RUBINSTEIN**, who represents Ovitz, had demanded that Kosner publish the item in exchange for an interview with his insanely secretive client, and Kosner complied immediately.

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I Have Servants Feed Me Like a Circus Animal—Why Shouldn't You?

Highlights of *Palace Coup: The Story of Hotel Magnates Harry and Leona Helmsley*, by Michael Moss (Doubleday):

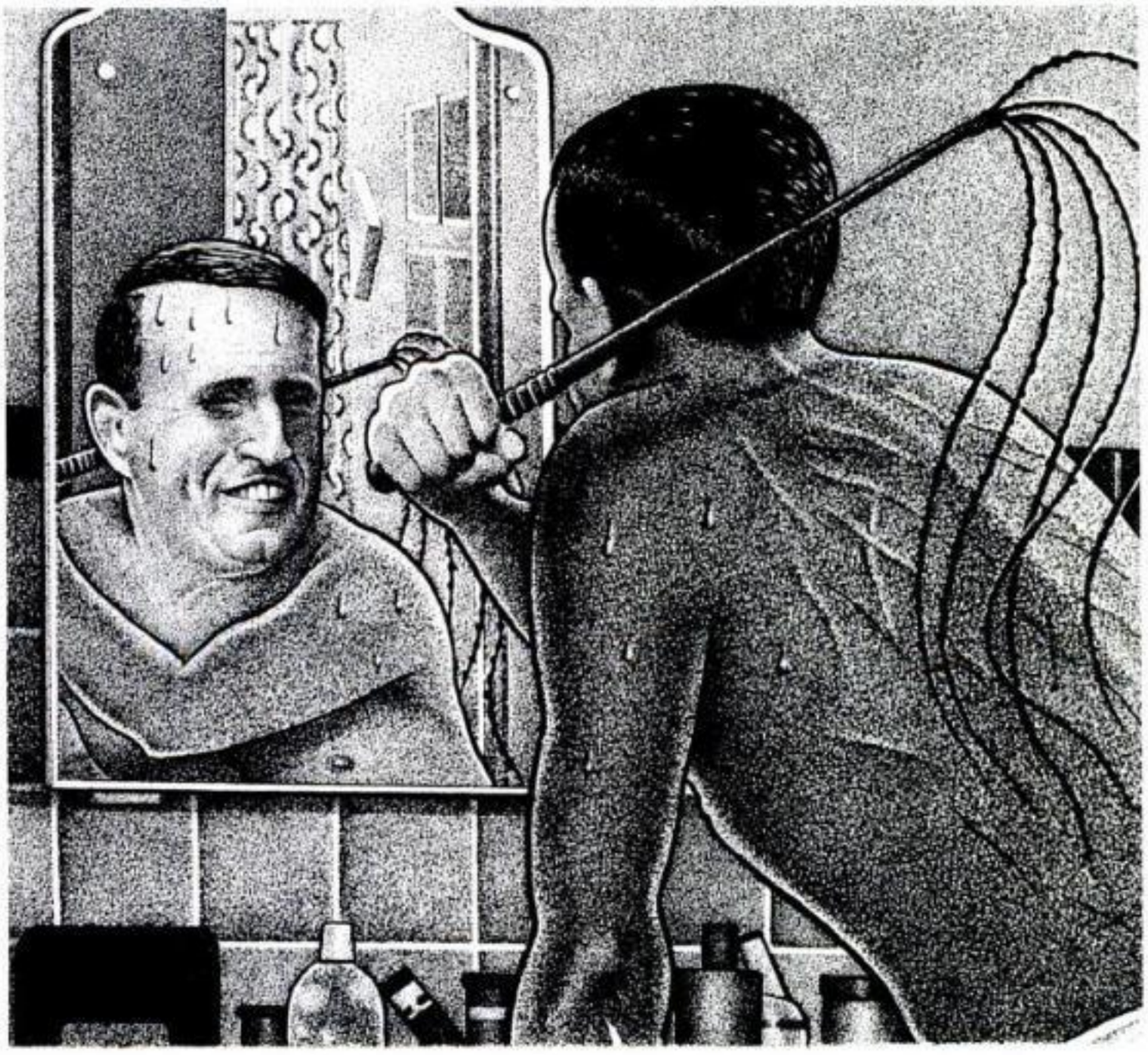
▸ When Donald Trump bought the St. Moritz from the Helmsleys in 1985, Leona refused to part with the stuffed animals that decorated the walls of the world's most overpriced malt shop, Rumpelmayer's. The reason she clung to her menagerie was not sentimentality but—surprise!—money. Even though Trump had agreed to buy the place for $31 million, Leona argued that he should pay extra for the toys. Trump balked at Leona's demand—but before the deal was final the toys mysteriously disappeared.

▸ Speaking of Leona's special cuddly possessions, Harry Helmsley appears far snugglier than previously supposed. One evening in the early 1980s, according to Moss, the Helmsleys' daughter-in-law arrived for what she thought would be a quiet family drink at her in-laws' apartment at The Helmsley Park Lane. After being directed upstairs by a menial, the unescorted young woman was met by Harry, who, according to the book, met her in the nude in a very warm, very familial greeting.



▸ In order to maintain her vixenish figure, the queen swam regularly under the tutelage of a personal trainer in the pool at the Helmsleys' Park Lane pied-à-terre. Apparently she needed more tangible incentive to finish her laps than the encouragement of her personal trainer, so hotel staff members were obliged to stand at one end of the pool holding silver trays piled with cocktail shrimp. Sometimes as Leona completed each lap she would clap her hands like a performing seal and cry, "Feed the fishy," at which point her cowering, straight-faced exercise boy would toss her a shrimp. ❸

Private Lives



Prosecutor turned politician Rudolph Giuliani enjoys his morning workout.

Illustration by Drew Friedman

The SPY List

John Fitzgerald Kennedy and Robert Francis Kennedy

Walter Cronkite and Frank Sinatra

John Travolta and Cornelia Guest

Ronald Reagan and Gardner McKay

George Will and R. Emmett Tyrrell

Paula Weinstein and Tom Hayden

Auberon Waugh and Martin Amis

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

or so handy (or so unwittingly hip) as a CPUSA tote bag. Instead they are offering books, described as "the best in American working-class literature," that are sure to entice many of the party's bourgeois sympathizers to redistribute some of their surplus income and accept a nice bonus gift in partial compensation for their struggles to end the exploitation of the working class. Here's what you can get.

"For $100:

"*Gus Hall's Updates*, a 10-week subscription to Gus Hall's weekly update of U.S. and world events. This is the **hotest** [*sic*] **item on the media scene to keep you abreast and ahead of the times**. Or,

"*Superprofits and Crisis: Modern U.S. Capitalism*, by Victor Perlo. **In 18 chapters** Perlo clearly explains and documents **labor and value, exploitation and surplus value, racism and the drive for maximum profits**.

"For $50:

"*Angela Davis, An Autobiography*. Angela Davis has provided a contemporary introduction to the original 1974 book, written after her triumphant acquittal in 1972. Saluted then as **a powerful story told with warmth, brilliance, humor and conviction**, it has, if possible, gained in the interim as **a remarkable blend of the personal and the political**.

"For $25:

"*Rising Storm: Poems of Anne Sadowski*. **Twenty three poems from the eye of the rising storm.** They will surprise and **delight** you. Or,

"*Jazz: A People's Music*, by Sidney Finkelstein, with a foreword by Geoffrey Jacques. This is **still acclaimed as among the best of its kind**. It is enriched by Jacques, who writes and lectures on jazz."

Fortified with the abundant funds these premiums will surely attract and heartened by the activities of the Young Communist League, which Hall commends for its "pizzazz"—*exactly*—the CPUSA will no doubt soon be headed for a bright new day of relevance in American political life.

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No Choking

Post-Heimlich New York: A Look Back at the Dislodged-Food Decade

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Last November tens of millions of Americans went to the polls complaining about the dolorous choice of presidential candidates that the two major parties had presented them. Tens of millions more stayed home. Dozens cast a rebellious vote and pulled the lever for a candidate from one or another of the fringe parties that had wangled spots on the ballot. And then there were the sensible voters, those disgruntled but conscientious citizens who wrote in somebody else. In Manhattan only 14 people *cast write-in votes. Here are their choices.*

Mario Cuomo received two votes, one all by himself, one placing him at the head of a ticket with Texas state treasurer Ann Richards. Jesse Jackson received one vote for president and four votes for vice president: two voters paired him with Michael Dukakis, one with Lyndon LaRouche, and one with Fulena (we presume the voter meant Lenora Fulani, the New Alliance Party candidate for president, and not some obscure uni-named Central American pop singer). Dukakis, by the way, received one write-in vote for president; that a supporter failed to get the word that Dukakis was actually on the ballot should be taken as the harshest criticism yet of the Democrat's campaign. A geographically unbalanced Bill Bradley–Ed Koch ticket received one vote, as did Malcolm Forbes, the failed New Jersey politician and successful biker. Jan (or Juan—sorry, it was hard to read) Tross Novak, an unknown, got a vote for president from someone who shrewdly paired him with Senator Daniel Inouye of Hawaii, a veteran Washington insider. On one ballot Manus Ward, whom we've never heard of, received a vote for president while Lynn Granger, whom we've never heard of, was written in for U.S. senator; on another ballot in the same district, Ward (the former presidential hopeful) was written in for senator, while Granger (the recent senatorial candidate) got the nod for president. The comedy duo of George Burns and Gracie Allen received one vote; unsurprisingly, in an election where the least

An epochal event in the life of New York City occurred on Friday, March 8, 1979. In compliance with local law, the first blue-and-orange "choking poster" was taped to a prominent glass partition in Le Périgord, on East 52nd Street. Television crews crowded in to capture the moment, and the *Times* spread the word early the next morning. Now installed in more than 25,000 New York City restaurants, the pictographic icon has, theoretically, been saving the lives of careless eaters for a decade.

Maître d's are, by default, the usual Heimlich maneuverers, and even the most standoffish of them can recount a few instances of burrowing their fists into the stomachs of strangers. These testimonials tend to share salient details. For example, the female choking victim is *always* small and fragile, usually in her seventies, never young. The male victim, by contrast, is *always* a giant of a man, six foot two to six foot four and well over 200 pounds. The choking victim's face always turns bright blue, just as the poster warns. Next comes the act of salvation itself, which is always described with almost atavistic gusto. "So I pulled her out of the chair, *and then I did it to her*," says Kevin Dillon, manager of Smith & Wollensky steak house. "I got behind him, and *I gave him a wham*," recalls Matthew Iacobazzo, maître d' of The Assembly Steakhouse. "I just grabbed her, and *I gave her a shot*," says the Palm's maître d', Bruno Molinari. "Believe me, when she left, she kissed me." The Heimlich story always has a punch line. And the punch line is, invariably, *And then he/she sat down and finished his/her meal as if nothing had happened!*

Perhaps alone among restaurant veterans, Nicholas de Sève, manager of The Post House, has a choking-victim story with an interesting kicker.

"This happened the New Year's Eve before last," says De Sève. "This old lady started to gag. Everybody in the restaurant just stood there, so I jumped right in and applied the technique." The elderly victim was diminutive, all bones, but De Sève still recalls squeezing her soft, girdled flesh. "Really, it was obscene," he says. "But the really embarrassing part is that after she started spitting up and breathing again, she shouted, '*More!*' So I did it again, and she spat up some more. And then: '*More! More! Again! Again!*' This went on for 10, 15 minutes. Finally the guy from EMS came, and the first words out of his mouth were '*Get your hands away from her! Do you realize you could have broken her ribs?*' "

The Modern History of Choking at a Glance



February 3, 1920 Dr. Henry Jay Heimlich born in Wilmington, Delaware

June 3, 1951 Heimlich wed to Jane Murray, daughter of dance-school mogul Arthur Murray

June 1974 Heimlich, now a thoracic surgeon, develops eponymous maneuver. Key to inelegant technique is reserve of air in victim's lungs that, when forced out, propels lodged food upward. Heimlich tests maneuver on beagles

June 1974 *Chicago Daily News* describes Heimlich maneuver; 70-year-old reader successfully applies HM a week later



July 29, 1974 "Mama" Cass Elliot dies in London after choking on sandwich



1976 First tandem celebrity maneuver performed when Michael Deaver prevents Reagan from choking to death on peanut. Number of squeezes: two

December 21, 1978 Local Law 43 passed by New York City Council. The decree reads, "Eating areas shall have posted in a conspicuous place . . . a sign graphically depicting the Heimlich Maneuver." First such ordinance in U.S.

March 8, 1979 First blue-and-orange "choking poster" in Le Périgord. Awful-looking poster's color scheme inspired by flag of New York City

October 1979 Second tandem celebrity maneuver (and first tandem TV-newsman maneuver) performed when Tom Brokaw comes to aid of gagging John Chancellor. Offending object: wedge of Gouda. "We went on with lunch," Brokaw later informs the *Times*

June 26, 1980 Local Law 43 superseded by new state law, which says that choking sign is no longer required to be visible to dining public. Relieved interior-design-minded maître d's quickly move posters (at Le Cirque, for example, poster is removed from bar area to employee locker room)



July 26, 1980 Ed Koch becomes beneficiary of maneuver when dinner companion receives urgent tap on shoulder from mayor. Offending object, according to Koch: sautéed watercress. According to others: *trayf* (pork)

January 1982 Third tandem celebrity maneuver takes place when director Robert Altman gives Heimlich to Cher. Offending objects: vitamin and piece of bread

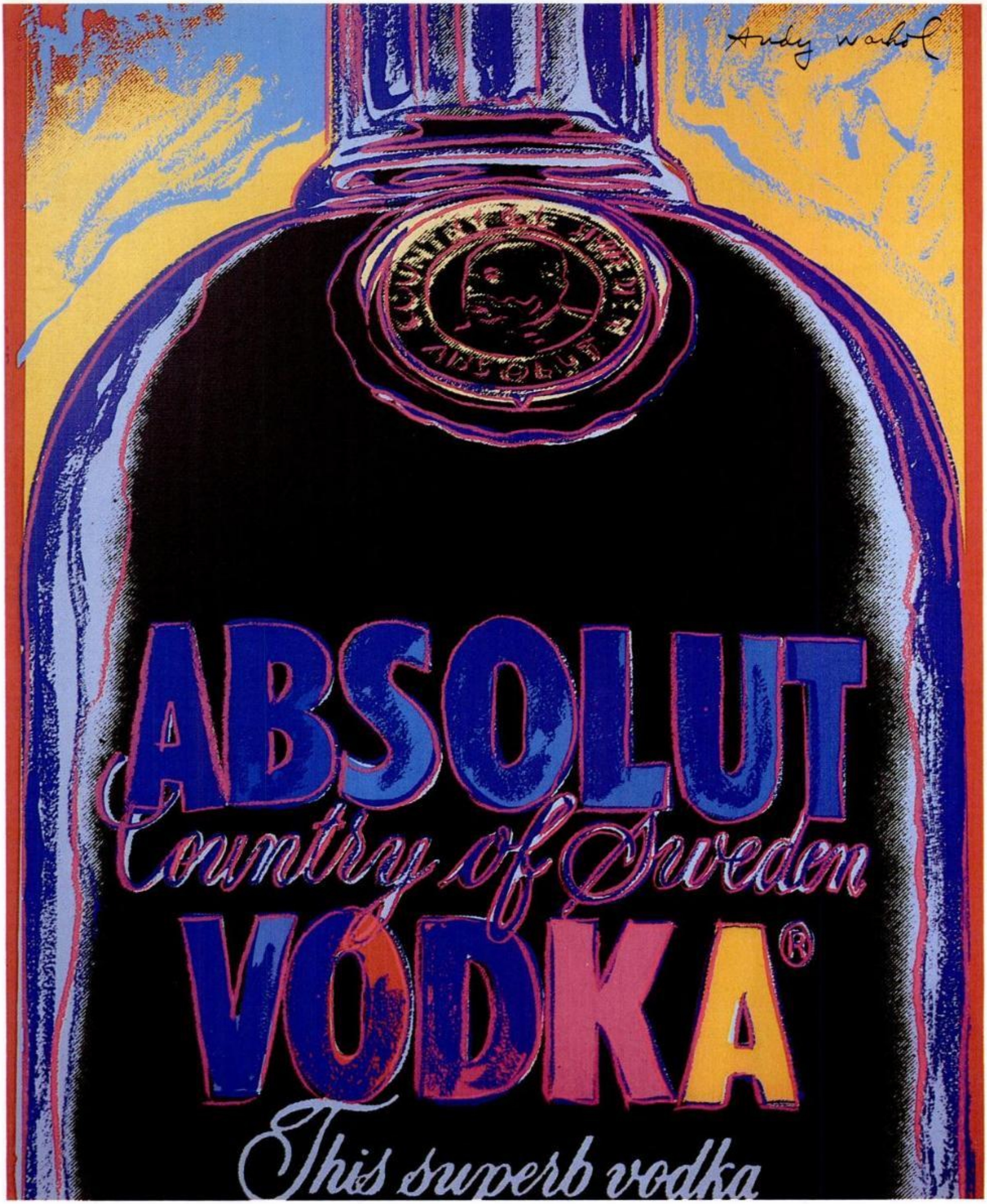
November 14, 1984 Dr. Heimlich offers variation on maneuver, for single choking victim who needs to save self

December 12, 1985 Fourth tandem celebrity maneuver (and second tandem TV-newsman maneuver), occurs at Landmark Tavern when Warner Wolf comes to aid of weatherman Dr. Frank Field. Offending object: red meat

August 4, 1986 Brent Meldrum saves life of friend and neighbor Tanya Branden. Age of Tanya: six. Age of Brent: five. Later Brent tells press he learned technique from a rerun of *Benson*

—Howard Kaplan

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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

qualified candidates consistently seemed to prevail, George was chosen for Dan Quayle's job while Gracie, formerly just ditsy but now with no brain function whatsoever, got the vote for president.

It isn't hard to have the phone numbers of celebrities—people who've worked as volunteers in political campaigns or temped in law offices can end up with caches of home numbers. What's hard is getting the phone numbers of the fictional. It helps, of course, that these nonexistent people often live in the same nonexistent neighborhood—and thus have the same nonexistent exchange. Here's another page (see January/February 1988) from SPY's fictional phone book:

Adult Film Group, in *Body Double* . . 362-9296
Advertising Agency, Michael and Elliot's, in *thirty-something* 555-5401
Barrett, Oliver III (Ray Milland), in *Love Story* 338-3434
Black Acting School, in *Hollywood Shuffle* 555-COON
Caesar, Jerry (Dabney Coleman), in *Dragnet* 586-7710
Christie, Dick and Linda (Tony Roberts and Diane Keaton), in *Play It Again, Sam* 621-4598
Dith Pran, Mrs., in *The Killing Fields* . 555-6421
Doolittle, Terri (Whoopi Goldberg), in *Jumpin' Jack Flash* . 555-7132
Draper, Claudia (Barbra Streisand), in *Nuts* 555-1246
Dunn, Teresa (Diane Keaton), in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* 777-4490
Felix, Allen (Woody Allen), in *Play It Again, Sam* 362-9296
Goodson, Joel (Tom Cruise), in *Risky Business* . . . KL5-2121
Hong Fat Noodle Factory, in *Play It Again, Sam* 824-7996

YOU ARE THERE

SPY's *Exclusive Monthly Behind-the-Scenes Celebrity Vignette*



CROSSOVER DREAMS! *The stars really do come out on Oscar night, and the biggest end up in the superexclusive backstage greenroom. Mr. T showed up to celebrate the sixth anniversary of his blockbuster* D.C. Cab *with two armfuls of red-hot superstar. Dangling from one bicep was Cheryl (formerly a Charlie's Angel) Ladd, who, if the buzz about her film* Millennium *is on target, might next year be snuggling with Oscar. And on the other side, T did bicep curls with Cher. Now a serious actress, Cher is surely looking to complete that set of Oscar bookends in '90 with her 1930s showgirl biopic* Rain or Shine. *Who's that greeting Oscar-deserver Sly Stallone?* Ayyye!—*it's nicest-guy-in-Hollywood Henry (formerly the Fonz) Winkler! Could be Winkler is trying to get Sly for a cameo in his upcoming blockbuster* Turner & Hooch. *And Cesar Romero, "joking" around in his vintage* Batman*-villain outfit, got a chance to hobnob with some of* today's *Hollywood biggies!* PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN FRAILEY



Composite Sketch of Perpetrator

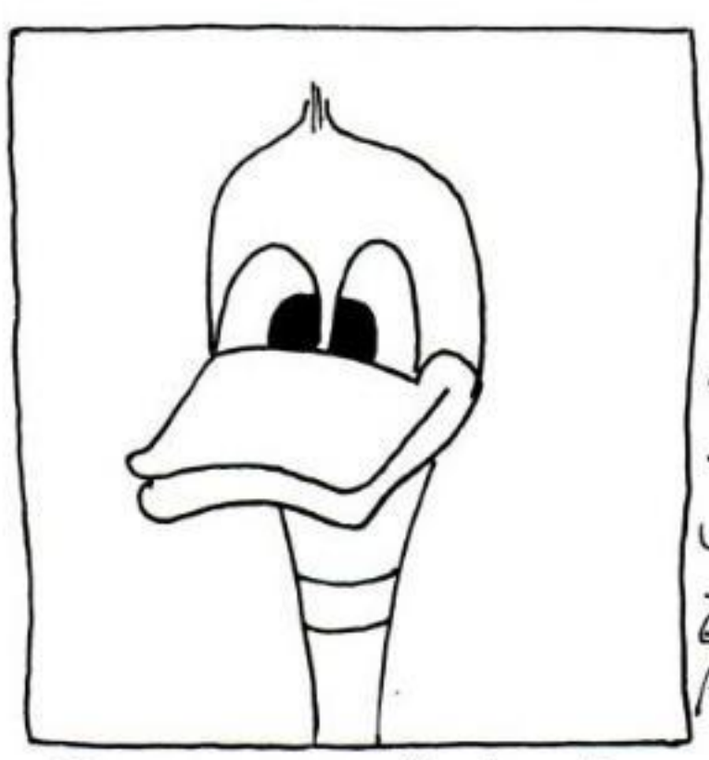


Photo of Actual Perpetrator

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All designs © 1989 SWATCH Watch Inc. For free brochure send a self-addressed stamped envelope to: SWATCH Watch, 35 E. 21 St., NY, NY 10010, Dept. SP49. Large watch shown is Albatross. Human photo by Lou Salvatori.

*Suggested retail price.

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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Jade (Brooke Shields) in *Endless Love* . . . 555-4213
Jarrell, Chandler (Eddie Murphy), in *The Golden Child* . 468-8492
Katie, Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews's eldest daughter in *That's Life!* 555-0423
Late Night Plumbing Supplies, one of those jokey graphic things they put on-screen when they cut away to ads on *Late Night With David Letterman* 555-1547
Lecce, Chris (Richard Dreyfuss), in *Stakeout* 555-5050
Pay phone in *American Graffiti*, where Richard Dreyfuss waits for the call from the girl in the white T-bird (Suzanne Somers) DI3-1312
Police Hot Line, in *Ruthless People* . . . 555-3421
Rennick, Elizabeth (Hermione Gingold), in *Garbo Talks* . . . 555-8318
Rockford, Jim, in *The Rockford Files* . 555-2368
Sheik (Vincent Spano), in *Baby, It's You* . . . 866-5050
Stone, Sam (Danny De Vito), in *Ruthless People* . . . 555-7583

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," Wendell Phillips said in 1852, and so say we in 1989. Thanks to the Video Revolution, it has become much easier to guard your freedom. No longer do you have to join the armed services to learn the finer points of hand-to-hand combat, antiterrorism, enemy ambush and other useful skills. Today, for the price of a modest dinner on Columbus Avenue, you can safeguard your future and your children's future by sending for a videotape from one of the mail-order houses that advertise in such magazines as Soldier of Fortune *and* American Survival Guide *("The Magazine for Safer Living"). You'll be able to sleep soundly at night, knowing you too have been trained to eviscerate your neighbor should the need arise. Among the tapes available:*

Green Berets: Sentry Neutralization: *"Green Beret stealthing and killing techniques*

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



Michael Eisner . . .



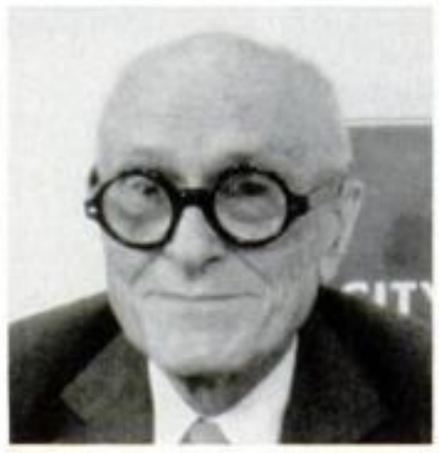
and Andre the Giant?



Geraldo Rivera . . .



and Bozo the Clown?



Philip Johnson . . .



and Frances Lear?

IT'S NEVER TOO EARLY TO BEGIN LABELING THE AUGHTIES

A Pocket Guide to Life in the Year 2000

Futurists have long looked forward to the year 2000 as an important milestone in the journey of human development. With the millennium very nearly upon us, it's time to take a fresh look at earlier forecasts of life at the dawn of the twenty-first century. . . .

Original projection: Audiences thrill to entertainment spectaculars transmitted through space on beams of pure light (*Popular Mechanics*, March 1932).
Revised estimate: Audiences thrill to the eighteenth consecutive year of *Cats*.

Original projection: A kind, gentle human race lives in peace and social equality (H. G. Wells, *The Time Machine*, 1895).
Revised estimate: Democrats have a reasonable chance of denying President J. Danforth Quayle a second term.

Original projection: Mysterious visitors from another planet uplift the human consciousness (Arthur C. Clarke, *2001: A Space Odyssey*, 1968).
Revised estimate: George Plimpton takes the bottom-left-hand box on *Hollywood Squares*.

Original projection: Man is master of the atom—and its slave (Winston Churchill, writing in *Popular Mechanics*, March 1932).
Revised estimate: Many Americans continue to suffer from obesity. —*Jeff Wise*

BLURB-O-MAT

Capsule Movie Reviews by Eric Kaplan™, the Movie Publicist's Friend



WINTER PEOPLE, starring Kurt Russell, Kelly McGillis (Columbia)
Eric Kaplan says, **"Hello, Oscar? Have I got a movie for you!"**

MAJOR LEAGUE, starring Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen (Paramount)
Eric Kaplan says, **"Does for baseball what *Platoon* did for Vietnam!"**

SAY ANYTHING, starring John Cusack (Twentieth Century Fox)
Eric Kaplan says, **"I'll say anything—anything but that this isn't one terrific movie!"**

MILLENNIUM, starring Kris Kristofferson, Cheryl Ladd (Twentieth Century Fox)
Eric Kaplan says, **"Powerhouse cast! Powerhouse story! Wow! Kapow! See it now!"**

LET IT RIDE, starring Richard Dreyfuss (Paramount)
Eric Kaplan says, **"This is one Dreyfuss Affair I wished would never end!"** D

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In 1753, the renegade Cluny MacTavish was tried and convicted of stealing a bottle of Drambuie. And the lesser charge of murdering the coachman.



As with most legends, the details here may have grown fuzzy with the years. But one thing remains crystal clear. Drambuie is the unique liqueur flavored with wild heather honey and the finest malt whiskies. So it has a taste that people would kill for. Drambuie. Scottish in origin, distinctive in taste, unchanged since 1745.

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Michael Levine's World and Welcome to It

Fourth in a Series: Hairstylist Janis Buller



HOLLYWOOD REMEMBERS JOHN F. KENNEDY, read the headline on a normal-looking press release we received just in time for the 25th anniversary of JFK's assassination. "Some of Hollywood's most prominent celebrities," the release promised, would now tell us what they had been doing on that "fateful" day back in 1963. Not surprisingly, given the singular shamelessness of this public-relations conceit, *Hollywood's most prominent celebrities* turned out to be clients of none other than press agent Michael Levine, whom readers of this space will instantly recognize as the superenthusiastic, René-Auberjonois-like-yet-oddly-nondescript publicist for Susan Anton, Connie Stevens and Leon Isaac Kennedy (no relation), among others.

Michael client Valerie Harper, we learned, was walking by Carnegie Hall when she first heard about the assassination. "Oh my God," she claims to have quipped. "It's Abraham Lincoln time." Michael client (and Pat Robertson supporter) Fred Travalena recalls that he was working as a trainee for the Forest Paper Company at the time and that the previous summer he had had a dream about the president being shot on the Capitol steps, a dream he believes was "a prophecy of JFK's death." Michael client Mickey Rooney asserts that President Kennedy was "one of my best friends. We first met in the elevator at The Waldorf-Astoria hotel and we spoke again at the White House." But perhaps it was Michael client Adrienne Barbeau who, even though she shared neither elevator nor escalator with JFK, felt his loss most deeply and ungrammatically: "Hearing the news, overwhelming shock set in. But, it was even more of the incredible pain I felt for a valuable human life being wasted."

And so, in the same spirit of adventure and purpose with which JFK challenged the nation during his brief, shining moment, we now present the fourth installment of *The Family of Michael Levine*, our probably decades-long effort to learn about Michael by interviewing every single one of his more than 200 clients. In fact, our thirst for Michaelabilia has become so great that we have expanded our mission to include anyone who so much as shakes Michael's hand, the legends as well as the little people, the Las Vegas female impersonators and ex–sitcom stars as well as the masseurs and dog walkers, the people whose lives Michael touches as well as the people who touch Michael. This month we give you Janis Buller of Vidal Sassoon Beverly Hills, who as Michael's hairstylist has frequent occasion to touch him—or at least the strands of dead protein that sprout from his scalp.

SPY: *How often does Michael have his hair styled?*
Buller: Probably . . . once a month.

What kind of styling does Michael go in for?
It's a layered cut. Short in the back, short on the sides, longer on top. He always looks really stylish.

Did Michael used to have hippie hair?
He wore it longer when that was the style.

Did Michael ever have a Mohawk?
No.

Does Michael color his hair or use extensions?
No . . . it's completely natural. His hair is very thick.

What's Michael like?
[No answer.]

Well, say you had to use one adjective to describe Michael. What would it be?
Nice.

Is Michael a good tipper?
I can't discuss that.

Next month: We keep pressing for an interview with Michael client David Cassidy. —*Bruce Handy*

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

for taking out enemy guards and sentrys [sic]. You can learn the no-nonsense fighting techniques of America's elite military fighting corps." (60 minutes; $59.95)

United States Marines Firepower: "*The most awesome display of modern battle weapons ever recorded on videotape! See all the latest weapons carried and used by the U.S. Marines at an actual military demo including the M16A2, M-60, M203 Grenade Launcher, 60mm and 81mm Mortar, Mark 9 Automatic Grenade Launcher. . . . Plenty of tracer, impact and explosion scenes.*" *(90 minutes; $85)*

Sniper—the Invisible Enemy: "*Silent, motionless and deadly, German snipers lurked on the European battlefield of World War II, hunting enemy sharpshooters . . . and laying diabolical traps on defense. Drawn from two German military-training films made in 1944, "Sniper" provides fascinating views of . . . camouflage techniques that are still viable today.*" *(67 minutes; $51; features English voice-over commentary and subtitles)*

Deadly Effects—Wound Ballistics: "*Shows what bullets do to bodies. How to choose effective handgun ammunition. The effects of bullet weight and bullet configuration. Stopping power, energy transfer, penetration and incapacitation.*" *(more than 80 minutes; $95)*

Rock 'n' Roll #1: Fully Automatic Machine Gun Fun: "*The finest, most informative machine gun videotape ever produced. The FBI, CIA, and LAPD all have it!*" *(45 minutes; $49.95)*

Rock 'n' Roll #3: Sexy Girls & Sexy Guns: "*You've got to see this tape to believe it. 14 outrageous, sexy girls in string bikinis and high heels blasting away with the sexiest full auto machine guns ever produced. MAC-10, UZI, THOMPSON, M-16, AK-47, MP-5.*" *(60 minutes; $59.95)*

Women in Bodyguarding: "*The 'deadlier of the species' in an ever-expanding role in what was once an exclusive male domain. Find out how and why.*" *(approximately 60 minutes; $49.95)* —*Judith Newman*

Logrolling in Our Time

"If the phrase 'woman of letters' existed, she would be, foremost in this country, entitled to it."
—John Updike on Joyce Carol Oates's *(Woman) Writer*

"Clever . . . warm and engaging."
—Oates on Updike's *Bech: A Book*

"One of the best books on boxing."
—Russell Banks on Joyce Carol Oates's *On Boxing*

"A fully absorbing novel."
—Oates on Banks's *Continental Drift*

"Important and impressive."
—Charles Peters on Ken Auletta's *The Underclass*

"[A] gem of a book."
—Auletta on Peters's *Tilting at Windmills*

—*Howard Kaplan*

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On Monday, March 27, The Wall Street Journal will hand you the Tri-State Area for the first time. Pull in the pin-stripes in Manhattan, Long Island, Westchester and Fairfield Counties. Grab the attention of your target in North and Central New Jersey. Embrace 259,000 biggies who live, work and buy in the New York

Get A Grip On Gotham.



ADI Region. The new, New York Region Wall Street Journal puts the Big Apple area in the palm of your hand every Monday and Friday. So hold the phone. Call your local Wall Street Journal representative or Mr. Ray Joseph at (212) 808-6720. And get a grip on Gotham. With today's Wall Street Journal. It works.



It Works.

ADVERTISEMENT

this summer, it's J&B on the house

Name the guests



and the house is on us!

FILL OUT THE ATTACHED J&B ON THE HOUSE ENTRY CARD

List the THREE (3) people with whom you'd most like to share your sand castle (the three best guests imaginable).

List the THREE (3) people you wouldn't even let clean the sand out of the shower (the three worst guests imaginable).

Name a summertime activity that will ease the tension if all six guests show up at the same time.

Send in this entry card by APRIL 28, 1989

you could win

$2,013.94*

*$2,000 for the house; $13.94 for the J&B

J&B on the house

(recruiting the guests is up to you)

OFFICIAL RULES

No Purchase Necessary

To enter, think of six (6) appropriate names—three (3) chosen guests and three (3) dreaded guests—and one (1) appropriate activity. Be imaginative, provocative, even outlandish. Choose from celebrities, politicians and ne'er-do-wells. Creativity counts. Fill in the attached card with your nominees. Stamp the entry card and mail to "J&B On The House," c/o SPY, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, NY 10012.

Enter as often as you like, but each entry must be mailed on a separate card or in a separate envelope. Facsimile entries are acceptable. All entries must be postmarked no later than April 28, 1989. All entries will be evaluated by a qualified panel of judges whose decisions are final.

Grand Prize and Second Prize winners will be required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release. (Entries become the property of the promoters.) Prizes are nontransferable; only one prize to a family. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of completed entries received. All prizes (valued at $4,999.88) will be awarded by May 12, 1989.

Local, state and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the winners. Contest open to residents of U.S. Employees and their families of The Paddington Corporation, Spy Publishing, their public-relations and advertising agencies, and liquor retailers and wholesalers are not eligible. This offer is subject to all applicable laws and regulations and is void wherever prohibited by law. Entrants must be of legal drinking age under the laws of their home state.

PRIZES
Your submissions will be judged by a panel of rental experts with finely tuned senses of humor. There will be two Grand Prize winners—both chosen for overall creativity—and four Second Prize winners.

GRAND PRIZES
Each of two winners will walk away with $2,013.94 to put toward a share in the summer dream house of their choice (or not). Party hats not included.

SECOND PRIZES
Four near misses will each receive $97.20 to put toward a summer's worth of suntanning products or groceries for a weekend at someone else's summer house.

EARLY-BIRD BONUS
If you are one of the first 500 people to respond, you will receive one of this summer's most sought-after playthings—a brightly colored J&Beach ball. Just for entering early!

J&B ON THE HOUSE RECIPE
A J&Beach: Combine a shot of J&B with equal parts of orange juice and sour mix. Finish with a splash of sparkling water and a fresh orange slice.

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Naked City

Ambivalence Means Never Having to Say You're Anything

Well, aren't we the clever miss? Aren't we original, coming up with a winning way to say, in a personal ad, how well rounded we are? "As comfortable in jeans as in an evening gown." Wise up—no one is giving formal affairs for the likes of us. Better you should take out an ad asking for someone who is as comfortable on a bus as on a subway. Still, the trend continues. Unwilling to plant ourselves firmly in either the jeans or the gown constituency, we claim an affinity for both. This ambivalence makes possible *Broadcast News*, "the first romantic comedy driven by ambivalence," according to *Newsweek*. It makes Marshall (*thirtysomething*) Herskovitz say, "Ambiguity and ambivalence are as much a part of life as resolution."

This ambivalence, moreover, makes us much more interesting, as these actual personal ads gathered from just two random issues of *New York* magazine attest:

"[Looking for a woman who] feels equally comfortable in Levi's or fur."

"Comfortable in jeans or opera gloves."

"You are a dynamic, gentle man . . . who likes to travel, sports, dancing, black tie affairs, jeans. . . ."

"Perfectly proportioned 5'3", 106 lbs., comfortable in Reeboks or high heels."

"[She's as] at home in her Betsey Johnson as in her Brooks Brothers."

"Seeks male partner who is comfortable in pinstripes or jeans."

"[I] feel equally comfortable in jeans or a designer tux."

"Pretty East Sider . . . owns jeans, silk."

Used to be, all a girl had to know how to do was cook and clean. Now she must be equally at home tap dancing and sailing a catamaran. Once, a guy could like sports and just wear sporty clothes. These days he must look as good in a lion tamer's outfit as he does in a clown mask. And doesn't anyone stay in one place anymore?

"[Seeking] someone who loves the bright city lights and the outback at the same time."

"[She must] feel comfortable with everything from the beach to Broadway."

"[Looking for a woman] interested in building a rural family life with city options."

"Looking for a union of city and country life."

"Enjoy my town and country life."

"I'm socially conscious, enjoy a mixture of city and country."

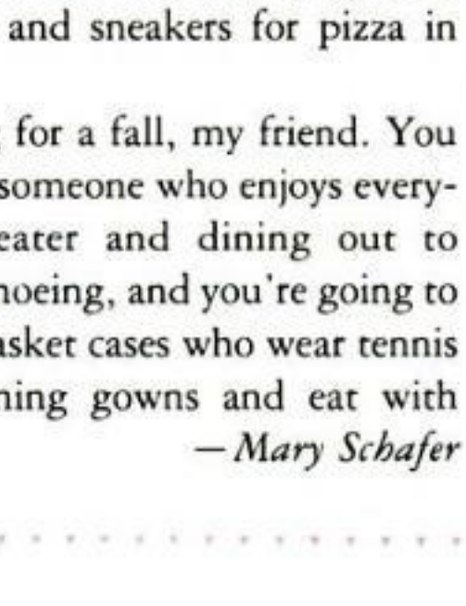
"Shall we wear Armani and Ungaro to Lutèce or jeans and sneakers for pizza in the Village?"

You're riding for a fall, my friend. You keep asking for someone who enjoys everything from theater and dining out to camping and canoeing, and you're going to wind up with basket cases who wear tennis shoes with evening gowns and eat with their hands. —*Mary Schafer*

Ten Years Ago in SPY

"You are not the kind of guy who would be at a place like this at this time of the morning. But here you are, and you cannot say that the terrain is entirely unfamiliar, although the details are fuzzy. You are at a nightclub talking to a girl with a shaved head. The club is either Trax or the Mudd Club. All might come clear if you could just slip into the bathroom and do a little more Colombian Nose Candy."

—from "Bright City Lights," by David Owen, SPY, April 1979



Celestial Hindsight

SPY's *Horoscope for Skeptics*

Another look at the horoscopes of familiar people on momentous days of their lives.



Subject: [redacted]
Sign: Sagittarius (b. 11/27/64)
Date: November 16, 1988
Notable Activity: Sued her husband for libel, seeking $125 million in damages
Horoscope: "You can either use common sense . . . or go on the warpath. However, it would be a pity to alienate loved ones." —Patric Walker, *New York Post*



Subject: [redacted]
Sign: Cancer (b. 7/1/52)
Date: December 3, 1988
Notable Activity: In the bathroom after a screening of *My Stepmother Is an Alien*, explained his reservations about the B-1 bomber to President-elect George Bush
Horoscope: "Friends and family appreciate straightforward communication."
—Usha, *USA Today*



Subject: [redacted]
Sign: Gemini (b. 6/12/24)
Date: December 3, 1988
Notable Activity: Listened to Dan Aykroyd talk about the B-1 bomber
Horoscope: "Give others a chance to express themselves or you'll have unnecessary resentments to handle."
—Usha, *USA Today*

Subjects: [redacted]
Sign: Leo (b. 8/16/58, 8/17/60)
Date: January 5, 1989
Notable Activity: Madonna sued Sean for divorce, citing irreconcilable differences
Horoscopes: "You deal with fixups around the house and straighten out nagging family problems. You can and must stand up for your own interests in any partnership—business or personal"
—Laurie Brady, *Star* magazine;
"Let more people into your life. New friendships will enrich days and evenings"
—Jeane Dixon, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*;
"Fabulous experiences await in your love life." —Joyce Jillson, *Daily News*

—George Mannes

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A Kinder, Gentler, Stupider Nation

Shopping Made Easier in the Age of Bush

The November election obliged us to abandon our favorite political theory—that only the most apathetic portion of the electorate voted, and that most citizens stayed home and channeled the spirit of Alexis de Tocqueville. However, the sole resonant phrase of the campaign kept coming back to us. We realized that George Bush had picked up on currents already abroad in the land and was showing us, in one simple phrase, that what we had mistaken for a creeping onslaught of moronocracy was actually heralding a brain-EZ future that will be friendlier, less confusing and less stressful because *the act of thinking itself* will be simplified—if not completely eliminated. Kinder, gentler innovation to watch for: legislation to make the ♥ the 27th letter of the alphabet. ROY HARLEY offers examples gleaned from the current consumer economy.

FRIENDLIER PRODUCTS FOSTER FAMILY VALUES

Manufacturers are improving the world by getting rid of dull model numbers on products and christening them instead with warm personal names:

▸Lola, the kitchen scrub brush
▸Korky, the Lavelle rubber toilet valve
▸El Marko, the Paper Mate felt-tip pen
▸Herbie Jr., the Electric Quickchop
▸Mr. Doodler, the Dri Mark broad-line marker
▸Robo, Jr., the Americanna rolling knife sharpener
▸Mr. Click!, the Dymo mini label maker
▸Starlet O'Hara, the Del D'Lower make-up sponge
▸Mr. John, the Blue Cross Laboratories toilet bowl cleaner

KINDER PRODUCTS LET OUR RIGHT BRAIN HEMISPHERES NAP

Many grocery items now sport nice, clear windows so we can see what we're buying, obviating the need to read pesky labels. But when this isn't reductive enough, pictographs come to the rescue:

▸In the snack food group, Frito-Lay distinguishes between the flavors of its Doritos chips with large drawings of an ear of corn (Toasted Corn), a taco (Taco), a block of cheese (Nacho Cheese) and a bowl of dip (Cool Ranch). Herr's Extra Thin Pretzels visualize the tough concept "No Salt Added" with a picture of a saltshaker in a red circle with a line through it.

▸Even complex operating instructions can be presented in a kinder, less word-intensive fashion through pictography. Swiss Miss encapsulates the difficulties of making hot chocolate in only three diagrams, just as Glad conveys the intricacies of its Handle-Tie Tall Kitchen Garbage Bags in three photos. Consumers who use microwave ovens can save even more precious time by referring to the pictorial directions on Pillsbury and Betty Crocker microwave cake mixes, which illustrate how to squirt the frosting packet onto the cake.

ALL-AMERICAN PRODUCTS FIGHT THE TYRANNY OF COGNITIVE MEANING

▸A cents-off shaving cream coupon proclaims that it's valid for any "flavor" of Barbasol. Perhaps Menthol Cool Whip, or nondairy Maalox Whip with soothing aloe vera, will follow. ℬ

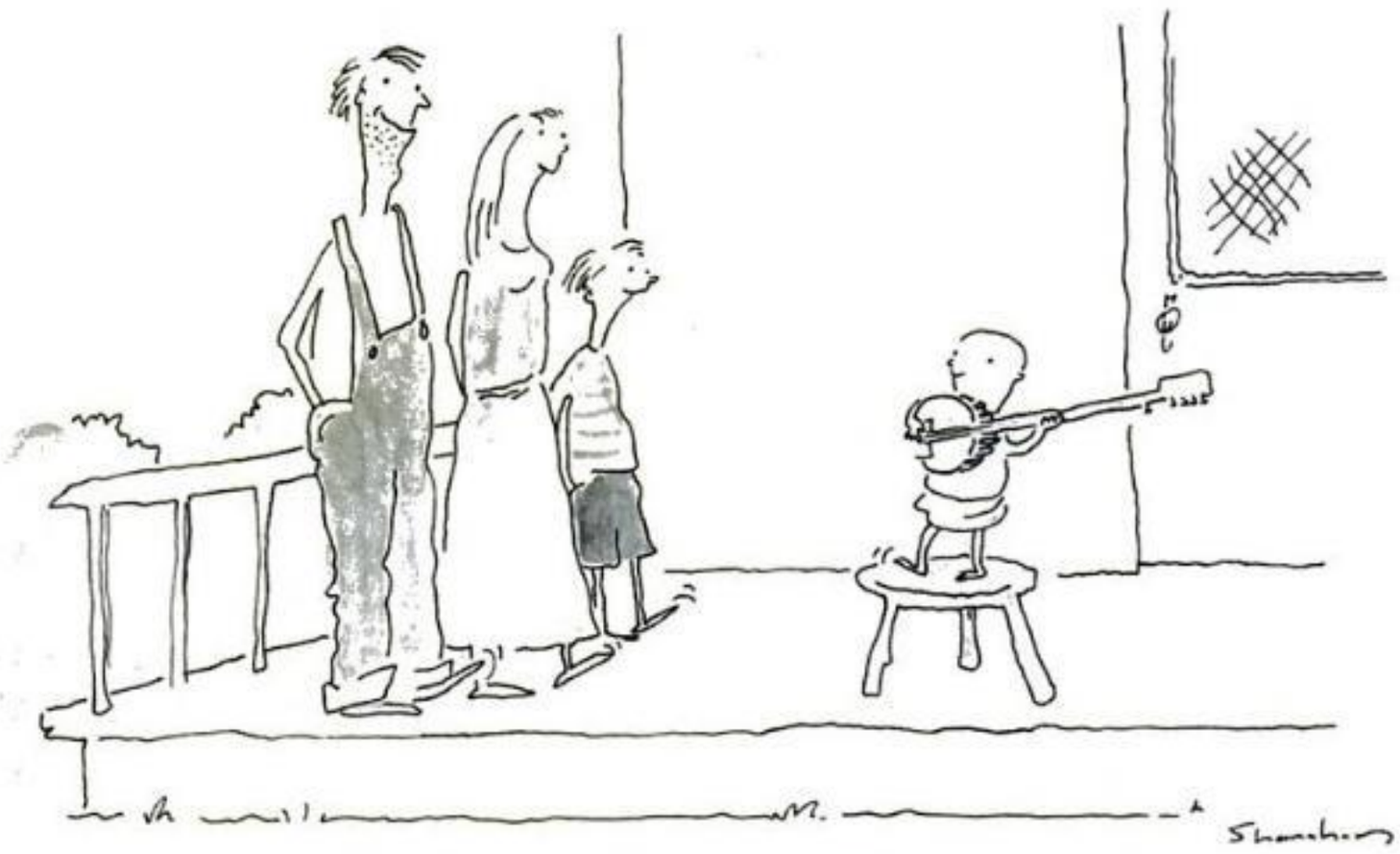
Campaign Issue? What Campaign Issue?

The Flip-flops of President Poppy: No. 1

On January 3, when the 101st Congress convened, the House of Representatives began the session with the Pledge of Allegiance. The Senate, on the other hand, skipped that patriotic exercise. The House was presided over by House clerk Donnald K. Anderson, who had not spent much of the previous year making the pledge a gauge of Americanism. Chairing the Senate was George Bush. ℬ

George Bush, Happening Dude

The highlight of January's inauguration hoopla was the Republican National Committee's "Celebration for Young Americans." Ignoring young American chart-toppers like Debbie Gibson, Tiffany, and D.J. Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince, the inaugural band included Albert Collins (age 56), Bo Diddley (60), Willie Dixon (73), Donald "Duck" Dunn (47), Eddie Floyd (54), Chuck Jackson (51), Etta James (50), Delbert McClinton (48), Sam Moore (53), Percy Sledge (47) and Koko Taylor (53). ℬ



CHILD PRODIGY - PRATER RIDGE, WEST VIRGINIA

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SEND MTV $14.95 AND DON'T READ THE REST OF THIS AD!

WELL, you obviously don't listen to what you're told. And that means

YOU'RE THE PERFECT CANDIDATE FOR THE WORLD'S FIRST NOT-FOR-EVERYONE RECORD CLUB FROM MTV!

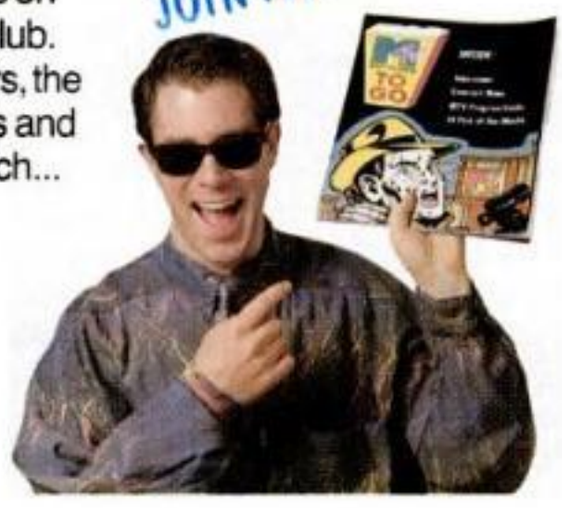
Join the MTV Record Club Now and get...

1 *"BUY ONE, GET ONE FREE"* CDs, CASSETTES AND RECORDS—RIGHT FROM THE START—AND FOR AS LONG AS YOU REMAIN A MEMBER! PLUS DISCOUNTS ON VIDEOS AND ALL KINDS OF MTV STUFF! No restrictions...no strings attached. For every CD, cassette or record you buy, you get one free! And you don't need to join a separate club to get a great deal on videos! MTV's got it all. Even hard to find MTV shirts, pins, watches and more! more! more! (A shipping/handling charge is added to each shipment.)

2 *EXCLUSIVE MONTHLY MTV-TO-GO MAGAZINE!* As a member of the club you'll get a "members only" magazine that's not sold on any newsstand. Unlike typical record club rags, MTV-To-Go is filled with articles about your favorite artists, exclusive interviews, advance word on upcoming albums, music industry news, tasteless jokes and more! Even an MTV Program Guide with schedule information on concerts, specials and shows all month. MTV-To-Go will also be your source for new albums, videos and MTV "stuff" you can buy through the Club.

3 *HOT NEW MUSIC!* If you like what you see on MTV you'll like what we offer in the club. Along with the big hits that everyone offers, the MTV "RECORD CLUB" features albums and artists the other clubs may not even touch... exactly the ones *you* want!

BE LIKE ME JOIN MTV!



4 *MONTHLY PICK!* Twelve times per year the MTV "Record Club" chooses a VJ Pick-of-the-Month which will be scheduled to ship to you automatically. If you think our selection reeks...no problem! You'll always have at least ten days to cancel shipment by checking "not this month, I have a headache" on your monthly order form. And if by some miracle of postal delay you aren't given ten days to reject a VJ Pick, you can return the unwanted selection at our expense for full credit.

"record club"

MUSIC TELEVISION

Mail To: MTV "Record Club", P.O. Box MTV-1, Indianapolis, IN 46209-9752

I TRUST YOU, MTV! Even though I haven't read a word of this ad I'm joining the MTV "Record Club" in order to get "BUY 1, GET 1 FREE" CDs, cassettes and records... discounts on videos... discounts on MTV shirts and stuff (a shipping/handling charge is added to each shipment). I'll also get the exclusive MTV-To-Go Magazine... and all the rest of the benefits described in this ad WHICH I HAVEN'T EVEN READ!

☐ Bill me for the $14.95 one year membership fee. I am under no obligation to buy anything, ever, and I can get all my money back if not delighted.

I buy most of my music on (check one) ☐ CD ☐ Cassette ☐ Record

SIGNATURE

☐ MR. ☐ MS. NAME (OR ALIAS)

ADDRESS APT. NO.

CITY STATE ZIP

() AREA CODE TELEPHONE NO.

TCK (MA)

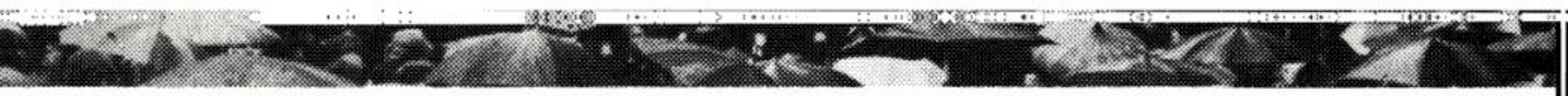
The Club reserves the right to request additional information or reject any application. Offer limited to new members, continental U.S.A. only. One membership per family. Local taxes, if any, will be added.

MRC003

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(A Service of BMG Direct Marketing, Inc.)
6550 East 30th Street
Indianapolis, IN 46219-1194
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SEPARATING FACTOID FROM FICTION

Annotating the Harper's Index

Every month *Harper's Magazine* publishes two pieces of highbrow infotainment: the Harper's Index, a page-long list of allegedly accurate statistics intended to reflect, in an oblique, you-go-figure-it-out way, the spirit of our age; and the Annotation, in which a document of national significance—anything from a hospital bill or a Lafitte' Rothschild label to a military contract—is reproduced, with commentary intended to illuminate the secrets and subtexts of the artifact.

The more popular of these features, the Index, is regularly reprinted in whole or in part in 18 American newspapers as well as in magazines in Europe and Japan, and has generated *The Harper's Index Book*. It has, in short, itself become a document of national significance, worthy of an Annotation of its own.

HARPER'S INDEX

Estimated decrease, since last year, in the number of soldiers in combat, worldwide : 1,800,000
Estimated increase, since last year, in the amount spent on U.N. peacekeeping forces, worldwide : $81,000,000
Number of soldiers worldwide who are under the age of 15 : 200,000
Number of ethics specialists employed by General Dynamics : 39
Percentage of Americans who oppose using nuclear arms in response to a non-nuclear Soviet invasion of Europe: 88
Number of the 7,886 Soviet Jews granted Israeli visas this year who settled somewhere other than Israel : 6,739
Percentage of Jews living on the West Bank who emigrated from Europe or the United States : 22
Percentage of Americans who have never heard of or have no opinion about Shimon Peres : 41
Percentage who have never heard of or have no opinion about P. W. Botha : 45
Amount offered to the Congo this year to accept 100,000 tons of Europe's toxic waste : $7,063,500
Portion of all garbage discarded by Americans that is packaging : 1/3
Value of the unclaimed beverage-container deposits in New York State last year : $66,000,000
Average number of times a beer bottle in Japan is reused : 20
Number of Japanese children who have died since 1985 as a result of disciplinary beatings by school personnel : 5
Number of New York City public-school teachers who were assaulted on the job during the last school year : 400
Number of blind dates former Education Secretary William Bennett had with Janis Joplin : 1
Percentage of waterbed owners who say that sex is better on one : 33
Number of the 90,000 Illinois marriage-license applicants screened for AIDS this year who tested positive : 11
Percentage of American doctors who say they favor a national health-insurance program : 56
Percentage who say that most of their colleagues oppose such a program : 74
Average cost of successfully treating a drug addict : $3,850
Estimated annual expense incurred by an untreated addict, in health, welfare, and law enforcement costs : $14,000
Percentage of federal prison inmates who are serving sentences for drug dealing : 40
Percentage of Americans who favor random car searches by police as a way of dealing with the drug problem : 54
Estimated percentage of U.S. gasoline consumption that occurs during traffic jams : 4
Portion of all land in downtown Los Angeles that is used for driving, parking, or servicing cars : 2/3
Portion of U.S. cropland that is insured against drought : 1/4
Portion of all drought insurance premiums that are paid by the federal government : 1/4
Gallons of water required to produce a pair of cotton pajamas : 500
Number of minutes each day that a working couple spend in "meaningful conversation" with each other : 4
Number of seconds each day that they spend in "meaningful conversation" with their children : 30
Ratio of G.I. Joe dolls to American G.I.s : 50:1
Ratio of annual spending on baseball cards to spending on tickets to major league games : 2:1
Percentage of Americans earning less than $15,000 a year who say they have achieved the American Dream : 5
Percentage of Americans earning more than $50,000 a year who say this : 6
Average annual income of an American child : $157.56
Percentage of children who say that Pee-wee Herman is "highly qualified" to be President : 8
Percentage who say that Michael Dukakis is : 8
Number of women appointed Official Salem Witch by Governor Michael Dukakis : 1
Number of the last 10 presidential elections that were won by the taller candidate : 8

Figures cited are the latest available as of August 1988. Sources are listed on page 76.
"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.

This number, which was originally published in a United Nations report, doesn't include the masses of children who have served as human minesweepers in the Iranian Revolutionary Guard. Defense experts find the figure absurd. "How the hell can you count that?" asked a correspondent for *Jane's Defence Weekly* when confronted with the figure. "I think it's a **dumb figure**."

This number, which was published by the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation using information provided *solely by beverage distributors*, is considered by experts to be **misleading**. Guy Polhemus, director of the We Can beverage-container-redemption center, called this an "outrageously erroneous and irresponsible figure." Soda and beer companies make a nickel of revenue on every bottle or can that is not returned for deposit, a windfall so embarrassingly large that many believe the amount to be underreported. An informant at Coca-Cola told the director of a redemption center two years ago that Coke was collecting substantial revenues on unclaimed deposits in New York State. He is no longer a Coke employee.

The book in which this figure appeared was published in 1972.

General Dynamics employs 9 full-time ethics directors. These resident philosophers are aided by 25 directors with additional duties (that makes a total of **34, not 39**), who are available to discuss the ethical problems that arise in obtaining lucrative government contracts.

If industrial waste, construction debris and toxic waste qualify as garbage—as, of course, they should—then this fraction, which accounts only for municipal solid waste, is a **wild overestimate**, according to an environmental engineer at Franklin Associates, the organization that produced this figure.

According to the United Federation of Teachers, the organization that *Harper's* cites as its source, **623** New York City public school teachers were assaulted on the job that year.

These figures are taken from a survey conducted by the National Opinion Research Center in 1973.

According to Michael Mecca of New York State's Division of Substance Abuse Services, the nominal source, the figures are **"damn cheap figures"** that "definitely did not get the imprimatur of the department."

This figure is based on the amount of water required merely to *grow* enough cotton to produce a pair of pajamas. According to Melanie Gordon, a senior market analyst at the National Cotton Council, in Memphis, Tennessee, another of the magazine's nominal sources, water is also used in the manufacture of pajamas. The amount varies with the color, print and weight of the material, but the total figure would be **higher** than 500 gallons.

A typical child's "income" comprises, for the most part, allowance and gifts. **Less** than 25 percent of this money could be construed as earned income, as the Internal Revenue Service understands it.

In *The Harper's Index Book*, Lewis Lapham, a coauthor, explains how the editors of *Harper's* put the Index together but neglects to mention that *Harper's* requires prospective editorial interns to include three Index statistics and their sources in their job applications. These figures, published by The Roper Organization, were submitted by an applicant for an internship—me—in 1988.

—Eddie Stern

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A New Vision

The essence of Napa Valley's finest vineyards and California's innovative winemaking style,
captured in the classic tradition of France.

Mumm Cuvée Napa

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The Illustrated History of Hair

Part IV: The Comb-over

Many men who are experiencing the sudden parting of head and hair simply hide their baldness, much as one would place a sofa over a worn spot in the carpet. Think of wig wearers Michael Milken, Andrew Stein, Preston "Bob" Tisch, Charlton Heston, Burt Reynolds, William Shatner and Bob Greene. Others, such as bad-novel pitchman Swifty Lazar and casino pitchman Telly Savalas and advertising pitchman Jerry Della Femina, simply present their scalps to the world defiantly unadorned. But quite a few other nearly hairless men, evidently unaware of the FDA's approval of topical minoxidil and of the technical advances in hair weaving and hair fusion, have chosen an ineffective, self-deluding and altogether humiliating process of hair repatriation—the comb-over.

Miami Herald columnist Dave Barry has defined the comb-over as "a grand total of eight greasy strands of hair, which [one] grows real long and combs across the top of his head so that he looks, when viewed from above, like an egg in the grasp of a giant spider."

But how can the comb-over be spotted from street level? A key indicator, besides the long, tentacular strands combed skyward, is the location of the part: suspiciously low on one side of the head and, in some instances, descending to the top of the ear—and in extreme cases, actually *below* the ear, with one sideburn serving as a kind of headwater for the whole ridiculous flow of combed-over hair. Naturally, this poses a problem if the comber-over lives in a place where brisk winds are prevalent, or where the customary laws of gravity are in effect. Sixth Avenue, Riverside Drive and Chicago are places to be especially avoided. On days when the wind does blow up strongly, the comber-over will gingerly walk blocks out of his way in order to keep the gusts blowing with the grain of the comb-over rather than against it. Comber-overs also live in abject horror of ever having to swim in public—and of the thinning, soggy curtain of hair that cascades down one side of the head when they are forced to get out of the water.

There is some debate about the comb-over's origin. Images on first-century Roman coins suggest that Nero may have been the first. Only during the past 20 years, however, has the comb-over become widely popular, the trend reaching its height last year during the Iran-contra hearings, when congressional committee interrogators John Nields and Arthur Liman waged what amounted to a televised comb-over-athon of some 200 hours.

Not surprisingly, comb-overs are condemned by hair-care professionals. Mr. René, manager and owner of the salon at The Carlyle hotel, is the Amazing Randi of comb-over debunkers. "That is an illusion, as far as I'm concerned," he says. "It's not really a professional look." Ralph, a consultant with Hair Replacement Systems, supports the René position. "It can work, but only to a certain point," he says. "After a while you're not fooling anyone."

—David Earl

DEAD COMB-OVER WEARERS



DIVINE, sweaty, overweight drag queen



ZERO MOSTEL, sweaty, overweight actor

LIVING COMB-OVER WEARERS



SONNY BONO, Palm Springs mayor



TIM CONWAY, *Carol Burnett Show* extra



ALFONSE D'AMATO, conservative northern senator



SAM DONALDSON, self-aggrandizing Mr. Spock impersonator



MARLIN FITZWATER, official White House dissembler



MAX FRANKEL, *New York Times* editor



RUDOLPH GIULIANI, former U.S. Attorney—weenie



BOB GOTTLIEB, plastic-purse connoisseur



HUGH HEFNER, henpecked swinger



ROBERT HURLEY, Senator John Chafee's former chief of staff

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Naked City



J. Bennett Johnston, conservative southern senator



George Kennedy, battery pitchman



William Kunstler, predictable attorney for the downtrodden

FORMER COMB-OVER WEARERS



Bob Greene, regurgitative columnist



Arthur Liman, lumpy, rumpled lawyer



John McCain, conservative western senator



John Nields, trim, rumpled lawyer



Bobby Zarem, wide publicist



Sam Nunn, conservative southern senator



Charles E. Redman, former State Department spokesman



Don Rickles, West Coast–based irritant



Harold Robbins, dirty-book author



Brandon Stoddard, the *other* network guy named Brandon



Billy Tubbs, Oklahoma University basketball coach



Dick Van Patten, tennis dad



Mort Zuckerman, social climber

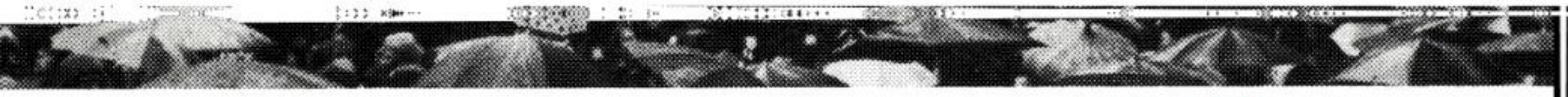
Restaurant Bellevues kitchens and staff are now available to cater affairs in your home or office.



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Room at the Top

How the Rich Get Richer in Koch's New York

If after eleven years there remains any doubt that the Koch administration has been virtually a wholly owned subsidiary of New York's real estate interests—consider his flip-flop to support the landfill-in-the-guise-of-a-highway that was Westway, his backing of the monstrous Marriott Marquis hotel, his culturally criminal rezoning of the theater district, his endorsement of the as-electrifying-as-an-in-flight-magazine Times Square Redevelopment Project and his wholehearted boosting of a Coliseum-site project that would have plunged Central Park into shadow—now comes a report from the state comptroller, Edward Regan, showing that while Koch was selling off New York's light and air, he was doing so for peanuts.

Between 1980 and 1987 the New York City Planning Commission granted 611 special permits to developers who wanted to add square footage to their projects (essentially, the zoning law limits the size of buildings, but the Planning Commission can permit developers to add bonus space if they provide certain public amenities). The comptroller examined 15 cases and found that in every one, the amenities cost far, far less to provide than the additional space was worth in the marketplace. Here are some of the projects the comptroller examined.

Project: West Riverhouse (formerly All Angels' Episcopal Church), 424 West End Avenue
Developer: 81 West Riverhouse Company
The Deal: in exchange for repairing sidewalks and making improvements to the Broadway mall, the developer was granted an additional 45,857 square feet of space
Cost to the developer: $280,000
Value of the added space: $13,757,000*

Project: The Montana, Broadway and 87th Street
Developer: KSB Associates
The Deal: in exchange for maintaining sections of the Broadway mall, the developer was granted an additional 40,000 square feet of space
Cost to the developer: $200,000
Value of the added space: $12 million

Project: The Bromley, Broadway and 83rd Street
Developer: 83rd Street Investors, L.P.
The Deal: in exchange for helping to fix up the West 86th Street IRT subway station, the developer received 40,869 square feet of space
Cost to the developer: $204,000
Value of the added space: $12,261,000

Project: Trafalgar House, 184 East 70th Street
Developer: Tony Evans/Trafalgar House Real Estate Inc.
The Deal: in exchange for planting and maintaining 63 trees, the developer received 30,323 square feet of space
Cost to the developer: $458,000
Value of the added space: $15,162,000

Project: Le Triomphe, 240 East 59th Street
Developer: ROC Le Triomphe Associates
The Deal: in exchange for planting and maintaining trees on 58th and 59th Streets and for maintaining Tramway Park, the developer won 38,158 square feet of space
Cost to the developer: $220,000
Value of the added space: $11,447,000. A rental, the building will deliver these earnings year after year

Project: The Copley, Broadway and 68th Street
Developer: Zeckendorf Company
The Deal: in exchange for contributions toward improving the 66th Street IRT station, the developer received an additional 28,053 square feet of space
Cost to the developer: $420,795—a $140,265 mandatory payment and a $280,530 voluntary payment
Value of the added space: $8,416,000

Project: River Terrace, York Avenue and 72nd Street
Developer: Harry Macklowe Real Estate Company/York-72 Associates
The Deal: in exchange for renovating the East 72nd Street cul-de-sac and for repairing the East River esplanade between 71st and 81st Streets and between 103rd and 125th Streets, the developer received an additional 45,620 square feet of space
Estimated cost to the developer: $1,700,000
Value of the added space: $13,686,000. A rental, the building will deliver these earnings year after year

Project: 45 West 67th Street
Developer: Daniel Brodsky/45 W. 67th Street Development Corporation
The Deal: in exchange for a payment to a fund for improvements to the IRT station at 66th Street, the developer received 70,636 square feet of space
Estimated cost to the developer: $1,060,000
Value of the added space: $21,191,000

Project: Bel Canto, 1991 Broadway
Developer: Lewis Futterman
The Deal: in exchange for providing a covered public area, the developer received 19,734 square feet of space
Cost to the developer: Not available
Value of the added space: $5,920,000
Fun fact: The developer proposed a covered area furnished with benches, tables and plants. The community board protested, saying that the area would just be a lobby for the building. The Planning Commission approved the proposal anyway; now the area functions as a café and bar, and although signs identify it as a public space, passersby can easily mistake it for another new upscale restaurant.

Not surprisingly, most of these developers have supported Koch's enlightened leadership with big campaign contributions.

Responding to one part of the comptroller's report, the Planning Commission said, "It is important . . . to emphasize that no evidence of fraud [was] uncovered; that at worst the operating agencies failed to draw down monies to which they were entitled." This is what things have come to in the Koch era: *Our policies may have been harmful, or foolish, or poorly run, but at least at* this *agency we didn't steal.* —*Jamie Malanowski*

*The comptroller valued the additional area at $300 per square foot, "the lowest [value] cited in a 1987 *New York Times* article that discussed real estate development in Manhattan since 1985."

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Naked City

THE UNKNOWN JOSEPH HELLER

SPY *Discovers a Forgotten Work in the Heller Canon: The* McHale's Navy *Episode*



In 1962, the year after *Catch-22* was published, Joseph Heller wrote an episode of *McHale's Navy*. Broadcast originally on ABC on November 1, 1962—and still running in syndication—this least-known work of the Heller oeuvre has suffered unjust critical neglect. "PT 73 Where Are You?" was written by Heller and produced and directed by Edward J. Montagne. Montagne confirmed recently that the screen-credited "Joe Heller" is indeed *the* Joseph Heller. *Catch-22* did not become a best-seller until its paperback publication in late 1962, so Heller presumably needed the money. Montagne said he had not heard of Heller or *Catch-22* at the time he commissioned the script. He was sold entirely on the merit of Heller's economical pitch: *McHale's men lose the PT boat.* "I liked the idea," Montagne said. "It was funny."

MCA-TV reports that the number of stations buying *McHale's Navy* has dwindled to five, of which three currently schedule it: Boston, WQTV, weekdays, 9:00 a.m.; Philadelphia, WPHL, weekdays, 2:00 p.m.; and Nampa, Idaho, KTRV, weekdays, 9:30 a.m. *McHale's Navy* purists may cavil, but the newly colorized version—slated for release this fall—will bring the Heller episode to a new generation of viewers. Twenty-three stations have already signed up, including Secaucus's WWOR. As there are 138 half-hour segments of *McHale's Navy*, Heller's episode airs every 27.6 weeks on a five-times-a-week schedule. The episode is inexplicably absent from the Museum of Broadcasting's archives.

Captain Binghamton (Joe Flynn) orders Commander McHale (Ernest Borgnine) and his men to New Caledonia for a week's leave. But Virgil (Edson Stroll) has lost the PT 73 during an illicit date with an island woman. McHale sends Virgil and Tinker (Billy Sands) to find the boat. Meanwhile, McHale's men drape camouflage nets over a pile of junk to simulate the missing boat. Binghamton shows up for a surprise inspection and discovers that the boat is missing. Binghamton asks McHale where his boat is. McHale says he lost it. Binghamton gets upset, cancels the leave and prepares to court-martial McHale. While Ensign Parker (Tim Conway) assists Binghamton with the court-martial papers, McHale's men steal the PT boat of sycophantic Lieutenant Carpenter (Bob Hastings). They paint over its identification number and paint in PT 73. McHale tells Binghamton that the boat has been found. That gets McHale off the hook, but Binghamton orders Carpenter, rather than McHale, to take the leave in New Caledonia. Carpenter reports that he has lost *his* boat. Binghamton gets upset.

Virgil returns with the real PT 73. Now McHale has two PT 73s. McHale has Virgil hide the real PT 73 and repaint it with the identification number of Carpenter's boat. An anonymous phone call leads Carpenter's men to his boat. Thus Carpenter has McHale's boat and McHale has Carpenter's. Carpenter boasts to Binghamton that his boat is always ready for combat. But Binghamton finds McHale's cache of beer inside the torpedo tube and blames Carpenter. McHale gets to go on leave after all. En route to New Caledonia in Carpenter's boat, Gruber (Carl Ballantine) realizes he has forgotten to stock the boat with beer, and McHale yells at him.

Heller was probably in the early stages of writing *Something Happened* when he wrote the episode, but the link to *Catch-22* is beyond dispute. The repainting of the boat numbers, a confusion of symbol and reality, echoes Yossarian's moving of the front line on the camp map; the novel's much-noted preponderance of twos (Catch-*22*, Major Major, the soldier who sees double) recurs here on a Rabelaisian scale in the story of the two PT 73s. Ironically, *Catch-22*'s early critics condemned its plotting as being "of the type which television comedians blame on their 'writers' " (*Daedalus*, Winter 1963). More telling are the differences. Military authority in the person of Captain Binghamton itches to "throw the book at" McHale and force him out of the Navy. The plot revolves around McHale's schemes *to remain on active duty*. As an anti-Yossarian—an anti-antihero—McHale must have presented a unique challenge.

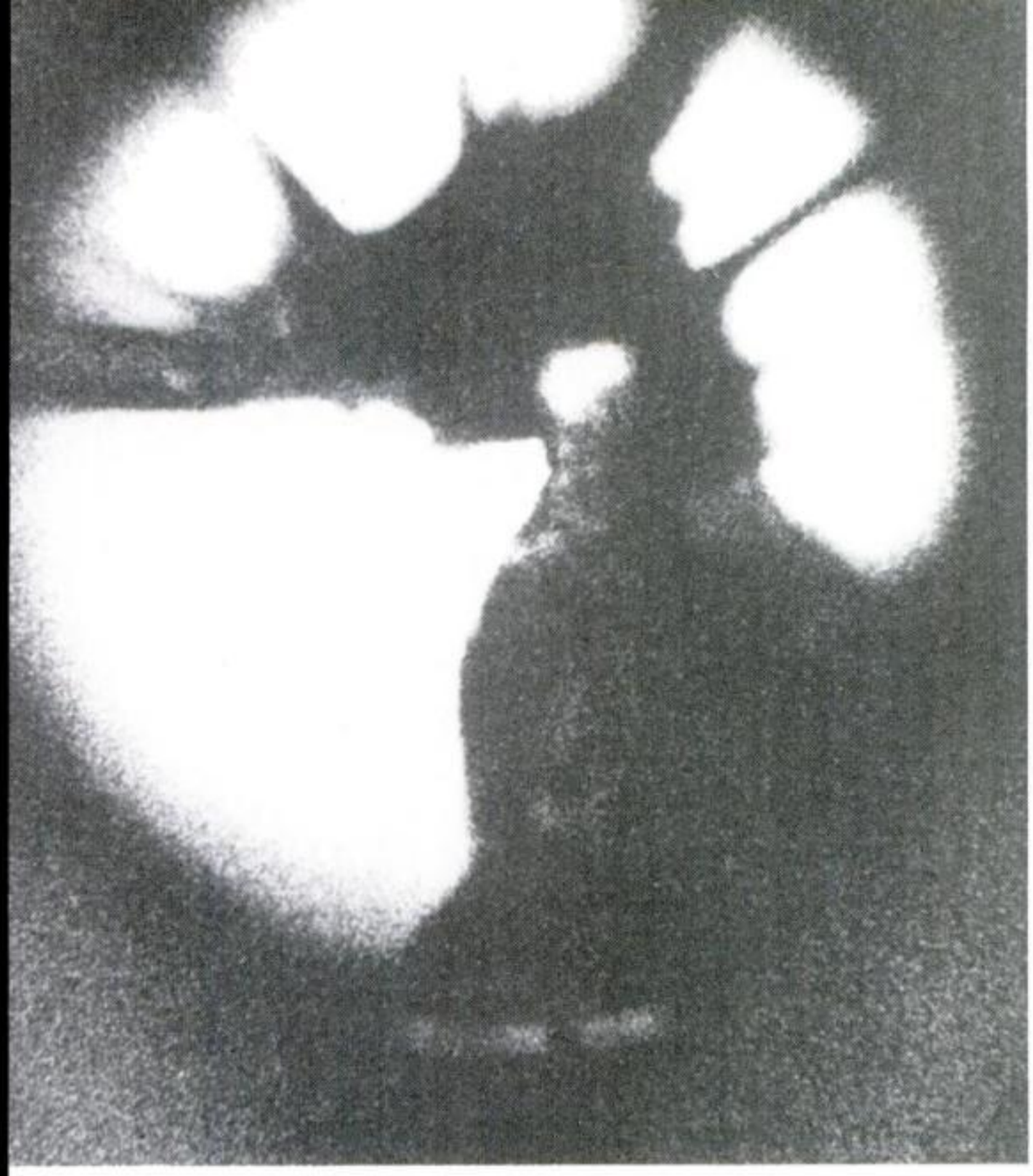
Heller's episode falls in the so-called Taratupa period of *McHale's Navy*, usually judged more successful than the late, or Voltafiore, period. Judging by the laugh track, there are 130 gags in the Heller episode. This compares with 126 laughs in a control episode not written by Heller. A typical line evidently written by Heller: "I'd never last on submarine duty—I like to sleep with the windows open!"

Heller found Captain Binghamton the richest target for satire. Binghamton garners a plurality of the script's funny lines (42 out of 130), including one moment when he gets exasperated and fumes, "I could just scream." The presence of this line in other episodes makes Heller's authorship doubtful. McHale speaks the second-greatest number of funny lines (34), followed by Parker (16), Gruber (13), Carpenter (11), Christy (4), Virgil (4) and Willie (3). Fuji, Happy and Tinker get one joke each. When the episode first aired, the TV listings of the *Los Angeles Times* commented, "Some laughs here and there."

Catch-22's Dunbar broods, "A second ago you were stepping into college with your lungs full of fresh air. Today you're an old man. . . . You're inches away from death every time you go on a mission. How much older can you be at your age?" Dunbar's observation finds oddly literal expression in *McHale's Navy*, where *middle-aged men* are cast as draftees. *McHale* becomes in a way the *Catch* sequel: a 45-year-old Ernest Borgnine joins time-ravaged character actors Carl Ballantine, Gavin MacLeod and Billy Sands to depict the ultimate fate of Yossarian's company if Colonel Cathcart keeps raising the number of required missions. Equally caustic is a subliminal comment on the blindness of command: Binghamton's glasses are revealed in close-ups *to have no lenses.*

McHale's Navy's writers regularly loaded Fuji's dialogue with *r*'s to get easy laughs at the expense of Asian speakers of English as a second language. Heller wrote three lines for Fuji (Yoshio Yoda), of which only one contains a word with an initial *r*: "Ve be looting for you!" ("*We'll* be *rooting* for you!"). The incidence of *r* words, 1 out of 24, does not seem unusually high. —*William Poundstone*

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a love song from the album

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APRIL DATEBOOK

1–2 Fans of Linda Montano (see "The Seven-Year Itch," by Bradley W. Bloch, November 1987), the self-described "conceptual life and performance artist," will certainly want to attend one of her weekend workshops at the International Center of Photography. In "Living Systems and Art-Making," the catalog says, "we will explore how different energetic perceptions influence and define our experience." And for less than $300.

2 Daylight saving time—potentially an "energetic perception," we like to think.

3 Opening day. Non-defending-world-champion Mets at home against Cardinals.

3 Marlon Brando is 65.

5 Stanley Cup playoffs begin, at last. It's been the usual nail-biter of an NHL season, with the league's 21 hockey teams battling it out for just 16 playoff berths.

6 Founders' Day in South Africa. On this day in 1652, a Dutchman named Jan Van Riebeeck casually stepped ashore at Table Bay, near Cape Town—the first European to do so. Things have been pretty calm since then.

7 Yankees' home opener, against the Indians. Rumors regarding Dallas Green's precarious future with the team escalate when George Steinbrenner gives the new manager a vote of confidence.

15 Taxes—sorry, *tariffs* and *user fees*—due.

16 "An Evening with Tama Janowitz," part of the 92nd Street Y's Lectures for Singles series. Janowitz's fiction, the catalog assures us, was "highly admired by Andy Warhol."

17 Silver anniversary of President Charles de Gaulle's prostate surgery. *Salut!*

19 Don Adams born, 2 years and 16 days after Brando.

20 Passover.

21–23 A new quarterly called *New York Writer* is holding a conference in the Puck Building that, says an ad in its first issue, "playwrites" (among other wrighters) are expected to attend.

22 Twenty-five years after the opening of the New York World's Fair, the *Times* very probably runs a "Return to Flushing" feature.

23 (a) The Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus ends its monthlong run at Madison Square Garden. (b) Herve Villechaize turns 46. (c) There is no implicit message intended by our mentioning these two facts together.

29 National Association of Broadcasters' annual convention begins in Las Vegas. When the videotex displays and the gambling begin to wear thin, drop by one of the variety shows—there's nothing more relaxing than watching grown men get several dinner plates spinning simultaneously on the ends of tall sticks while the orchestra plays "The Flight of the Bumble Bee."

30 Rogation Sunday—well, once, before the Catholic church started madly pruning its calendar. Suddenly it's no longer important to pray for a bountiful harvest? ✠

THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD

A Monthly Tally

Madonna	**6**
Elizabeth Taylor	**5**
Melanie Griffith	**4**
Sean Penn	**4**
Frank Sinatra	**4**
Barbra Streisand	**4**
Oprah Winfrey	**4**
Candice Bergen	**3**
Malcolm Forbes	**3**
Richard Gere	**3**
Dustin Hoffman	**3**
Le Cirque	**3**
Beverly Sills	**3**
Donald Trump	**3**
Allan Carr	**2**
Bette Davis	**2**
Galanos	**2**
A Special Oscar for Ronald Reagan	**1**
SPY	**1**

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A Monthly Anagram Analysis

SHEA STADIUM
ASSUMED A HIT
I.E., A STUD SHAM

DONNA RICE
NO ICE? DARN!
RANCID ONE
DANCE NOIR

LAWRENCE E. WALSH
WHENCE REAL LAWS?

PRESIDENT GEORGE BUSH
PRESS: IGNORE HUGE DEBT
SHEER BUDGETING PROSE
GESTURING BREEDS HOPE

—Andy Aaron

WHAT'S IN A NAME II

An Abridged Anagram Analysis

HAMPTONS
PHANTOMS

ED KOCH
CHOKED

TOM KEAN
MEANT O.K.

EPHRON
PHONER

GERALDO
REAL DOG

STREISAND
SNIDE STAR

—John Leo

WHAT'S IN A NAME III

A Singleminded Anagram Analysis

ABE ROSENTHAL
TRASHABLE ONE
ROASTABLE HEN
ONE BRASH TALE
BE NEAR A SLOTH
THERE—SO BANAL!
NOTES ARE BLAH
A SABLE THRONE
THE BARE SALON
AH, SO RENTABLE
THEN A REAL S.O.B.
ONE RASH TABLE
HE'S A LONE BRAT
NEAR HOSTABLE
HEARTEN A SLOB
ASHEN BLOATER
BASER THAN LEO

—J. L.

CHRONICLE OF OUR DEATH FORETOLD

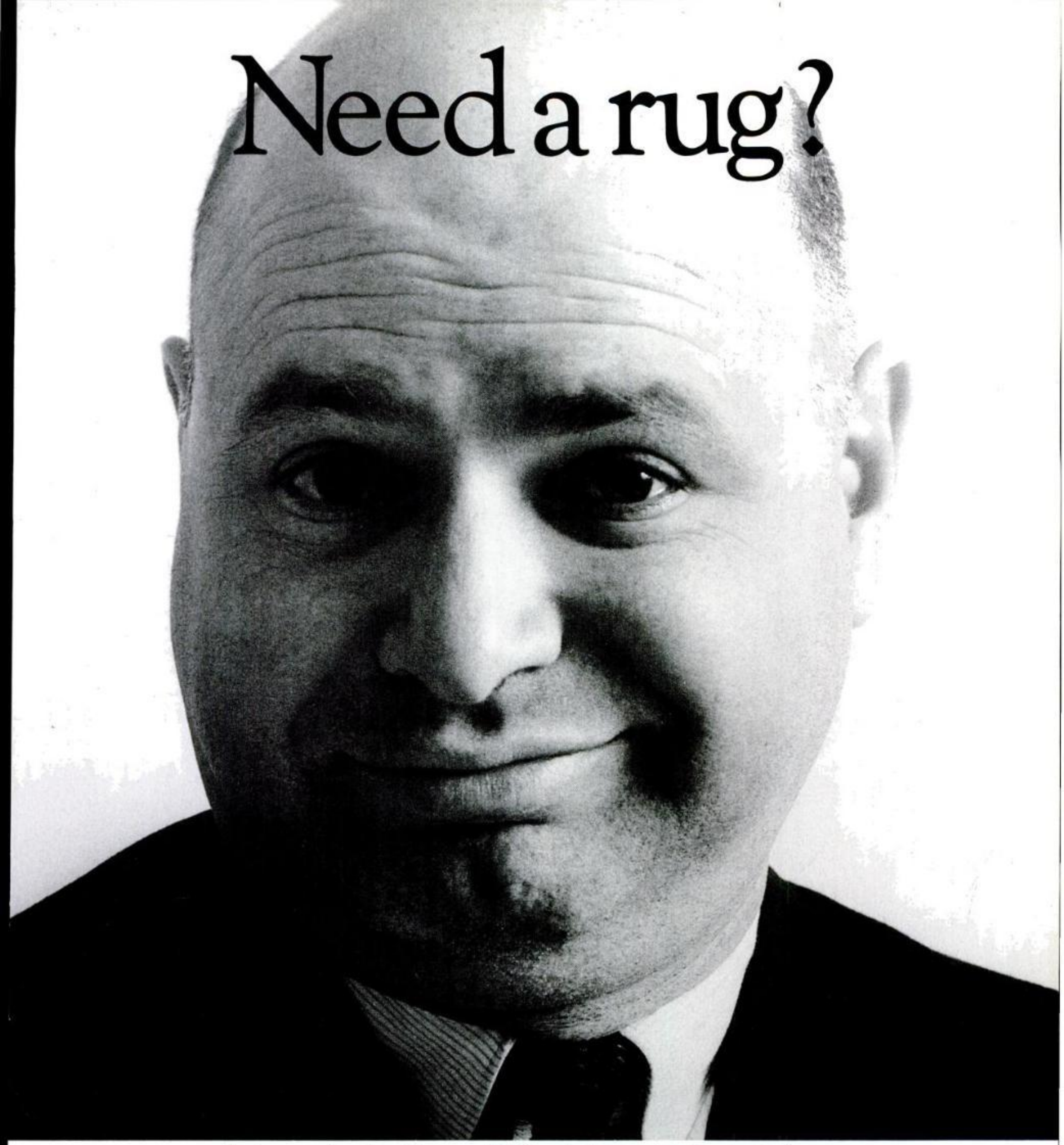
A SPY Public Service Countdown

"My pal **Donald Trump** . . . said that SPY magazine is in trouble financially and will not be around much longer. I chided the handsome mogul, of whom I am very fond . . . that he should not indulge in wishful thinking. He said, 'No, you'll find this is true if you just investigate. **I predict they won't even be around in a year.**'"

—Liz Smith in the Daily News, *September 29, 1988*



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The Good News: It Costs Only $200 to Change Your Name

The Bad News: Jade Jaguar Is Already Taken

Why do hundreds of Manhattanites variously skulk and swagger into the 60 Centre Street courthouse each year and pay $200 to change their names? Sometimes it's obvious. Overpaid portrait photographer Francesco Scavullo, for instance, had no choice. The name Francis (which he legally sloughed off in 1957) ill fits the kind of person who would produce such books as *Scavullo on Beauty*, *Scavullo Men*, *Scavullo Women* and *Scavullo*.

But what about less celebrated people with perfectly good names, such as Tyrone Hamlett? Why would he want to change to Pinchas Bayn Aaron Bayn Lewi? Hoping to find some answers, SPY examined the court dockets of some recent name changers. Here's what we found in their legal petitions for change of name:

Old name	New name	Reason for change
James Norman Finkelstein	James Woods (not the film actor)	"It is inconvenient to have the last name 'Finkelstein' as it is continually misspelled, mispronounced and mocked"
Jacob Robert Elliot Abend	Eric Kramer	"Petitioner is an Internationally known Science Fiction book seller known throughout the World as ERIC KRAMER"
George Cornelius Wallace	Nathan Excelsior Wallace	"Petitioner dislikes certain negative associations with his present name"
Leni Jo West, née Barsky	Lauren Jo West	"Ever since I was a very young child I have intensely disliked the name of Leni. Because it is usually thought of as a male name, as a child I suffered acute embarrassment and harassment from other children and, for that matter, many adults due to my given name. . . . I expressed a desire to change my name to one of a more feminine nature"
Jeffrey McDowell	Jade Jaguar	"For professional purposes"
Todd Alexius Long	XAX Todd	"For several years I have studied a philosophy that encompasses many states of consciousness. I created, and began using, the name of XAX five years ago. . . . At the time I didn't understand the name, where it came from, or how it related to me. My progress in this area of study coincides with the discovery of myself as XAX"
Eric Cameron Smith	Jay Harrison	"In the event that what I write finds publication, I would prefer a name with more distinction than Smith"
Serene Oakley, aka Serene Oakley Kachaturian, aka Helene Lois Bookstein Kachaturian, née Helene Lois Bookstein	Helene Oakley	"At this time I am desirous of resuming the use of my birth-name 'HELENE' "
Joseph Mathew Ritter	Yvonne Amelia Ritter	"I wish to confirm my female identity by causing my name to be changed to a female one rather than the male name that I was mistakenly given at birth"
Barbara Ann Peckerman	Barbara Ann Peck	"My given name is too cumbersome for business reasons"
Tyrone Hamlett	Pinchas Bayn Aaron Bayn Lewi	"Being that I am an Israelite by seed inheritance, it is only proper that I have an Israelitish name"
Christopher Lees Lorenz	Frederic Christopher Gaillardet	"Petitioner prefers the new name to the old name"

— Patti Jones

Letters to the Editor of *The New Yorker*

SPY *periodically publishes Letters to the Editor of* The New Yorker *because* The New Yorker *doesn't. Still. Address correspondence to "Dear Bob," c/o* SPY, *The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012.*

Dear Bob,

While Roger Angell's profile of A. Bartlett Giamatti in the August 22, 1988, issue had all the fulsome lyricism we've come to expect of Angell's baseball essays, it lacked the fulsome accuracy for which your magazine is famous. To wit: in describing a conversation he had with Giamatti about the recent glum history of the Boston Red Sox, Angell writes, "We had somehow skipped over Game Six of the 1986 World Series, when the Mets . . . survived defeat at the last possible instant, thanks to Bill Buckner's horrendous muff of a Series-ending grounder at first base, and went on to seize a world championship that the Red Sox had held within their grasp. I had seen the miserably victorious Giamatti [a lifelong Sox fan but also, at the time, president of the National League] just after that game, and he had looked worn and wan, like Odysseus thrown up on still another beach: a man wrung dry by the gods."

Granted, the fine Odysseus simile is beyond most sportswriters; but what's this about Buckner muffing a Series-ending grounder? In fact, the score was tied and had Buckner made the play, which would have been the third out of the bottom of the tenth, the game—and the Series—would have merely gone on to an eleventh inning.

How could Angell boot such an important episode in baseball history? And Bob, how could you let him? Frankly, I can't imagine you'd be so cavalier if Pauline Kael tried to credit Ruth Chatterton with Nancy Carroll's great performance in *Laughter.*

Drake McHugh
New York

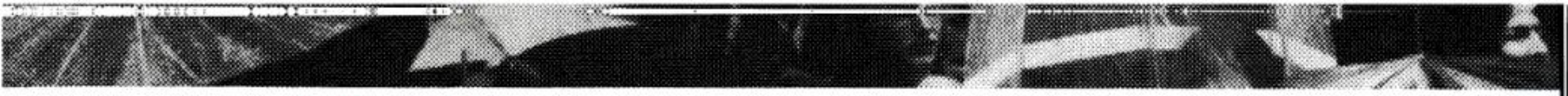
In response, The New Yorker *circled the wagons. "I'm sure a fact like that would have been checked," a fact checker told us. Another fact checker called us back. "The 'Series-ending' is a mistake." Ah,* mistakes were made.

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- Naked City

THE TIMES



Max *Arthur* *Abe*

There is little to recommend the short items that compose this space this month—carved as they are in the sort of tiny, no-sweat news morsels so popular at *USA Today* and the paper of record these days—save for their overarching theme of gentle, diverting *Times* mortification.

Notes from the Gulag: The subtle indignities suffered by wageworkers at 229 West 43rd Street are varied and unending. Those who might quibble with comparisons passim of the *Times* to the Kremlin would do well to venture to the gray stone fortress, where every Wednesday morning, sullen, beaten-down hirelings—entry-level news assistant and time-serving editor alike—are forced to stand in long lines at the pay window for the privilege of picking up their paychecks. (For a more thorough discussion of America's Sovietized way of life, see "It's Morning in Amerika," page 74.) This numbing ordeal is the result of the refusal of the *Times*—one of the few major corporations that in the waning years of the twentieth century continues to pay its white-collar employees on a weekly basis—to deposit paychecks electronically or by mail, except in the case of correspondents posted abroad. Often Punch Sulzberger actually lingers near the pay window, that his employees might bow and scrape in gratitude for their pay packets. When freed of the humbling chore of line-waiting, *Times* employees are being forced to submit "Best Wishes" greetings for an ultratouching going-away book that will be bound for Punch when he retires as publisher.

Strange Bedfellows: Design savant Suzanne Slesin is assistant to the editor of the irredeemably ludicrous Home section, which recently devoted much space and effort to a story on innovative furniture, in particular beds. The piece included a cataloglike, book-size photograph of a Gothic number designed by someone named Babette Holland, whose beds retail from $4,000 to $5,000. Babette Holland's exclusive distributor in the U.S. is Furniture of the Twentieth Century, a 17th Street concern owned by Michael Steinberg—better known in decorating circles as Mr. Suzanne Slesin.

The Young and the Restless: The exodus of talent continues unabated. The *Times*'s highly valued television-beat reporter Peter J. Boyer, displeased with the prospect of moving his family to Los Angeles as his masters wished, opted instead for a considerably richer contributing editor's contract with *Vanity Fair*. And John Gross, one-third of the *Times*'s three-person daily-book-review department, returned to London to take up his very British on-again-off-again live-in relationship with his wife. In his absence, Arthur "O'Neill" Gelb was ladling his manifest charms all over Margo Jefferson, a book critic for *Vogue* and *7 Days*, who had many reservations about taking the job, chief among them the *Times*'s feudal refusal to allow its writers to sell their freelance trade to any other publications.

Paris, Paris: My correspondents in the City of Light inform me that John Vinocur, the despised former Metro editor who was despised former executive editor Abe Rosenthal's personal choice to succeed him, is up to his old ways and thriving. As consolation prize for not getting Rosenthal's old job a few years ago, Vinocur was given the plummy Paris-based editorship of the *International Herald Tribune* (which the *Times* co-owns with *The Washington Post*). Since he took over, fully one-sixth of the editorial staff of the paper has chosen to quit. Vinocur is conducting much of the search for new staff members in Paris himself, and according to his own peculiar set of requirements. As he recently remarked at a *Herald Tribune* story conference of an agreeable young hiree, "She's a real stunning looker."

When not applying aggressive pressure to elbow his way onto a popular local public-affairs TV program hosted by Anne Sinclair, Vinocur, whom co-workers have nicknamed Mad Dog, has taken to entertaining the troops. He recently discovered a bicycle in the office and, in an impromptu reenactment of the "Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head" scene from *Butch Cassidy*, pedaled the ten feet from the newsroom to his office. He did it not once, not twice, but again and again, to gales of appreciative laughter from his circle of handpicked sycophants.

It's Daffynition Time!: A half year ago in this column, a definition was given for the expression *to Zuckerman a reporter*. Here are some others that have been developed by *Times* newsroom etymologists and regularly used by *Times*people. There is, of course, *to Gelb*, which is the ability to cling steadfastly to an ever-changing set of principles. Then there is *to Siegal*, which means to make an iron rule out of an idle whim. (This is a reference to Al Siegal, a *Times* assistant managing editor.) And a personal favorite is the verb *to Rosenthal*: to be jealous when someone else's grandmother dies—that is, to envy the good wishes and sympathy that the mourner will receive from friends and colleagues.

—J. J. Hunsecker

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J&B

J&B over lunch.

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GARBAGE

is not something most of us think about very often or very hard. Certainly, Nietzsche referred to benign theories of history as "a chaotic pile of rubbish," and T. S. Eliot



once wrote a line about "the butt-ends of my days and ways," and some artists thought to call themselves the Ashcan school, and ABC once had a series called *Top Cat* whose eponymous protagonist lived in a trash can—still, thinking about garbage is something most of us never do.



But as JOHN BRODIE and BOB MACK, SPY's crack garbologists, prove, the typical trash can of the typical New Yorker—the typical famous New Yorker, anyway—can be as revealing as Tutankhamen's tomb. Put on some rubber gloves, leave your overrefined sense of propriety at home and join our operatives as they courageously unwind the twist ties and wonder why



THEY THREW IT ALL AWAY



THE SECRETS OF THE TRASH CANS OF THE RICH AND/OR FAMOUS

NOT LONG AGO, garbage was strictly a private matter between a person and his objects, the fulfillment of the dominion over the things of this world that God gave to Adam. Making garbage out of objects was done in the same quiet way that corporate employees are fired—*Thank you, your efforts were appreciated, but we won't be needing you any longer.* But today rubbish has gone public. A nation is captivated by a woebegone garbage barge. Beached medical waste inspires a national outcry. The Supreme Court rules that privacy rights do not extend to garbage left curbside, or even *four feet from a person's back door.*

Indeed, garbage has gone *beyond* public—it has become chic. Upscale restaurateurs purvey "white trash" cuisine in settings amusingly reminiscent of Fred Sanford's front yard. Oxford University Press publishes a learned work called *Rubbish Theory*, and a design magazine, *Metropolis*, exhorts manufacturers to consider what their products will look like when they've become trash. Julian Schnabel appends "found objects" to his artworks. And the Sanitation Department of the city of New York actually saved a ton and a half of trash from the aforementioned world-famous garbage barge, having contracted with a mail-order house to sell packets of the trash for $10.

People are merely catching on to what archaeologists have realized for years: *by their garbage shall ye know them.* Archaeologists take a coin, a few shards of pottery and a spear tip and conjure up detailed descriptions of life in defunct civilizations. In that spirit of education and discovery, SPY conducted a novel scientific study of the garbage of some well-known contemporary New Yorkers (people whose names, under the norms we must obey as scientists, we will never disclose). The garbage-acquisition techniques were straightforward, never furtive; our operatives wore bright overalls and traveled in a large white van, and the trash bags were found on public thoroughfares, available to all.

And unlike our unscientific forerunners in garbology, such as celebrity-biographer Kitty Kelley and columnist Jack Anderson, we submitted our findings anonymously to a panel of experts for analysis: Joan Castro, a dietitian at New York University; Victor Buchli, a graduate student in the Department of Anthropology at Columbia University; and a prominent private investigator, a retired New York City police detective (who requested anonymity when he realized that one of our subjects seemed to be one of his clients).

Fourteen years ago the primitive garbologist A. J. Weberman, studying Bob Dylan, made such a nuisance of himself clanging around that he caused Dylan to lean out of his window and bray in the voice that stirred a generation, *Hey, man, get outta my garbage!* People then were sympathetic to Dylan; today they know better. If people of note want to deny the world their garbage, they may as well deny history their proudest works, such as, say, their musings on war and Marilyn Monroe, or their hall of fame rock 'n' roll recordings, or their defenses of revolutionaries, or their advice to upstate families, or their magazines featuring nude photos of women—in short, the very artifacts that justify their existence. After all, a person's legacy is composed of both what is released to the world and what is thrown away.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SARA BARRETT

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HOUSEHOLD No. 1

Address: East 67th Street between Fifth and Madison Avenues
Date Collected: November 15, 1988















Nutritionist: "*It must have been the aftermath of a party, because there was an awful lot of liquor there. If that is the way the person eats all the time, it is a very poorly balanced diet. It does not include food from all four food groups. The person obviously enjoys concentrated sweets, because of the cookies and the hard candy. A little high in sodium, because of the potato chips. They were low in calcium, so osteoporosis could be a problem later in life, while high sodium qualifies them as candidates for hypertension and high alcohol for heart disease and obesity.*"

Anthropologist: "*Expensive champagne, expensive sodas. He's trying to impress a lot of people with expensive goods, which is indicative of someone trying to insert himself in a new social group. This is definitely new money.*"

Private Detective: "*There are two portions of B complex. This is an item that is legal. . . . We got Bambú. Now, usually, when Bambú's found in garbage, someone is consuming marijuana, because you don't use the Bambú for doing cigarettes. . . . Going through the* TV Guide, *we got markings:* Benny Hill, *Arts and Entertainment Channel. It seems whoever is watching television doesn't watch television until late at night. You got shows going from 1:00 a.m. until 3:00 a.m. Obviously, this is a person who likes to watch television very late.*"



Items Found:

Approximately one dozen pistachio shells
1 empty Wise potato chips bag, large size
1 banana peel
1 large Post-it reading THE FUCKEN FRENCHMAN IS HERE
1 empty $14.99 Pinot Grigio Santa Margherita bottle
6 empty $45.99 Krug champagne bottles
6 pint-size Schweppes club soda bottles
6 pint-size Schweppes seltzer water bottles
1 pint-size Schweppes tonic water bottle
1 blue cardboard coffee cup with Hellenic motif
3 12-ounce Diet Pepsi cans
1 lemon-candies tin
1 empty Pepperidge Farm cookies box (assorted party mix)
1 empty pack Salem cigarettes





1 *TV Guide* with cover story titled ELECTION DAY: WHICH NETWORK YOU SHOULD WATCH
1 brown envelope with KATHY-BOB on the outside; stapled to it is a note "From the desk of Dr. S.H.S.: Sorry for the delay—2 B Complex–$16– 2 Amp–$60—$76–," signed "Bestest, H"
1 newspaper clip from *The Washington Post*, headlined PLAYBOY, AT 35, SEES COMEBACK AS PROTESTS FADE, ADS INCREASE
1 empty pack Big Bambú rolling papers
1 brochure for Lake Nona residential community in Orlando, Florida
A personal itinerary for November 11: "Office of OMNI from 9:30–12:30 . . . 12:30 Lunch at Bice; 2:30 X-Mas Shopping w/Joanne at The Fifth Avenue Club, Saks Fifth Avenue; 6:00 Exercise with Suzanna"
A letter requesting blowup of a cover model from a far-too-devoted reader
Sundry sales receipts from The 5th Avenue Club, including one for a $565 Paloma Picasso handbag charged to magazine's account
Interoffice memo to subject from magazine editor, which concerns Father Bruce Ritter and begins with the salutation "Good news about the porn commission"
A chain letter faint from frequent photocopying

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HOUSEHOLD No. 2

Address: Columbia Street, in Brooklyn Heights
Date Collected: November 29, 1988







Nutritionist: "*This is bad, this is very bad. This is a typically greedy American diet. He made very poor food choices. His intake was very high in saturated fat, high in cholesterol and high in sodium. With his use of fast foods and ice cream, he must consume at least 45 percent of his calories from fat. He does very little cooking and has a high intake of soda and caffeine. There is minimal fiber in his diet, and the only source of fruit was orange juice, as there was no intake of fresh fruit or vegetables. He made a poor attempt to decrease his fat by sometimes using skim milk, if that was his. He'd have to change 110 other things in his diet before he could actually say he was trying to change anything. This is the American Heart Association nightmare: heart disease, obesity and diabetes are all in the making here. Either there are two people living here or one is making a poor attempt to change his eating habits. Maybe someone has been trying to quit smoking or drinking. When people quit, they often turn to sweets to indulge.*"

Anthropologist: "*Very socially prominent. Very wasteful. No pretensions about status food. They just want to feed their faces as fast as possible. [The food] looks like the kind of waste you get from low-income houses. They're probably incredibly obese, yet they feel they have to make some gratuitous effort to diet.*"

Private Detective: "*He threw a lot of cosmetic stuff away that was only half full. He doesn't cook, because he takes stuff out of the can and he's got aluminum tins there. It was also apparent that he wasn't going to all these parties, because the invitations had been thrown out.*"



Items Found:

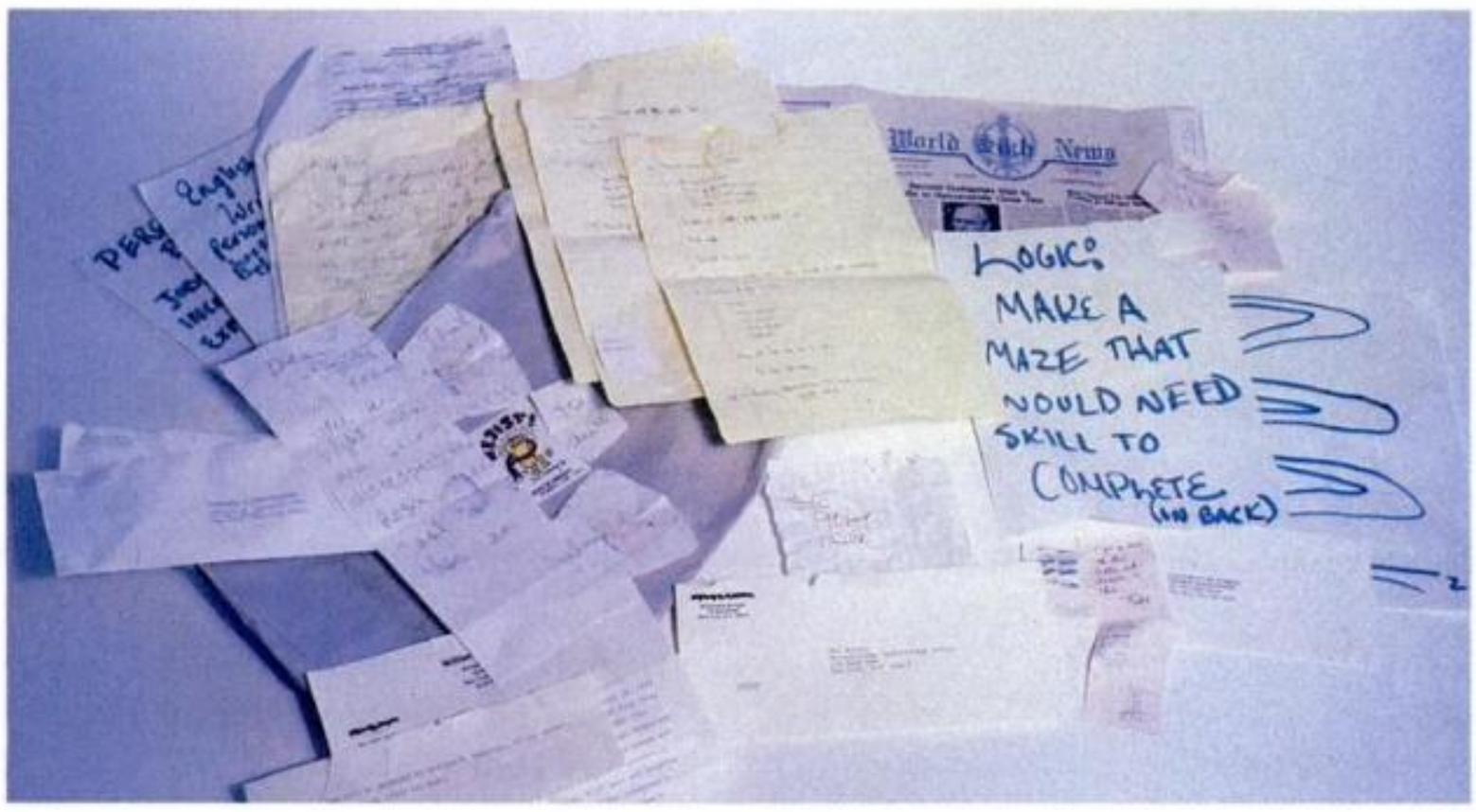
1 Burger King Whopper package
1 Burger King book of coupons, used up
1 rotten pear
1 empty deli container for potato or macaroni salad
2 Wrigley's gum wrappers
1 green apple (one bite taken)
2 take-out tins with the remnants of baked ziti
1 empty 12-ounce Coke can
1 Entenmann's chocolate chip cookies box, partly full
Mushrooms
1 fruit juice carton
1 Lipton chicken noodle soup mix box
1 Hershey's Bar None candy bar wrapper
1 Entenmann's pumpkin pie box
1 Haägen-Dazs coffee ice cream container
1 Ben & Jerry's Dastardly Mash ice cream container
1 Pillsbury's Best chocolate chip cookies wrapper
1 Frito-Lay sour-cream-and-onion potato chips bag
1 After Eight dinner-mint wrapper
2 half-gallon Dellwood homogenized-milk cartons
2 half-gallon Dellwood skim-milk cartons
1 Campbell's minestrone soup can
1 slice brown bread
1 Celestial Seasonings tea bag
1 Philadelphia cream cheese box
White rice
Coffee grounds
1 Persona non-safety-razor blades box
1 Dynamo 2 laundry detergent bottle
1 Christian Dior jewelry box
1 woman's black belt
Several partly empty Glycel cosmetics containers
Invitations from Tina Brown and *Vanity Fair* for a publication party for Sara Giles's book, *Fred Astaire: His Friends Talk*; from John and Patricia Kluge for the Virginia Festival of American Film; and a crumpled one from William Morris agent Boaty Boatwright on behalf of Gore Vidal and Howard Austin
A copy of *The New York Observer*
A copy of the Sunday *New York Times*
A copy of the *Daily News*
A copy of *7 Days*
Post-it with notes for book blurb for writer Michael Ventura
Post-it listing upcoming appointments, including dinner at Alice Mason's
Bag from St. Mark's Comics
Child's Latin quiz

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HOUSEHOLD No. 3

Address: Gay Street, in the West Village
Date Collected: November 29, 1988





Nutritionist: *"An extremely poorly balanced diet; it does not include food from all four food groups. It was high in caffeine, concentrated sweets, primary sugar and saturated fat. It was low in fiber, calcium, iron and lacking essential nutrients, vitamins and minerals: the furthest thing from the American Heart Association's recommendations that you could possibly find."*

Anthropologist: *"[This person] is high status, upper income. He is someone who's too busy to go to elaborate pains to prepare food. He seems to be a hotheaded individual—something happened with this R. person. He is a lawyer, and probably not a mainstream lawyer, considering his dealings with the warden and the copy of* The World Sikh News. *[There is] more in his mind than making a quick buck."*

Private Detective: *"He's got a cat, unless he eats cat food. He drinks coffee and sweets to keep him going. Obviously he's a real neurotic, hardworking guy."*



Items Found:

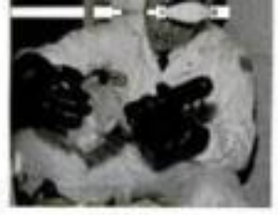
2 take-out coffee cups with floral print
5 take-out coffee cups with generic Hellenic motif
1 Store 24 take-out coffee cup
1 Entenmann's Rich Frosted Donuts box
1 clear plastic wrapper for a $2.50 ham-and-swiss sandwich from Store 24
1 Golden potato blintzes box
1 9 Lives Kidney Entree cat food can
1 Pepperidge Farm Petite All-Butter Croissants package
1 Carolina Enriched Rice box
2 Sunnyvale whole milk containers
1 Tropicana orange juice container
1 Tropicana grapefruit juice bottle
1 Winter Hill juice bottle
1 four-pack of saltine crackers
1 16-ounce Dannon plain yogurt container
1 sardines tin
1 12-ounce A & W Diet Root Beer can
2 take-out Heinz Ketchup packets
2 take-out Kraft mustard packets
1 leg bone of a chicken
Small portions of potatoes, bread, sunflower seeds and other detritus
Home-made study aids for a child, featuring exhortations such as "Logic: Make a maze that would need skill to complete" and "English: Write a first person monologue with *good* punctuation below"
1 tear sheet from *The World Sikh News*
1 envelope marked URGENT to the warden at the Metropolitan Correctional Facility
1 three-page outline written on foolscap that details the shortcomings of the 113th Police Precinct, ending with the command "Expose system—don't let them blame *you*"
1 envelope decorated with a Keith Haring RESIST! sticker
1 Post-it with the following financial notations: 200 IN 50s, 200 IN 20s, 100 IN 10s, 50 IN 5s, 26 IN 1s = 576
1 photocopy of a "Certificate of Release to Parole Supervision"
A reminder to get cat food and milk
Fragments of a note with the word *reality* written across the top of the page, which reads, "I know that you are crazed right now, but you are being very disrespectful [to] R. You [have] to cool it and [you] owe her an [apology]"
A note saying "Congratulations on the Larry Davis case. And, please stop all that talk about Riverside Memorial"

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HOUSEHOLD № 4

Address: West 81st Street between West End Avenue and Riverside Drive
Date Collected: November 15, 1988





Items Found:

1 $172 Cristal 1979 champagne bottle
2 $20 Moët & Chandon Brut Imperial champagne bottles
1 Poland Spring water jug
1 Marlboro Lights pack
1 cucumber peel
1 cooked chicken skin
1 bag from Zabar's
1 banana peel
1 produce container for some kind of berries
1 Cardini's lemon-herb salad dressing bottle
1 lamb-chop bone
Sundry correspondence and junk mail, including a thank-you note for contributing to Cystic Fibrosis
Kitty litter





Nutritionist: *"Again we have a high intake of alcohol. The fruit container [signifies] an attempt to incorporate some good things. There was also good intake of fiber, vitamins and minerals. They seemed, however, to consume a high-fat meal. There was grease on the lamb chop; there was almost no calcium. This is a conflicted household. There is someone concerned about dieting and watching calories, while there is someone who is eating high-fat Zabar's foods and drinking lots of champagne. They'd better watch their weight, and the woman should increase her calcium intake or risk osteoporosis later on."*

Anthropologist: *"Obviously it's a high-income household: Zabar's, berries, of course the champagne; it's expensive. It seems as if it's for private consumption."*

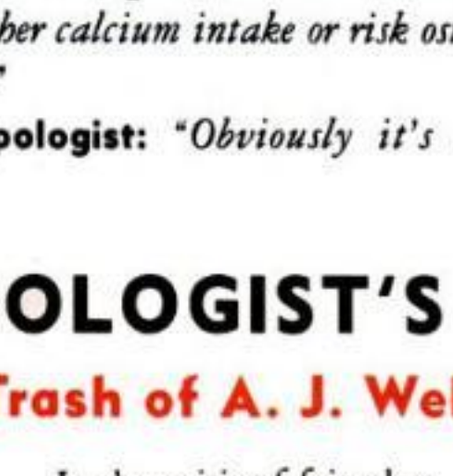
Private Detective: *"They shop at a store, Zabar's, at Broadway and 80th. People are creatures of habit; they go back to the same stores. Someone smokes in the house. It looks like there was a cocktail party."*

THE GARBOLOGIST'S GARBAGE

Examining the Trash of A. J. Weberman, Pioneer

As we've noted, the archaeological study of garbage has a long, rich history, but the modern science of garbology—poking around in a famous person's trash can—is thought to have been the creation of A. J. Weberman of Manhattan. Between 1968 and 1971 Weberman devoted himself to teaching and writing about Bob Dylan and, in the process of his research, annoying him. Weberman telephoned Dylan at strange hours, taped the conversations and went through his garbage, earning himself the epithet "the Scavenger." "It's the price of fame, I guess," Dylan once said of Weberman's scrutiny. "We loaded up our garbage with as much dog shit as we could—mousetraps, everything—but he still keeps going through my garbage!" Dylan's deterrents failed, and Weberman uncovered royalty check vouchers and alleged evidence of Dylan's vast real estate investments. These led Weberman to accuse Dylan—in a high-spirited, lighthearted, *fun* way, we're sure—of being a pig, a junkie and a napalm manufacturer.

In the spirit of fair play, SPY obtained Weberman's trash from outside his building on Bleecker Street. His refuse reveals a curious preoccupation with expensive seafood. In a single parcel of trash we found one empty half-pound package of $16.49-a-pound Alaskan king crab, seven crab shell fragments, an empty two-ounce tin of Iron Gate salmon caviar and a half-full box of matches from Docks Oyster Bar and Seafood Grill.



Weberman with Dylan's trash

There was also a phone bill indicating that he made 610 phone calls within New York City during the month of November; a phone company brochure explaining how to "make a local call for as low as four cents"; a label from an Evian bottle; baby-food jars; a prescription for acne pads; a bag from the Rizzoli bookstore; a clip from *The New York Times* listing the "Art Dealers Association of America: The Nation's Leading Art Dealers"; rejected fundraising solicitations from Political Research Associates; a package of Christmas Seals; a copy of the *National Enquirer* dated December 13, 1988; a photocopy of an article in the *Enquirer* that mentions Weberman; and two butt ends of hand-rolled "cigarettes." —*Bob Mack and John Brodie*

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HOUSEHOLD No. 5

Address: One St. Marks Avenue, in the Park Slope section of Brooklyn
Date Collected: November 29, 1988





Nutritionist: "*He has made a poor attempt to obtain food from all four food groups. It was high in sodium because of all the canned foods, as well as potato chips, popcorn, and macaroni and cheese. Although there weren't that many concentrated sweets, his diet is high in processed foods, very low in fiber, marginal in calcium and high in saturated fat. He might have problems moving his bowels. . . . Because of high sodium and high fats, he is a prime candidate for heart disease, hardening of the coronary arteries. He should be concerned with his weight. He might even already be obese.*"

Anthropologist: "*A lot of the foods are indicative of a low-income household: macaroni, processed foods, canned goods. He is very fashion-conscious, concerned about his hair [and] interested in black causes. [There is] no sign of domestic activity except for eating food.*"

Private Detective: "*We have fliers here for a hair–and–fashion show extravaganza, in a whole bunch of different colors. I don't understand why so many colors, but there's a phone number, (718) 834-9034, which turns out to be the number for a lawyer named Alton Maddox. I guess he's involved in producing shows for hair. He's got a little child and he likes to eat . . . likes to eat. It doesn't look as though he gets any mail or any bills. . . . [Maybe] he doesn't pay for anything.*"

Items Found:



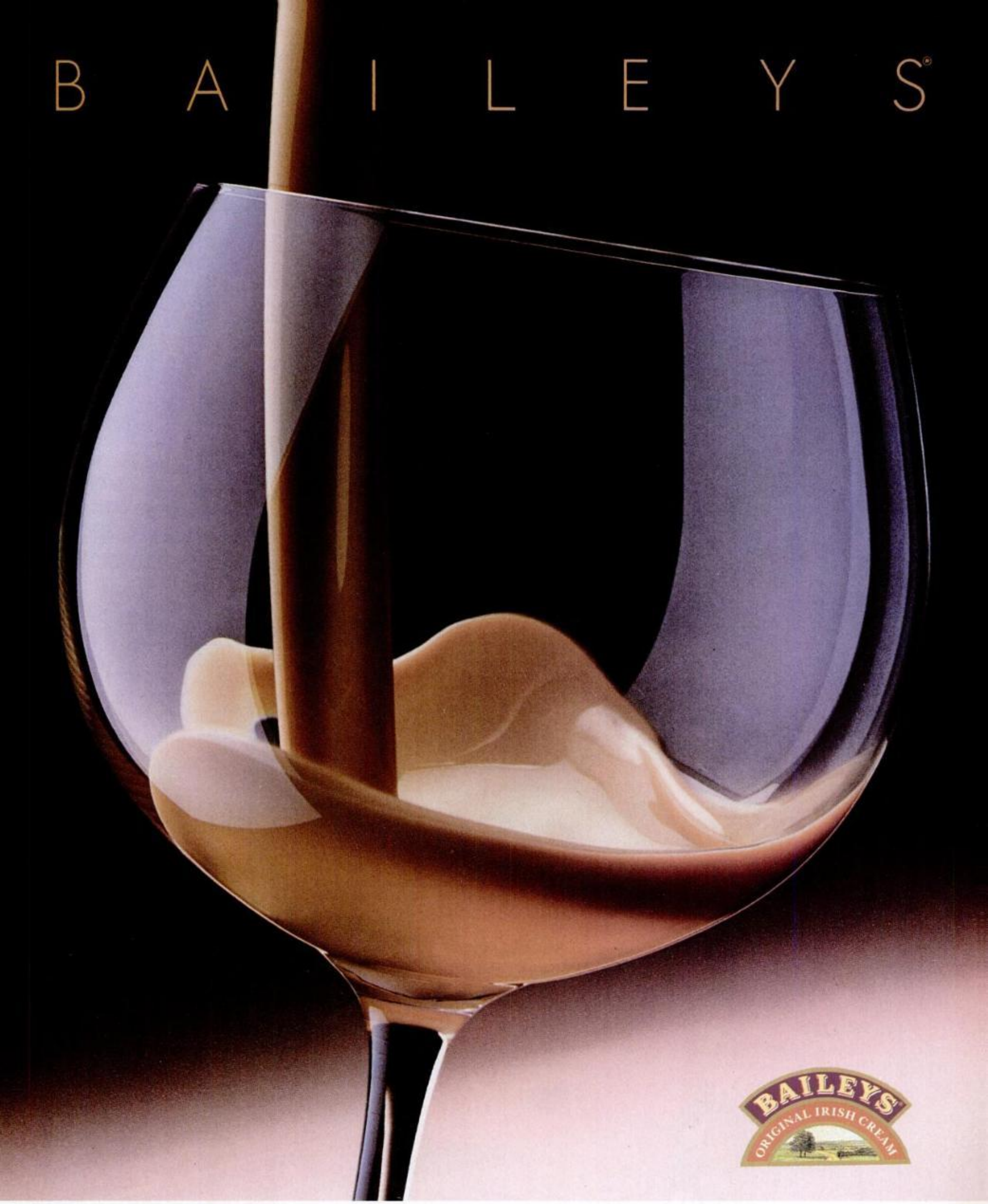
- 1 $1.29-size Lay's potato chip bag
- 1 25-cent-size BonTon popcorn bag
- 1 25-cent-size Wise Natural Flavor potato chip bag
- 1 14-fluid-ounce Del Monte pineapple juice can
- 1 Kraft Macaroni & Cheese Dinner box
- 1 White Rose Diced Peas and Carrots can
- 1 medium-size White Rose Cut Green Beans can
- 1 gallon-size Deer Park drinking water
- 2 Campbell's Creamy Broccoli Soup cans
- 1 Hunt's Snack Pack diced-peaches container
- 2 single-serving-size Kellogg's Cocoa Krispies boxes
- 2 8-ounce Gerber Apple-Cherry juice bottles
- 1 32-ounce Kraft Real Mayonnaise jar
- 1 Stove Top Cornbread Stuffing Mix box
- 1 Krasdale Fruit Cocktail in Heavy Syrup can
- 1 Franco-American Mushroom Gravy can
- 1 B & G Sweet Relish jar
- 1 Nibblers mini-corncobs package
- 5 corncobs
- 1 Pepperidge Farm Onion and Garlic Croutons box
- 1 half-gallon milk container
- Several used diapers



- Several fliers advertising a HAIR AND FASHION SHOW EXTRAVAGANZA . . . FEATURING RENATO AND SHIRLEY, presented by Giro Mobe Productions at the Cotton Club on December 4, 1988



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INVITE SOME FRIENDS OVER. AND MAKE WAVES.

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At first it was just Pepsi and Billy Joel concerts and zillion-ruble blue jeans, but now there's a Soviet Jack Kennedy and a Soviet Jackie. The country has Pizza Huts and deluxe private restaurants; factories are supposed to make profits; newspapers and magazines are free to say what they want; *Izvestia* has started accepting ads; Sotheby's is auctioning $500,000 paintings in Moscow; a new Soviet movie features explicit sex; and *they* get exclusive dibs on the new Paul McCartney album. Suddenly, miraculously, before our very eyes, *the USSR has become American.*

That's the good news.

The bad news?

IT'S MORNING IN AMERIKA





BY GUY MARTIN

ILLUSTRATION BY JOO CHUNG

IMAGINE LIVING IN A COUNTRY where an army of aging, cynical functionaries holds the citizenry in thrall. Imagine living in a physically disintegrating country whose government routinely puts people to death. Imagine living in a country where a cornucopia of security forces has a legal mandate to invade the privacy of a terror-ridden populace, by whatever means comes easiest to hand—directional mike, random frisk, urine sample, infrared videotape, phone tap, stoolie, financial profile, blood test. Imagine living in a country where the economy is so strangled by huge monopolies that private enterprise, the very stuff of capitalism, is no longer possible, and where age-old family farms are being forcibly merged into giant, centrally planned, agri-industrial production units. Imagine living in a country that cannot effectively engage in trade with the outside world, a country whose punitive, bellicose regime undertakes, as the foundation of its foreign policy, nothing less than the domination of the world. Imagine living in a country that remains cloddishly, almost inexplicably obsessed with Western Europe.

Yes, you think as you settle back in your chair, bourbon at elbow, golden retriever dozing in the corner, Louis Armstrong on the hi-fi, *it would be terrible to live in the Soviet Union.*

But we don't have to go to all the trouble of imagining, because the country described is not the USSR at all. It is, tragically, the USA in 1989. Just three months into the iron rule of this odd, gray, appointed, inevitable president, our country has in fact completely assumed the role, the course, the very worldview that the Soviets themselves have so forthrightly abandoned.

America, comrades, has *become* the Soviet Union.

Consider:

- Our $170.3 million annual trade deficit with lighter, faster, smarter and better-industrialized capitalist nations such as Japan and West Germany;
- Our sponsorship in Latin America, Africa and Asia of wars of national liberation—rebel insurgencies attempting to overthrow sovereign Third World governments;
- The Pentagon's unprecedented press blackout in wartime, during the 1983 invasion of Grenada, an invasion conceived and lobbied for by the State Department as a bit of bearish diplomacy to increase our hegemony in the western Caribbean;
- Fifty-two years after the *Hindenburg* exploded, the new linchpin of the Pentagon's coastal air-defense system, the YEZ-2A, the largest blimp ever built;
- The 48 presidential press conferences during the past eight years, fewer than ever before in modern history—even as Soviet officials began permitting unfettered public questioning by the international press;
- Despite the popular disrepute in which we hold our last several leaders, the dutiful establishment of fortresslike Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter presidential libraries—while the Soviets themselves are busy removing the names of their out-of-favor former leaders from all public buildings;
- The fact that nearly three-quarters of the U.S. Congress have tenure of four years or more, as opposed to a mere 25 percent of Moscow's Politburo;
- Our $2.6 trillion national debt, the result of years of bloated military expenditures, corruption and mismanagement;
- The General Accounting Office, for its name alone;
- The Office of Management and Budget, for its name alone but also, more important, for the manner in which it lives up to its name;
- The Department of Health and Human Services, for its name alone but also, more important, for the manner in which it lives up to its name;
- The Department of Housing and Urban Development, for its name alone but also, more important, for the manner in which it lives up to its name;
- Washington's unexplained adoption of the term *czar* to denote especially powerful government functionaries, and of *troika* to denote powerful cabals in the bureaucratic establishment;
- The widespread use among ordinary Americans of Russian terms such as *glasnost* and *perestroika*;
- Our much-improved performance in Olympic gymnastics, particularly among girls under the tutelage of Warsaw Pact defector Bela Karolyi;
- Our much-improved use of steroids;
- The popularity of female bodybuilding;
- The vogue for vodka and for various heavy, retro-regional cuisines;
- The Soviets' new anthology of classic rock songs by Paul McCartney—bootlegged to desperate rock fans on this side of the Iron Curtain for up to $500 a copy;
- The 60-second Pepsi commercial, filmed in Moscow in Russian, shown with English subtitles during Super Bowl XXIII;
- The slavish popularity, among fashionable art historians and Deconstructivist architects, of early Soviet Constructivist art and architecture;
- The recent installation of secret cameras and buried sensors on some New York City street corners to ensnare traffic violators;
- Our hopelessly rotting industrial infrastructure, put in place around the time of the Second World War and now locked in stasis between toadlike managers and Luddite trade unions;
- The sudden surge in demand for televisions, so strong that there are critical shortages in American stores, particularly of black-and-white models;
- Despite thrashings-about in the marketplace, our apparently chronic inability to manufacture traditional European luxuries, to wit: chocolate, wine, perfume, cheese, fountain pens, cars, kitchen appliances, watches, shoes, pastry, mineral water or clothes of any real distinction;
- Our most enduring and proletarian contribution to world culture: blue jeans.

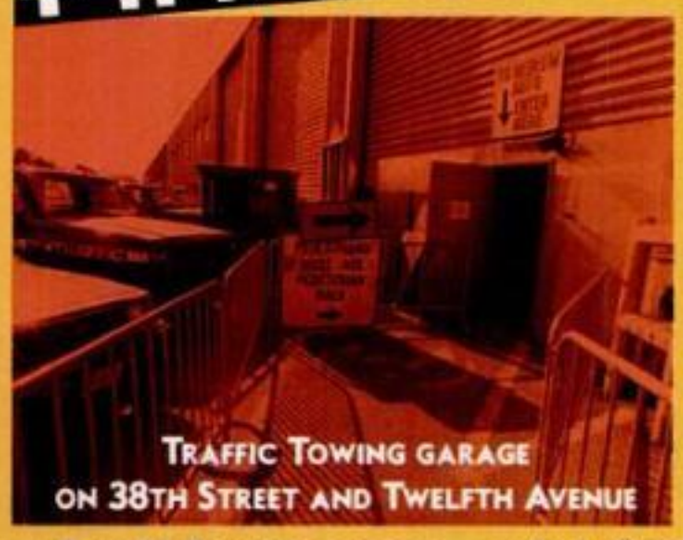
TO WIN WE INEVITABLY *BECOME* THE ENEMY. AMERICA'S PROBLEM IS THAT THE SOVIETS GOT THE BETTER ENEMY TO BECOME

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It costs about $1,000 to visit dreary, bureaucratic, state-run agencies in the Soviet Union via Aeroflot, the run-down, inefficient, undependable Soviet airline. It costs a $1 token to get to the following dreary, bureaucratic, city-run agencies in New York via the MTA's run-down, inefficient, undependable New York subway system.

IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST

THREE NEW YORK CASE STUDIES



TRAFFIC TOWING GARAGE ON 38TH STREET AND TWELFTH AVENUE

Crypto-Soviet scene: Heavy tow trucks bounce through potholes, dragging vehicles through the chain link gates and into the large, shabby lot. A series of movable metal barricades corral reclaimants into a small, drab shed with smeared Plexiglas windows, where two men in brown uniforms process the necessary forms. An obedient queue of delinquent car owners forms outside the shed. A small brown truck with the Traffic Department's official seal and the words BOOTING TEAM rushes by on the highway adjacent to the lot. The drivers are both wearing brown uniforms.

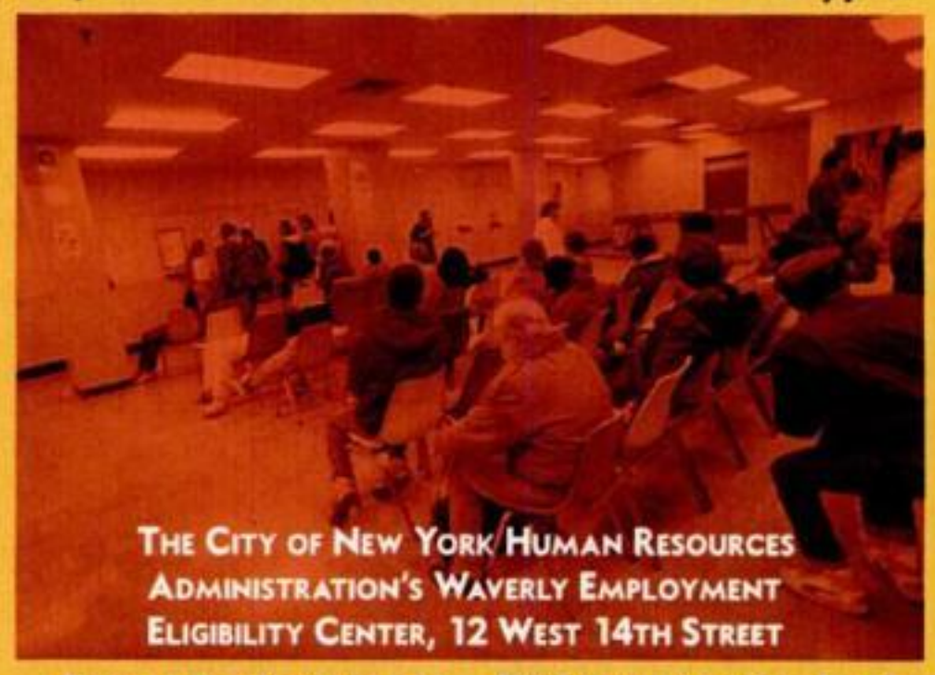
Victim of crypto-Soviet oppression: A man in a gray overcoat and black hat with earflaps storms away from the gate. "They didn't tell me I'd need my registration form when I called. You need your license and $125, but I had to come down here in the pouring rain to find out about the registration."



THE MANHATTAN CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING 100 CENTRE STREET

Crypto-Soviet scene: Heavy stone building built in oppressive 1940s statist style with slogans chiseled into the facade. The slogans read, THE PEOPLE ARE THE FOUNDATION OF POWER and EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL MEN OF WHATEVER STATE OR PERSUASION. Inside, a series of movable metal barricades corrals alleged enemies of the state and their families through a metal detector. Two guards in uniform monitor the line of hooligans, checking through their bags and demanding that they empty the contents of their pockets onto an institutional-gray plastic tray.

Victims of crypto-Soviet oppression: A young man who has been chatting with the guards is ordered to empty his pockets onto the tray for the second time so that he may go in and use the public telephones located just beyond the metal detector. Having passed through the metal detector, small groups of women and children cluster around a series of clipboards hanging on the wall. They attempt to read the illegibly faint blue mimeographed names (there are about 50 per page, all with corresponding numbers next to them) to find out the trial status of the person they have come to visit.



THE CITY OF NEW YORK HUMAN RESOURCES ADMINISTRATION'S WAVERLY EMPLOYMENT ELIGIBILITY CENTER, 12 WEST 14TH STREET

Crypto-Soviet scene: Decrepit government-run building with smoke-filled, institutional-green foyer that leads into a large room lit with flickering fluorescent lights. There is an overwhelming smell of cigarettes and liquor. Behind a wall of smeared Plexiglas, impassive employees of the social-welfare apparatus stand processing forms and handing out social-welfare checks from the only 2 (of 15) booths that are open. A sign above the booths reads, IF YOU ARE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF ALCOHOL OR DRUGS YOU WILL *NOT* BE SERVED.

Victims of crypto-Soviet oppression: In the badly lit room, a crowd of social-welfare dependents, mostly women and children, wait for their government allowances. "I've been here about an hour and a half," says one woman with three kids seated at her feet. "It's always like this in the morning. It's like, you just set time aside to do it, you know? It's just slow." —*Rachel Urquhart*

HOW EXACTLY DID THIS terrible transformation happen? First we must point out that these are just a few of the most obvious road markers. Here it's important to note the difference between the *mechanism* of the change—the social and philosophical shifts that caused America's sad metamorphosis into Russia—and the *character* of the change, or the cultural and political evidence of it. We must separate the *how* from the *what*.

As everyone knows, the Soviet Union in the late 1980s is a liberal and innovative social democracy that in word and deed fosters world peace, with a highly intelligent, charismatic, risk-taking president who is genuinely concerned for his people and for the fate of the planet as a whole. But for now, let's not dwell on the differences between us and them. We'll begin instead with similarities: in their infancies both nations violently threw off the yoke of monarchy with a great blush of success, which faded quickly. Much later, as teammates, both nations brought fascism to its knees, and as a direct result of that triumph, for the past 45 years both have quite naturally been trying to find out which nation is stronger. We can think of that contest as a sort of marathon arm-wrestling match between a pair of competitive brothers.

Now, how do we go about winning a half-century-

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long arm-wrestling match? We must definitely be strong, but above all we must concentrate deeply on the opponent. The task is a sublime, oriental effort of projection: to win such a contest we inevitably *become* the enemy, as does any successful combatant. America's problem is that the Soviets got the better enemy to become.

This accounts for the brain-exchange aspect of this unfortunate moment in world history, the well-publicized Soviet embrace of what in earlier, happier times we would have thought of as the American way of life. Back then we would have been alarmed at the role reversal. Which brings us to the point: in order for a nation to become truly Sovietized, its people must practice a mulish and highly aggressive sort of apathy, a stony indifference in the face of moral entropy and social breakdown. The absolute rule of Sovietness is that one must do *nothing* in life except avoid being bruted about by the authorities while attempting to satisfy one's appetite for small luxuries. Small luxuries—a laptop, a Volvo 240DL, children at Dalton, a *dacha* on the Vineyard—make the time pass quickly on the way to the grave, and they confer much-needed social legibility in our officially classless nation.

Evidence of Americans' inexorable evolution into a Soviet people permeates all levels of life but is most apparent in our marketing style. The main thing to look for is a great dreadnought of confidence lurching about on a vast gulf of idiocy. The results are remarkable: generic cigarettes, peanuts, soups and toilet paper in aggressively plain, homely containers; Tom Carvel voice-overs as the camera pans his sloppy, extruded comestibles; craftsmen hard at work murdering architecture for Garden State Brickface and Stucco.

Generally speaking, any shoddy product shoddily applied to a shoddy end is a symptom of Sovietized America. Unapologetic, devil-may-care marketing of shoddiness itself has been gaining ground in this country for years. When was the last time you bought a piece of Fisher stereo equipment? A General Electric range? A Plymouth? A Zenith television? The most interesting new product on our Sovietized American horizon is the diabolically useless Remington Lektro razor, introduced last year on TV by the fleshy party functionary of American CEOs, Victor Kiam. The official acronym for the USSR's electrical equipment foreign-trade association is, as a matter of fact, Sovelektro. Coincidence? We think not. As developed by Kiam's researchers, the revolutionary Lektro is a huge, battery-operated *blade* razor that helpfully vibrates as you attempt to shave with it. This, plus a few electric toothbrushes, an electric carving knife, a trash compactor, and what Sovietized American household would not feel complete?

There's something in a name, after all. Think of it: sheer heavy-footed poetry, without apology, without that slick, constricting Madison Avenue kid glove. What would it be like to live in a world where everything was called simply by its function? The glamorous

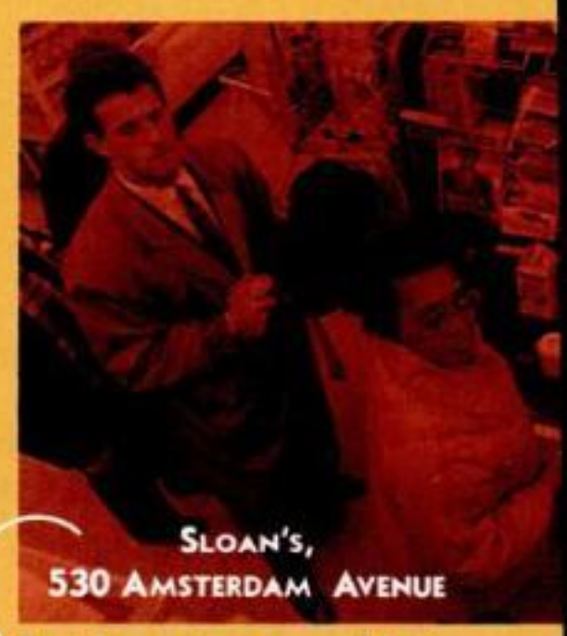
ANY SHODDY PRODUCT SHODDILY APPLIED TO A SHODDY END IS A SYMPTOM OF SOVIETIZED AMERICA. WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU BOUGHT A PIECE OF FISHER STEREO EQUIPMENT?

MOSCOW



PLANETARIUM POST OFFICE, 27 WEST 83RD STREET

In New York City, home to 7 million consumers entitled to purchase goods in stores, the prevalence of long lines is a grim fact of life. Nowhere is this more evident than at branches of the government-run postal service. The citizenry in this photograph forfeited an entire afternoon just to buy a small booklet of stamps or to retrieve a single parcel. Official slogans on the wall seem to mock their cowed patience. Says one, THE NEW POSTAL SERVICE. WE ARE CHANGING TO SERVE YOU BETTER. State-issued assurances notwithstanding, the only change in recent years has been a reduction in hours of service—and thus longer lines. In all other respects it's the same unresponsive bureaucracy of indifferent, sullen window clerks and ugly sheet-metal stamp-vending machines that don't work. And woe unto the man who hasn't sealed his package properly! Back home the rule-ignorant citizen must go, the offending parcel under his arm; on his return he will try to make directly for a window—and be summarily chased away by the mass of citizens at his back shouting, *Yo! Chief! The line starts here!* Branded a "cutter" by the crowd, he must now begin his long vigil all over again—just another day in the life of a hapless American postal customer.



SLOAN'S, 530 AMSTERDAM AVENUE

For the put-upon resident of New York City, one of the most dreaded of all chores is the inevitable thrice-weekly excursion to the dreary but mobbed food market. Above,



GRAND CENTRAL STATION, LEXINGTON AVENUE IRT

Among his pocketful of exact change (should he later wish to take a bus) and the five keys to his apartment, the ordinary New Yorker is sure to have a special coin called a token. A token entitles

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ON THE HUDSON



NEW YORK PASSPORT OFFICE, 630 FIFTH AVENUE

(See "No Cameras Allowed, Show Us Your Papers, Come Along Quietly," page 82)

At the end of winter in New York City, as citizens free to travel abroad cast their thoughts ahead to summer, innumerable arrangements are made for trips. The first stop for many is a dreaded call at the passport office. (Others—the wealthy few, the elite—hire black-market expediters who will stand in the passport line for hours in exchange for hard currency.) Situated incongruously amid the Potemkin village glitter of Fifth Avenue, the passport office is a gloomy second-floor room where the fresh arrival removes his hat and joins the cortege of potential emigrants. With a sinking feeling he assesses his waiting time in hours, and even after shuffling along in line for the better part of a day, he may yet be turned away by the passport agent on some technicality. Before he can banish it from his mind, this very fear is given substance. One of the agents rejects an applicant, who takes exception to this decision even as he bows to its implacability. He shouts angry epithets as he inches steadily toward the exit—yet another casualty of bureaucratic red tape. As he passes, several citizens offer some parting words of comfort. They know, after all, that what has happened to him could happen to them.

CROUCH & FITZGERALD, 400 MADISON AVENUE

The average American's almost hysterical yearning for insignificant luxury items and imported goods is revealed in all its naked fury every August in New York. That's when the venerable Crouch & Fitzgerald, an exclusive leather-luggage shop, holds its end-of-summer "clearance" sale of women's fine handbags. The sedate tone of Euro-style commerce that normally prevails is turned on its head for nine days as a horde of "bargain hunters" appears, threatening to overrun the shop—and so, in fact, they would, if not for the presence of the ominous guard, who keeps the doors shut tight against the milling mob without and only opens them at the whim of the stout manager within. *Let 20 more through!* comes the cry from this potentate, and the shop fills again with the crush of over-eager consumers. The rough hands of the populace are laid on the foreign-made goods, which are paid for in a twinkling and borne greedily away.



shoppers brave a typical "checkout" line, which in spite of its sluggish movement is alive with real physical menace. Cries are often heard as a stray cart rams a bystander, who will receive scant attention from her fellow consumers-in-waiting; *their* sole concern is to jockey themselves into a better "lane." Not that there's an abundance of active lanes from which to choose. More than half the checkout aisles are cordoned off by a length of chain—a picture of dereliction that speaks of livelier yesterdays. Certainly no one's lively now, least of all the ill-trained cashiers, who can't even rouse themselves to thank the departing customer.



ASTOR PLACE HAIR STYLISTS, 2 ASTOR PLACE

Is barbering a dying art in the United States of America? What the rest of the civilized world takes for granted as a basic service is regarded by America's young as a scarce commodity indeed. Despairing of getting what they want in the drab, outlying workers' suburbs where they live, the teenagers have journeyed miles in pursuit of what passes in America for style. By their lights a modish haircut is to be found exclusively in New York City, and at one particular address. Situated on the periphery of world-famous Greenwich Village, this vast haircutting factory boasts a staff of 100 and as many active chairs. And still it isn't enough! The shortage makes for terrible crowding, such that these travel-weary youths must wait an eternity for an opening. And yet they wait obediently. In the supposed Land of Plenty, they've learned to take the long view.

—Howard Kaplan



the bearer to one ride on a public conveyance, including the city's grimy, oppressive underground railway. New Yorkers pay a dollar to have this token in their pockets, and because it "adds up," as the American expression goes, they tend to buy them only as needed, one at a time. As such, they're forever stopping at a purchase office, or token booth, where two confluent streams of people often swamp a single government clerk. At some stations the long line wraps completely around the booth, and in response the beleaguered clerk displays a stony face. But the weary citizens surrounding the booth harbor no special loathing for this official. Instead they hate the customer who's at the window right now—*simply because he's at the window*—and their hostility only grows as an approaching train is heard below.

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This Sovietization thing is not just about long lines and fur hats. Think for a moment of quiet industrial consolidation—the centering of vast production-distribution (and public-relations) facilities in a *very* few private enterprises. Suddenly, for instance, the firm of Kohlberg Kravis Roberts & Company—overseers of Safeway Stores, R.J. Reynolds, Nabisco, remnants of Beatrice Companies—pretty much controls grocery shopping.

WE WHOLEHEARTEDLY ENJOY CONSUMING THE FINE AMERICAN PRODUCT

Or Vaseline and Q-Tips: what do you know about them but that their names are virtually generic terms and that they're in *every single drugstore in America*? Juggernaut Chesebrough-Ponds Inc. is responsible: they sell far more "petroleum jelly" and "cotton swabs" than any other company. They also hide behind an Orwellian veil of silence, refusing even to answer SPY's hypothetical questions. The same goes for 3M (Scotch tape) and Johnson & Johnson (the dental floss monopolists). They play hardball, these guys, and won't talk about it except to put on a good face. For example:



"The benefit that our product provides," according to a spokesman for the World Dryer Corporation, manufacturer of bathroom hand dryers, "is that of hot air vs. paper towels, [which makes for] a cleaner, safer environment." Though willing to acknowledge having the largest share of the American hand-dryer market, the spokesman turns Leninist when he speaks of "our mission . . . to convert people from paper to warm air."

Rand McNally is the largest commercial mapmaker in the world, yet a spokesman claims, "There is no reliable source of information on the map-publishing business." Their claims grow bolder; when asked how things might change if they were the *only* road atlas publisher, their spokesman suggests, "If you had all this tremendous distribution and no competitive prices, you could use it to lower prices. Of course," he adds ominously, "that depends on who's in charge." The most damning evidence: Rand McNally is proud to have introduced "the concept of the road map as we know it today" in 1917—*the same year another far-reaching revolution began.*



These Soviet-style monoliths are even invading the classroom. A spokesman for General Time Corporation, maker of virtually every plain, round, black-framed and altogether Soviet-style clock on American school walls, speaks soothingly about his competition. "They're there, and that's what keeps us on our toes." He later slips, however, boasting, "We dominate in the commercial [clock] market." Finally, he offers insight into General Time's grim, socialist-realist ideology by suggesting of his product, "Its first purpose is not to decorate, it's to serve a purpose, in this case telling the time."

But then, primary-school youngsters should be quite acclimated to monopolies in their lives, since nearly three-quarters of all prepared baby food in America is sold by the Gerber Products Company. "We'd like to have 100 percent of the market, sure," says a shockingly frank manager of public relations there.



It is users of Soviet-style heavy equipment, however, who are most inescapably familiar with the Soviet-style centralization of the American economy. The mismanaged, monopolistic Deere & Company is "the largest farm-equipment manufacturer in the free world," according to a spokesman, and the only real place you can go for tractor engines, row-crop planters, cotton strippers or combines (self-propelled *and* pull-type). In its own sphere, the same is true of Caterpillar, which since Stalin's early days in power has monopolized the market for almost every piece of Soviet-style earth-moving equipment—every crawler tractor, hydraulic excavator, wheel loader and motor grader—used in America.



—Peter Heffernan

State Universal Store (GUM), the Saks of Moscow; Traktoroexport, a foreign-trade association exporting tractors; Uralmashexport, the heavy-machinery manufacturer in the Urals—we don't have anything quite so artful in crypto–Soviet America yet. But General Electric, General Motors, General Foods USA, Continental Can, International Paper, International Harvester, International Business Machines and now UNISYS are all earnest attempts, heralding a gray, monolithic, utilitarian future.

It's the mark of our fledgling Soviet society that the best, most utilitarian names can be found appended to branches of government. The Pentagon's Office of Procurement, the Selective Service System, the National Security Agency and the Central Intelligence Agency are among our really fine Sovietized nomenclature. Curiously, the exception here is the Department of Defense, a wholly American euphemism. It used to be called the War Department. The current brain exchange will be complete when they change it back.

A perfect example of role reversal occurred last November as the Russians sent up their newly minted space shuttle. That they built a shuttle at all suggests a change toward a kinder, gentler sort of space program, with astronauts from other countries joining them around the great campfire upstairs. Moscow's space shuttle is remarkably similar to our own, and taking yet another cue from old-fashioned American romanticism, they rather lyrically christened this class of rocket the *Energia*. Then, just as it came out that NASA had dissembled about the particulars of the 1986 shuttle crash, we sent our latest operable shuttle up on a military mission to deploy a spy satellite. A press blackout was imposed, something that we're sure we'll get accustomed to as our civilian space program ceases to be. And the name? NASA has given this class of ship a simple, grim, absolutely no-nonsense designation. They call it the *Orbiter*.

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ALWAYS IN THE VANGUARD, New York City stands far above lesser American towns in offering its inhabitants a wide range of crypto-Soviet experience: a preposterously decayed physical plant; one-party rule; a repeatedly elected despot who survives by appointing his friends and then raging through the ranks of his appointees in an effort to stanch the corruption that he himself engenders; a piggish, hostile bureaucracy that requires permits or licenses for more than 600 kinds of private-sector endeavor; vast, crumbling, isolated blocks of public housing; an inert, routinely abused system of World War II–era rent controls; fetid apartments so cramped and scarce that some people cannot afford to leave their parents' homes until well past their twenties; the ubiquitous sale of gray- and black-market merchandise by furtive sidewalk vendors; an entrenched system of cash bribes for any service; the sluglike and morally benumbed construction trades; the fashion for big Russian fur hats; $5 heads of imported lettuce; collective gardens; lines at banks and for theater tickets and luxury foodstuffs; alternately rude and unctuous maître d's from indeterminate Central European countries; and, month after month, a smudged, yellow-gray winter sky that causes virtually every citizen who lives under it to entertain thoughts of escape.

THEN THERE IS THE MATTER OF GEORGE BUSH'S HAVING BEEN THE HEAD OF THE PARTY AND DIRECTOR OF THE CIA. DOES THIS REMIND US OF ANYONE IN PARTICULAR?

Of course, Mayor Koch, in his remarkably authentic imitation of Joseph Stalin, is responsible for much of this. Although it's difficult for us to remember now, as it must also have been difficult during the purges in Russia, there was creeping Sovietization even before Koch arrived. For instance, the mayor had absolutely nothing to do with the architecture or the name of construction commissar Robert Moses's Co-op City, standing on its sward of windswept tundra in the Bronx. Nor did Koch personally manufacture the Gogolian air of squalor and doom that pervades the lobby of the Manhattan Criminal Courts building at 100 Centre Street, although, during recent show trials, purged members of his administrations have certainly contributed to it.

As Stalin's victims must have felt, we sense that the mayor will simply have to die before we can get rid of him. But however Koch makes his exit—and before he does, he announced in January, he wants to make Moscow our sister city—New York's muscle-bound network of inconvenience will be in place long after he is gone. Specifically, the city extracts a large effort tax from its citizens, an onerous price to be paid simply for the privilege of moving around. Our typical worker finds himself on a given day strapped to a veritable lazy Susan of violence and sloth: he may drive, but he will be victimized; he may use mass transit, but he will be victimized; he may opt for a taxi, but he will be victimized. If he is not victimized on his way to work, he will be victimized on his way home. Ease of movement would be, well, *ease of movement*, and therefore unacceptable. The Parking Violations Bureau, the Taxi and

NOW YOU CAN LOOK JUST LIKE GORBY!

WITH THIS OFFICIAL LIFE-SIZE RUB-ON MIKHAIL GORBACHEV BIRTHMARK DECAL

The president and general secretary of the USSR is the most admired world leader today, a thoughtful, determined man who deserves emulation—and nowhere more than in our own, newly Sovietized society. You may not have a tired, overcentralized economy to rejuvenate, or hundreds of political prisoners to free, or an intelligentsia to unfetter—but now, with state-of-the-art genetic-blemish-simulation technology, you can resemble Mikhail Gorbachev down to his most salient physical characteristic: the birthmark on his forehead.



1 Put on boxy gray suit, white shirt and tie; expose and lightly moisten right side of forehead.



2 Correctly position, then firmly press official birthmark decal against right side of forehead.



3 Remove decal; greet astonished passersby.

Illustrations by Ben Chase

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Limousine Commission, the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, the Port Authority, the MTA, Metro North, MBSTOA (Manhattan and Bronx Surface Transit Operating Authority) . . . it is frankly terrifying to read the names all at once. They apparently have been lifted whole—personnel, equipment, manner of business, degree of fluency in English—from the grim back warrens and subbasements of the Kremlin.

Each insult to the body of the city grows greater, each blow necessitates another, each is ultimately absorbed. When will it stop? How long can we keep this up? The simple answer is *forever*, and that, finally, makes New York the most thoroughgoing instance of America's Sovietization. It has an infinite ability to suffer.

FINALLY, AT the national level: last winter 16 of the nation's 17 nuclear weapons plants were found to be in horrible, toxic disrepair, while the seventeenth, the victim of chronic construction problems, has never been able to open. The cost of a total fix is estimated at between $100 and $200 billion. The Waste Isolation Pilot Plant, the Feed Materials Production Center, the Uranium Enrichment Complex—the names alone should tell us that when things go wrong at places like this, we, in our newly Sovietized fashion, are not likely to be able to fix them. Nor do we care, particularly. Indeed, instead of making the Savannah River Plant safe, the Department of Energy now wants to lower the safety standards. *That* is Soviet America. After thoroughly contaminating themselves and several surrounding cities and towns with the emission of 300,000 pounds of uranium dust, the workers at the Feed Materials Production Center, in Fernald, Ohio, were summarily packed off to a safety reeducation class. And *that* is Soviet America.

As for our new commander in chief, if there was ever any doubt that this man was not elected but, rather, mysteriously *approved* by the hidden power that each of us, as Sovietized Americans, suspects approves these sorts of things . . . well, those doubts should have vanished as we watched him fill the Cabinet last winter; as we watched him leave the director of Central Intelligence, three Cabinet members and the White House spokesman where they were, for "continuity"; as we watched aide-for-life James Baker stake out his new turf within America's Supreme Soviet; as we watched President Bush behave, in short, like an apparatchik who is merely tolerated because he promised the big boys that he would not outstay his welcome and that he would leave the room just as nice as it was when he came in. It's a purely Soviet-style caretaker we've inherited here, a bland, time-serving, utterly loyal silver-polisher who was put in place to make sure that *they* don't lose their grip on the chair.

Then there is the matter of George Bush's having been the head of the party and director of the CIA. Does this remind us of anybody in particular? Let's put it this way: what other world power has had as its leader of state and party a man who was once the country's spymaster? And why is the U.S. following suit with such a man at this precise moment in world history?

President Bush is, in this light, simply inevitable. His wife—who appears to weigh around 165 and has described herself as "a size 52"—is as close to an old-style ruling-elite babushka as you are likely to find 4,500 miles west of Minsk. The couple vacations in Kennebunkport, a bracing, cold-water resort not unlike those on the Black Sea. The Bushes have what passes for a patrician air in this country, but of what stuff is it composed? Why, a blockheaded need to do things right; a fondness for alcohol; a gluttony for punishment; an asceticism; a blunt, straight-arrow heart; plain brown shoes; and boxy, ill-fitting suits from the American equivalent of a Soviet tailor, J. Press.

It took the Soviet Union a mere seven decades to throw off their Sovietness and slyly pass it to us. Was this the plan all along? It hardly matters now; what's clear is that we're in for the long haul. We can look forward to decades of grudging austerity, astronomical defense budgets, ever more restricted international travel, ever baggier suits, prefabricated laminates as furniture, a resurgence in the popularity of accordion music, a leather-bound copy of George Kennan's "X Article" on every bookshelf, and a white plaster death mask of Richard Nixon over every mantel.

We're presenting this in the hope that . . . well, not really in the hope that anything will be changed, but in the hope that somewhere out there somebody is listening, and that this will render the next half-century of Sovietized life on these shores a bit more coherent. This is for our children's children, in the hope that someday they'll step out into the sunlight to find the America that we once knew we had. *Na zhdarovye*, America, farewell. ◑

A SPY Photographer's True-Life Account of Her Apprehension by the State Security Apparatus

NO CAMERAS ALLOWED, SHOW US YOUR PAPERS,

COME ALONG QUIETLY

I was at the passport office in Rockefeller Center to shoot one of the photographs for "Moscow on the Hudson." A man across the room was answering questions, so I went behind a pillar where he wouldn't see me to get the shot I wanted. After I had taken three pictures, I saw the man racing toward me fast, pushing people out of the way. He stopped short and said, "Come with me." No uniform, no identification—just a beige suit and a brown tie.

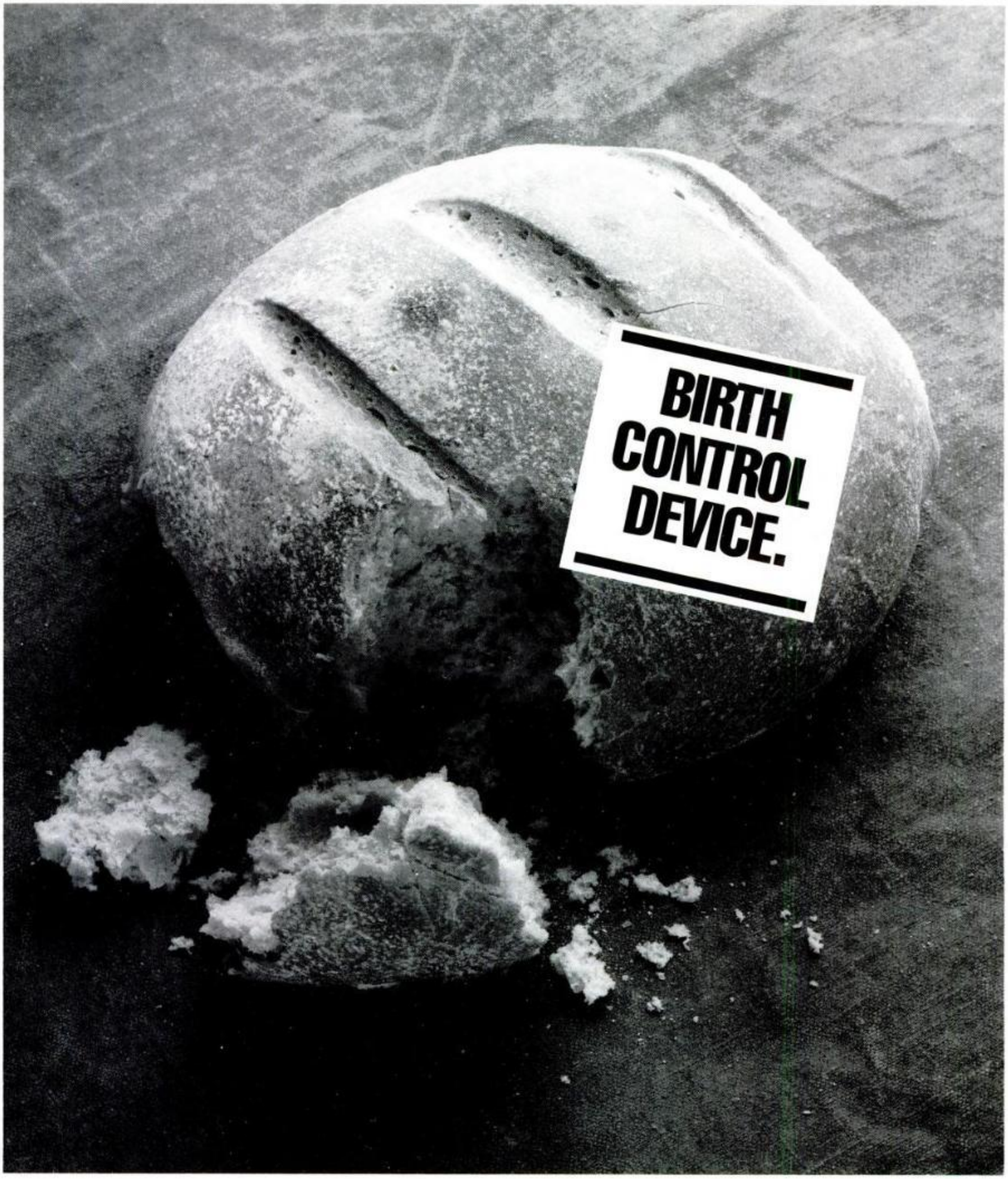
I followed him past the line of people and into a private office. He shut all the doors. Only then did he show me a badge.

"Give me your film," he said. "How many pictures did you take? What else is on the roll?" He wanted to see some identification, but all I had was a business card, which displeased him. He said it was against the law to take pictures in a government office. I told him I was on assignment from a magazine, and asked how I might get permission. He said I had to contact the State Department in Washington—to whom he was going to send my confiscated film to be developed and examined for any security breaches.

Then, before he let me leave, he asked me to open my camera once more to show that it was empty. "And don't come back," he said, "because if I'm not here to stop you, someone else will be."

—Sara Barrett

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Hunger feeds overpopulation.

Each hour more than a thousand children die of malnutrition. Yet the Third World population continues to soar. That's because Third World parents keep having babies in hopes some will survive the odds. Instead, the added population leads to greater poverty and starvation. It's a deadly paradox.

But there is hope. Food security can reduce the birth rate. Get involved in the Campaign to End Hunger. Send for your free *Guide to Action*. Because a world without hunger is a better place.

campaign to **end hunger**

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everybody's a



A Potentially Award-Winning Article

Winner!

Inside the Kudo Industry

FROM THE OSCARS TO THE NOBELS,
THE EMMYS TO THE GRAMMYS,
THE CLIOS TO THE AMERICAN ACADEMY
OF FACIAL, PLASTIC AND
RECONSTRUCTIVE SURGERY
JOURNALISM AWARDS

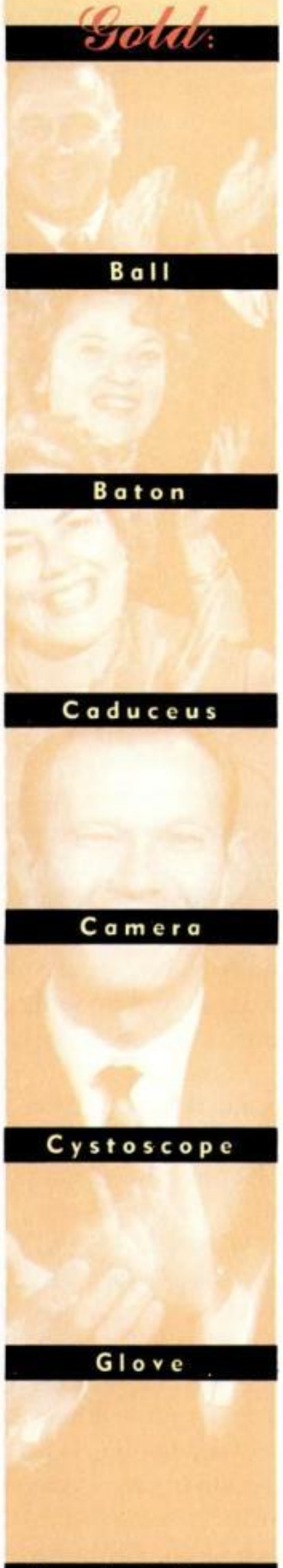
BY MARK LASSWELL

"THE TROUBLE," A TROUBLED AUTHOR said, "is that the proliferation of awards has frequently debased the very concept of honor, and laurel branches descend indiscriminately upon the brows of the journeyman and the hack. . . . The reputedly prestigious prizes," the troubled author continued, "become tainted, like virtually everything else in the nation, by commercialism or worse, by political infighting, which results in cowardly compromises and the award going to individuals of stunning mediocrity."

With those tough and high-minded words, William Styron—winner of the Pulitzer prize, the Howells Medal, the Prix de Rome, the Légion d'Honneur, the Rochester Literary Award, the Connecticut Arts Award and the 1981 Virginian of the Year, among others—did *not* announce at last summer's bucolic outdoor ceremony for the MacDowell Medal that he would be refusing the award. Nor did he send a Native American spokeswoman to reject it in his place. Rather, Styron, his own anti-award words still burning in his gut, selflessly accepted the MacDowell award quite happily and in person, and favorably compared the writers, artists and composers whose number he had just joined to a long list of American presidents.

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Gold is the metal of choice for organizations intent on letting the honored recipient know just how special an award is. Here is a list of things gold and golden—in the electroplating sense of the words—available to North American prize-seekers



So much for William Styron's troubles. In a land ever more awash in awards, where the fail-safe adjective *award-winning* is applicable to anyone and to anything, the slogan is "The more prizes, the better." If the 16,000 mouth-watering entries in the latest edition of the irregularly published reference book *Awards, Honors & Prizes* are any indication (they're up from 13,000 entries in the previous edition, a 23 percent increase in just 18 months), a new era of tenaciously genial backslapping is well under way. No deed is too small to go uncited, no life too mean to be barred from a hall of fame, no prize too trivial to merit a press release. The good work begun in 1975 by The People's Choice Awards, and furthered by ABC News with its 1986 adoption of a Person of the Week, will soon be complete: kudo inflation, the democratization of prestige. We already have the local Emmys; the Neighborhood Pulitzers can't be far behind.

Did you read Frank B. Wilderson's *The Ramadan Wars*? No? It won the 1988 McDonald's—yes, *McDonald's*—Literary Achievement Award, given each year by the hamburger chain to poetry, plays and fiction about the black experience in America. And did you know that the theme song from *The "Slap" Maxwell Story* won this year's Television Theme Music Award for best instrumental?

If you designed a particularly pleasant billboard last year, you may be eligible for an Obie—not, however, the kind given to Off-Broadway actors and playwrights; rather, the kind given out by the Institute of Outdoor Advertising. Yes, *that Obie*. "Have you recently written an article or broadcast a segment about facial plastic surgery . . . ?" asks the newsletter from the American Academy of Facial, Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery. If so, you're eligible for an AAFPRS Journalism Award of Excellence (in fact, what with regional as well as national honors given out in a number of categories, you may just win one whether you like it or not).

But perhaps the queerest instance of prize proliferation was *Esquire*'s pointless adoption last year of the Esky Award (for Things They Like) in the very same issue that already featured the equally pointless Esquire Register (an interminable yearly list of People They Like). Sadly, a once trenchant publication has devolved into a national, magazine-length version of a high school yearbook's Nicest Smile, Cutest Couple page.

This embarrassment of accolades heralds the coming Decade on the Dais, when our nation will prepare itself for retiring from the American Century with ten years' worth of testimonial dinners and self-congratulations on a job well done. The nation that tamed the Axis powers, built the interstate highway system, put a man on the moon and belatedly Whipped Inflation Now will tie on a sun hat and toddle off to find a lawn chair, concocting and freely distributing laurels along the way.

Some might wonder if all these awards are necessary, if *any* awards are necessary, if satisfaction in one's work shouldn't be enough. Not William Styron. "Tiresome worries," he said at the MacDowell ceremony in his contrary acceptance speech. Certainly no one can be blamed for taking comfort at the awards podium, basking in the warm regard of his fellow man. But no one should then be surprised, as Styron apparently is, when his fellow man, stirred by the restless American spirit—not to mention jealousy—applies himself wholeheartedly to the winning of awards. Eyes may be gouged, palms greased.

The fainthearted among would-be award winners, perhaps intimidated by the 50 million–to–1 odds against receiving a Kennedy Center Honor in any given year (near-dead choreographers and Hollywood cronies of the Ronald Reagans' enjoy slightly better chances), can seek refuge in the advertising industry, where just about everyone retires with a shelfful of prizes; or at Harvard, where 77 percent of last year's senior class graduated with honors; or in the United States Army, which awarded 254,600 medals in 1986—one medal for every three soldiers. An Army spokesman explained that most of the medals honored the achievement of merely doing what had been expected: "We don't focus on whether the individual has gone far beyond what is required by his duty assignment." Indeed, while most honors require a bit more in the way of achievement from their various constituencies—and some, such as the MacArthur "genius" grants, actually honor unusual talents (and preclude campaigning by shrouding their selection process in authentic secrecy)—the vast majority do tend to flatter a kind of drowsy professional consensus. Thus William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway bagged their Pulitzers for later, lesser books rather than for their daring early work (*Gone With the Wind* won the year *Absalom, Absalom* was published); only rarely have uncomfortable or unusual films won Best Picture Oscars (*The Lost Weekend* and *Midnight Cowboy* are among the exceptions that come to mind); and kids on college football teams that haven't been anointed by CBS and ABC-TV, which broadcast Saturday-afternoon college football games, will never beat out players from Notre Dame or Nebraska for a Heisman Trophy.

Nevertheless, those who pine for official honor have their work cut out for them. Professional award-winners, as we shall see, have been stuffing ballot boxes, buttonholing jurors, intriguing for the Pulitzer, campaigning for the Nobel and going ruthlessly for all manner of gold for quite some time now.

Americans today want a prize—any prize. In her Maryland office, *Awards, Honors & Prizes* editor Gita Siegman fields calls from public-relations firms foraging for awards. "They say, 'We've got clients in

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these fields. What awards can they win?' " Businessmen setting out to bulk up their résumés also call Siegman, begging for her expert advice. And, not surprisingly, she's begun to hear from all the mystified prospective employers who have no idea what all the Golden Brains, Dessie Greer Prizes and Gertrude E. Rush Awards are supposed to honor.

The chickens—or, rather, the Poultry Science Association's Broiler Research Awards—are coming home to roost.

Making the World Safe for Big-Bucks Humanitarian Awards

The Nobel Peace Prize and Others

Nobel Peace Prize Tip Sheet

WHAT YOU'LL NEED: An easily admired cause; friends among those who select the winner, have won the prize themselves or who will be willing to bully the appropriate people to nominate and select you; ability to attract press attention effortlessly

HOW TO DO IT: Perform easily admired work *and don't keep it to yourself*; let influential friends know that you're not a stick-in-the-mud who discomforts awards committees with high-handed lectures on the emptiness of awards

WHAT IT WILL MEAN: Hundreds of thousands of dollars; bonus frequent-flier mileage; during the prize year, one week of worldwide attention to your cause and eleven months and three weeks of business as usual

The Nobel Peace Prize is still freighted with quite a lot of usable honor—$388,000 of it, or the approximate cost of 30 seconds of advertising on the Academy Awards telecast—but the prize just isn't what it used to be. Other big-money awards with equally vague criteria are available (see below), and there's just no telling when the Peace Prize check will be handed over not to an individual but to an entire United Nations peacekeeping force—or, worse, the International Red Cross. It's not unlike seeing the Lotto jackpot go to a 35-member lunch-pail syndicate.

Which isn't to say that the prize doesn't prompt covetous campaigning. Elie Wiesel was finally given it in 1986 after the Norwegian Nobel Committee succumbed to relentless lobbying orchestrated by two of his friends, Sigmund Strochlitz, a Ford dealer in New London, Connecticut, and meanspirited Boston University president John Silber. In the most humanitarian and idealistic way possible, these two twisted the arms of dozens of U.S. senators, representatives, judges and academics—and their European counterparts—to nominate Wiesel, and eventually got the expected (and possibly deserved) response from the hectored award committee.

Pleasant Prizes, Silly Names

While covetous celebrities vie for the Emmy, Grammy and Tony every year, atmospheric scientists, Canadians and other humbler achievers strive to win awards that, though less well publicized, have equally winsome names.



ABUNDY: for fighting discrimination against fat people

AWGIE: selected by a panel of the Australian Writers' Guild

BESSIE: dance award established with special funding from Morgan Guaranty Trust Company



◀ CHARLIE: a comedy award, drolly named for Charlie Chaplin

CONNIE: to someone who has fought the good fight in promoting the international containerization shipping industry

EADIE: for engineering or applied-science work, named for Canadian Thomas Eadie, past president of Canada Bell



EARNIE: an engraved Lucite cube given to a children's-wear designer

EMILY: to a woman who, according to the National Women's Hall of Fame, has done something important; named for Emily Warren Roebling, surrogate engineer on her husband's Brooklyn Bridge project



THE OTHER EMILY: for Best Film or Video at the American Film and Video Festival; named by the Educational Film Library Association for festival founder Emily Jones

FANNY: a trophy in the shape of a woman's buttocks, given to an accomplished stripper

FIGGIE: for helping promote the FORTH Interest Group, a group interested—no surprise here—in FORTH, an interpretive computer language

GENIE: for achievements by ▶ Canadians in Canadian films

GRINDLEY: for contributions to Canadian agriculture by a Canadian; named for the first president of the Canadian Society of Technical Agrologists, Frederick Hugh Grindley

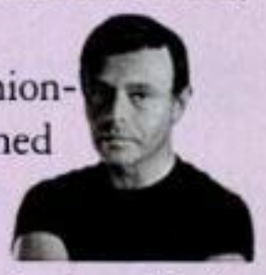
LOGGIE: a $200 award for fine draftsmanship; named for one Helen M. Loggie

LOGIE: the Australian People's Choice Awards

LOSEY: for work in the atmospheric sciences; named for meteorological officer Captain Robert M. Losey, the first American officer killed in World War II

MAGGIE: a magazine or television award bestowed by Planned Parenthood

NENE: for a work of fiction that has been enjoyed by Hawaiian children; named for the Hawaiian state bird, the nene goose



RUDI: California fashion-designer awards; named for the late designer Rudi Gernreich



◀ SEMMY: a plastic cylinder awarded for a lasting contribution to the semiconductor industry

TAPPI: awarded by the Technical Association of the Pulp and Paper Industry

TIMMIE: football awards sponsored by the Touchdown Club of Washington, D.C.; the annual dinner of 1987 will be remembered as the first public appearance of Sly Stallone in the company of aging former deb Cornelia Guest —*M. L.*

Heart

Key

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For every elaborate Nobel-winning strategy, though, there are innumerable failures. A former Reagan White House aide said last fall that "Nancy must be wearing black" because, even after months of public jockeying, Ronald Reagan's anticipated Nobel for negotiating the intermediate-range nuclear missile treaty never materialized. *The New Republic* reported that Armand Hammer's perennially fruitless Peace Prize stratagems once included sending a jade necklace to columnist Ann Landers with a note recruiting her for his nomination effort. Hammer's spokesman, Frank Ashley, recently denied the necklace story (as does Landers, although *The New Republic* stands by its story) and for good measure threw in an unsolicited denial that Hammer had ever hired a public-relations firm to promote him for the prize. That's technically correct, says Steve Weinberg, who is scheduled to publish a biography of Hammer in October: "He does [his public-relations work] *in-house*."

Peace Prize campaigns are of dubious value not only because a payoff can't be absolutely guaranteed but because the prize itself has lost some of its magic. Once the only lucrative do-gooder award, the Peace Prize is now just one more extra-good-hearted honor with a bankroll and an institutional name attached. Billionaire investor Sir John Templeton has since 1973 handed out the $369,000 Templeton Prize for finding new ways to increase man's love of God (this year's winner, Dr. Inamullah Khan, secretary-general of the World Muslim Congress in Pakistan, weathered accusations of anti-Semitism and quietly accepted the award in Australia during an unpublicized ceremony that was originally scheduled—and publicized—to take place in England); General Foods, maker of Cool Whip and Tang, sets aside $200,000 for the World Food Prize (given last year to Dr. Robert F. Chandler Jr. of the International Rice Research Institute in the Philippines—in appreciation of the institute's development of a new high-yield rice); Charles Grawemeyer, hoping to encourage all-around uplifting ideas, shaves off enough of his plastics fortune every year to issue five $150,000 prizes, including one for concepts that improve world order ("Offering that prize just might turn up ideas that would help avoid friction between nations," the unduly hopeful Grawemeyer told *The New York Times*); with last year's rock concert tour, Reebok not only made Amnesty International as famous as Tracy Chapman, it also established a $100,000 Human Rights Prize.

The list of awards for altruists promises to grow as American companies tool up for "the industry of doing good." That's how Gita Siegman, the *Awards, Honors & Prizes* editor, refers to corporate bigheartedness. "There's a lot of money out there available for prize-giving," she reminds us. "It's an inexpensive way to get a good amount of publicity."

Note: The Other Nobels

Because all Nobels come with a check for 2.5 million kronor (as of 1988), winning a prize for literature, science or economics feels almost as good as winning the Peace Prize. Oh, the prizes occasionally go to brilliant masters of their professions whose selection is no surprise, but that should not deter the less talented who dream of a trip to Stockholm.

The local joke, according to a Nobel official, is that the ideal Literature Prize winner is "extremely old, published his last book 35 years ago and is generally a poet nobody ever heard of." Swedish humor notwithstanding, the Literature Prize remains highly sought after. Keep in mind that a nasty review of Carlos Fuentes's work by Enrique Krauze in the Mexican literary journal *Vuelta* last year provoked a fusillade of accusations that Krauze's secret agenda was to damage Fuentes's Nobel chances, thus promoting the cause of another Nobel-contending Mexican writer, the comparatively right-wing Octavio Paz—Krauze's boss at *Vuelta*.

The committees and academies awarding the science and economics prizes act so whimsically that when professional rug shampooer Donald O. Cram of Altadena, California, was mistakenly notified in 1987 that he, and not UCLA chemist Donald J. Cram, had won the Nobel Prize for Chemistry, the choice could easily have been perceived as yet another inspired Nobel selection.

In 1986, for instance, the Nobel in Medicine honored the discovery of nerve growth factor, a protein, but the prize did not go to Washington University professor emeritus Viktor Hamburger, even though he had proposed the groundwork that led to the discovery and it was in his laboratory that nerve growth factor was discovered. Instead, the prize went to fellow professor Rita Levi-Montalcini, whom the generous Hamburger had invited into his lab in order to help develop his ideas. Her talent as a researcher was exceeded only by her ability to promote herself for the prize.

The Economics Prize is particularly promising for the aspiring award winner. It wasn't established until 1968, when the Bank of Sweden, wanting to celebrate its 300th birthday, essentially elbowed its way into Alfred Nobel's will and funded the "Alfred Nobel Memorial Prize in Economics," commonly called the Nobel for Economics whether the long-dead inventor of dynamite likes it or not. The Nobel Foundation, with careful distaste, distinguishes between Nobel *laureates* and *winners* in Economics. Richard Stone, for one, received the 1984 prize for developing a method of bookkeeping, but this silliest of Nobels typically goes to a theory that makes predictions based on a complicated set of equations. The theory doesn't need to have any practical applicability and the predictions don't need to be borne out—which isn't so much the Nobel's fault as it is this silliest of sciences'.

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If 100 Monkeys Sat at 100 Typewriters for 1 Million Years, One of Them Would Eventually Win a Pulitzer Prize for Commentary

Or Would He?—A SPY Survey

Might it be true that winning an award (any award—maybe even an Ellie from the American Society of Magazine Editors) distinguishes us no more than, say, having had a tetanus booster shot as a child? We wanted to find out *for sure* just how universal the appellation *prize-winning* had become, so we conducted a more or less random survey of professionals in particularly self-congratulatory fields, calculating just how many have won prizes, awards, commendations or any other sorts of organized, unspontaneous pats on the back. With the help of three directories, only one of which was the Southwestern Bell Media Yellow Pages, we located and quizzed 50 designers, journalists and advertising executives. The results confirmed our fears: a full 88 percent of our respondents had had their work singled out for recognition by official or quasi-official organizations of peers, and some claimed to have won literally hundreds of accolades during careers that spanned barely a few decades.

The following incomplete breakdown is intended to provide the reader with a taste of the fuller flavors of our research.

A Selective Guide to the Winners

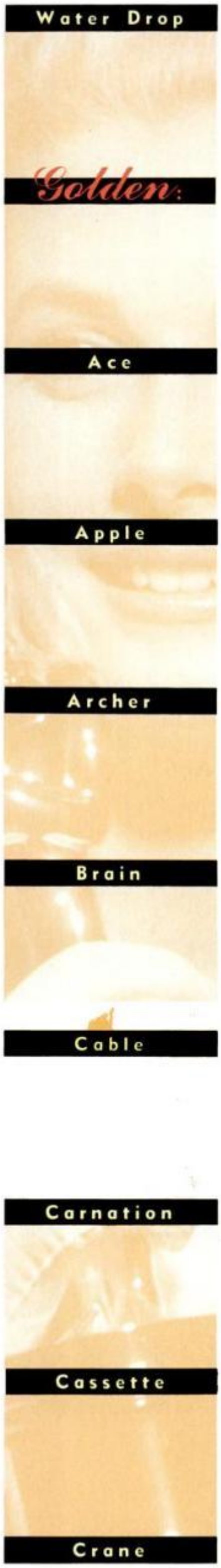
Name, place of employ, job title	Awards won	Where kept	Had tetanus booster?
Robert Deigh, *U.S. News & World Report*, reporter	Virginia Press Association Award	In a desk at home	No
Milton Glaser, Milton Glaser Inc., designer	Art Directors Club "gold medals," American Institute of Graphic Arts Medal of the Institute	In various drawers	Yes
Laura Landro, *The Wall Street Journal*, reporter	Gerald Loeb Award for Deadline Reporting	Framed, on the newsroom wall	Yes
Alyssa Lappen, *Forbes*, staff writer	Harvard Summer Poetry Prize	Cashed the check	No
Jim Millman, Isidore & Paulson, associate creative director	Clios, Cannes Gold Lion	In box in his basement	Yes
Nancy Monaghan, *USA Today*, managing editor	New York State Publishers Association Award (three years running), Women in Communications Matrix Award	In a bookshelf and closet at home	No
Charles Piccirillo, DDB Needham New York, executive VP, creative director	Clios, Andys, half a dozen One Show Gold Pencils	On bookshelves	Yes
Erica Ress, Lintas: New York, senior copywriter	Two One Show Gold Pencils, many merit certificates	Uses statues as bookends; dreams of wallpapering bathroom with certificates	Yes
Donna Ricco, Donna Ricco Inc., dress designer	America's Next Great Designer Award from the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union	Packed away somewhere	Yes
Al Roker, WNBC News, jolly weather-caster	Local Emmys in New York and Cleveland, International Television Film Festival Award	On display in wall unit at home	Yes
Marilyn Rose, Marilyn Rose Design, graphic designer	Art Directors Club "silver medal," Society of Publication Designers Gold and Silver awards	On shelf in studio; certificates framed on wall	Yes

A Selective Guide to the As-Yet-Unrecognized

Name, place of employ, job title	How come?	Had tetanus booster?
John Knight, freelance fashion designer	Freelancers' names don't go on label	Yes
Billy Norwich, *Daily News*, society columnist	No society-columnist category for Pulitzers	Yes
Erica Udoff, Erica Udoff Design Inc., graphic designer	Doesn't believe the benefits of winning awards are equal to the cost of their entry fees	Yes

—Peter Heffernan

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You Like Me! You Really, Really Like Me!

Motion Picture Awards

Academy Award for Best Actor or Actress Tip Sheet

WHAT YOU'LL NEED: An arm-flapping performance in which tattered clothes or a foreign accent are an element; an indefatigable publicist; a contract clause requiring a huge studio outlay for an awards campaign in the trade press

HOW TO DO IT: Win nomination, attend ceremony, lose but be a good sport and wait two years; meanwhile, live in Los Angeles and demonstrate an enthusiastic attitude toward the industry; get nominated again and campaign hard in public and private, among both voters and nonvoters

WHAT IT WILL MEAN: Earnings that may increase exponentially or may disappear; jobs that may or may not be offered; proof that peers like you; typecasting

For the last few years actors and their personal publicists have been joining in the annual crusades for Oscar votes, but studios still dominate the campaigns. Coveting the revenues provoked by a Best Picture Award (*The Last Emperor* brought in $10-million in the two weeks following the award; in the preceding 26 weeks it had earned $30 million), studios used to ply Motion Picture Academy members with roast beef and lobster dinners at screenings of movies the studios particularly wanted the voters to remember; Universal upheld this old tradition during the most recent Oscar campaign by wooing Academy members with postscreening feasts for *Gorillas in the Mist* and *The Last Temptation of Christ*. For the most part, however, this kind of romantic courtship has been supplanted by the chilly work of publicity machines. Studios now spend hundreds of thousands of dollars each year to blanket Academy members with promotional posters, booklets, videocassettes, records and countless "For your consideration" full-page advertisements in *Variety*, *The Hollywood Reporter* and the *Los Angeles Times*. Last fall Academy members opened their mailboxes and found coffee mugs and pencils emblazoned with the *Working Girl* logo (courtesy of Twentieth Century Fox) before that film had even opened.

A personal touch still slips in occasionally. Menahem Golan modestly admitted in 1985 that his Cannon Films, pushing *Runaway Train*, spent $30,000 on "a series of screenings for Academy members that included—in about 30 instances—private screenings in the homes of voters too feeble to get to the theater." But even with such kindnesses, Best Picture campaigns have the leveraged feel of a 1963 Chicago municipal election.

Academy voters, then, must be grateful for Sally Kirkland's ground-breaking, *intensely* personal campaign last year to win the Best Actress Oscar for her role in *Anna*. Other actors have lobbied desperately in the past: in 1986, for instance, *Hollywood Reporter* readers were startled by Margaret (*The Color Purple*) Avery's self-promoting open letter to God, written in a poor, Stephen Foster-ish imitation of the novel *The Color Purple*'s prose style ("I knows dat I been blessed"); Avery denied that such suspiciously humble antics were meant to persuade Academy members that God had smiled on her nomination as Best Supporting Actress. Two years later Kirkland launched her unprecedented buttonholing project. She hired publicists on both coasts and set out to "win that motherfucker," as she put it. Despite a get-out-the-vote dinner for 150 influential guests, despite spending her own money on advertising, *despite 150 phone calls to Academy members from Shelley Winters on Kirkland's behalf*, Kirkland's bid couldn't overcome the Cher juggernaut. Sean Connery had better luck with less work: he hired publicity agency PMK to act as his emissaries to the Academy, consented to be interviewed more often than usual and won the Best Supporting Actor award for his role in *The Untouchables*.

The conventional wisdom is that winning a Golden Globe Award from the Hollywood Foreign Press Association helps considerably toward an Oscar nomination—as was the case with Michael Douglas and Cher in 1988 (100 out of 250 Globe winners have gone on to actually win an acting Oscar as well). While the Oscars are sought in clamorous public campaigns, the Golden Globes have had a reputation for being judiciously brokered. The Golden Globe Award ceremony was telecast more or less consistently until 1969, when the FCC, complaining about unaccredited membership and rigged voting, finally reprimanded NBC, saying that the network was misleading the public by broadcasting the awards ceremony at all.

The Golden Globe vote in this decade apparently has been just as giddy and free of inhibiting regulation as it was before the FCC clampdown. In a 1981 story on the Hollywood Foreign Press Association, the *Los Angeles Times* looked into its membership and had a difficult time locating publications the members claimed to represent. The newspaper found it easier to track down the Hollywood Foreign Press Association members—some of them, it turned out, were employed as actors in films and TV series eligible for the awards.

"The Golden Globes are strictly bullshit," Jerry Pickman, a film distributor and 31-year Motion

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Picture Academy veteran, told *Rolling Stone* last year. "A purchase is what they are, a vanity thing for a few writers." Possibly, but actors interested in the Oscar ignore the golden vanity thing at their peril.

Beloved or Else

Literary Awards

Pulitzer Prize/National Book Award Tip Sheet

What You'll Need: Knack for befriending writers, critics, academics and editors who help shape jurors' opinions or, better, serve as jurors; comfortable themes and predictable values that will reflect well on the judgment of the awards committee; residence in or near Manhattan

How to Do It: Make a noble and *noticeable* effort to cope with indifference of awards committees to previous works; inform influential friends that upcoming work is, finally, a sure winner; join the American Academy and the Institute of Arts and Letters

What It Will Mean: Fellowships, teaching positions, reissue of past works that are out of print, more awards and, if the Pulitzer, an actual increase in book sales; if not the Pulitzer, a congratulatory ad in *The New York Times* from your publisher

Nowhere are the nuances of prize races more closely followed than in the literary world, where writers and editors regard the application of certain unspoken rules with the finely tuned sensitivity of kindergartners monitoring the distribution of snack-time sweets.

Last year's logomachy over Toni Morrison's *Beloved* and the prizes it should or should not have won displayed all the elements one would hope to find in any delightfully degrading awards debate: a time-serving New York writer slighted in favor of a tyro from Chicago; a powerful newspaper defending the integrity of the literary community it so assiduously promotes; professional envy misinterpreted as racial bigotry; a Pulitzer board member compromising the truth in order to maintain an aura of ethical correctness—it was, in other words, awards culture at its most entertaining.

The story, although a little tattered from all the retelling, goes like this: Nominated for the 1987 National Book Award, Toni Morrison joins three tables full of her friends at the ceremony and awaits anointing, only to be humiliated when the prize goes to the little-known Chicago writer Larry Heinemann for *Paco's Story*. *The New York Times*, confounded by the way events turned against one of its pet authors—and perhaps irritated that honors went to a book *it hadn't even bothered to review* in the daily paper—launches a crusade that includes a bitter critical essay about the unexpected award and the prominent display in the Book Review of two unsubtle notes on the subject signed by dozens of black writers ominously suggesting that they will consider it an egregious case of racism if Morrison is also denied the upcoming Pulitzer—which, of course, she wins. In the words of James Wolcott, the *Times* managed "to pimp a Pulitzer for *Beloved*."

Two of the indignant black writers made their case by pointing out that James Baldwin never won a major literary award. They neglected to point out that Alice Walker had won the Pulitzer four years earlier and that one of the members of the Morrison-denying National Book Award committee had been black novelist Gloria Naylor, who didn't sign their letter.

In losing the National Book Award, Morrison had been denied very little: the trophy itself (a reproduction of a bad Louise Nevelson sculpture), $10,000 and all the prestige that goes with a prize that from 1979 until four years ago was called the American Book Award and functioned as a half-hearted sales tool for the publishers that sponsor the prize. In those days they were handed out by the dozen.

Not all the credit for Morrison's Pulitzer should go to the *Times*. In a letter to *Vanity Fair* last June, Pulitzer board member (and now NBC News president) Michael Gartner responded to James Wolcott's column by disingenuously suggesting that the board *had* to give the award to *Beloved* because, of the three finalists submitted to the board by the Pulitzer jury (selection is a two-stage process), "*Be-*

The As-Yet-Unsponsored Sidebar of the Month*

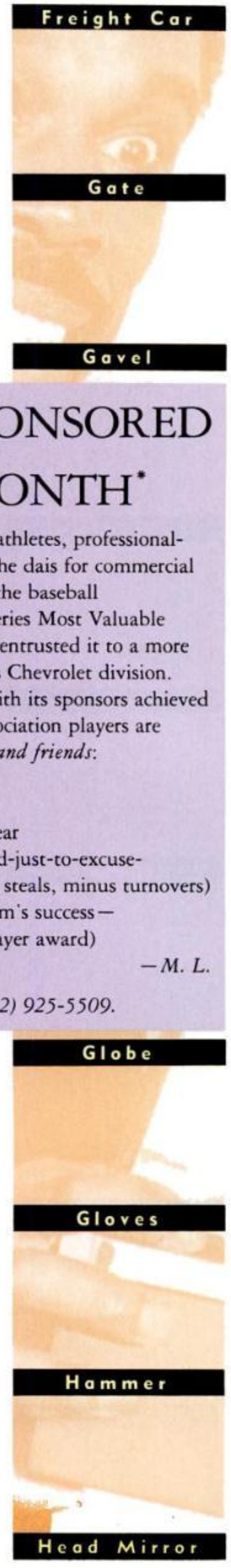
When it comes to sharing the pleasure of honoring athletes, professional-sports administrators don't mind making room on the dais for commercial sponsors. Peter Ueberroth is fondly remembered as the baseball commissioner who gently pried the official World Series Most Valuable Player award from its founder, *Sport* magazine, and entrusted it to a more caring and higher-bidding curator, General Motors's Chevrolet division.

Perhaps no sport, however, rivals the symbiosis with its sponsors achieved by professional basketball. National Basketball Association players are honored with numerous awards given by the NBA *and friends*:

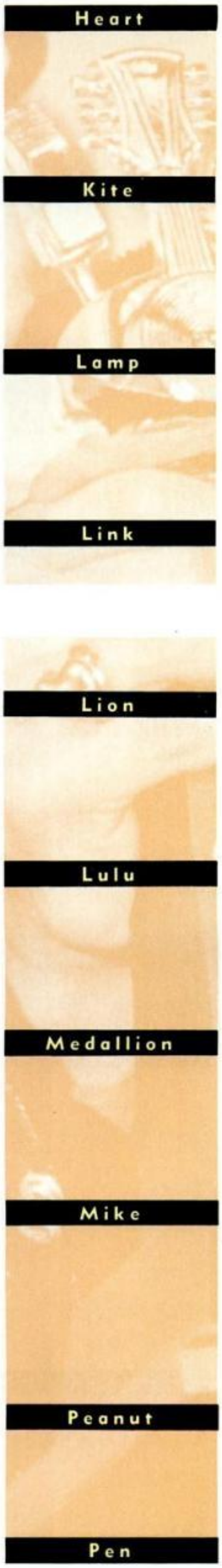
- ▸Edge Most Valuable Player
- ▸Masterlock Defensive Player of the Year
- ▸American Airlines Most Improved Player of the Year
- ▸Allstate Good Hands Award (based on a fabricated-just-to-excuse-this-award statistic that cornily combines assists and steals, minus turnovers)
- ▸Schick Award (for all-around contribution to a team's success—not to be confused with the Edge Most Valuable Player award)
- ▸Minute Maid Orange Soda Rookie of the Year

—*M. L.*

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loved clearly stood out." In fact, the Pulitzer jury selections in no way bind the board—the provisions of Joseph Pulitzer's will almost encourage the board to *ignore* the jury: "The Nominating Jurors are advised that their nominations are for the information and advice of The Pulitzer Board only inasmuch as the Board is charged to select, accept, substitute or reject these nominations. . . ."

Indeed, the board, which is dominated by sentimental newspapermen, often honors Pulitzer's dying wish in circumstances both extraordinary and not. Past indifference to the recommendations of literary juries has included the following:

▸ Overruling the jury's 1986 choice, Russell Banks's stylistically ambitious *Continental Drift*, in favor of Larry McMurtry's stylistically conventional *Lonesome Dove*;

▸ Refusing to make *any* award in 1974, after a jury of Benjamin DeMott, Elizabeth Hardwick and Alfred Kazin had unanimously recommended Thomas Pynchon's stylistically ambitious *Gravity's Rainbow*;

▸ Not voting an award in the drama category *for the 13th time in Pulitzer history* after the 1986 jury, comprising Mel Gussow, Edwin Wilson and Bernard Weiner, had unanimously nominated Robert Wilson's stylistically ambitious *the CIVIL warS*. One board member later explained, "I felt very leery of awarding a Pulitzer prize, with all the prestige it carries, to a performance no one on the board had read or seen or was able to see." And who was this jury-snubbing Pulitzer board member? The man who just two years later felt honor-bound to the 1988 jury's selection of Morrison—none other than NBC's Michael Gartner.

Mancini, 20; Zeppelin, 0

Music Awards

Music Awards Tip Sheet

WHAT YOU'LL NEED: Pedestrian music and staggering sales; support of a large record company

HOW TO DO IT: Simply agree to appear at previous award ceremony in person to accept lesser awards; trust in hype and heavy rotation for greater awards; stuff ballot boxes when opportunity arises

WHAT IT WILL MEAN: Chance to thank God on national television; flicker of public afterlife for album that quit selling three months before

An examination of the list of Grammy Award winners invites the conclusion that the vote has been cleverly fixed for decades. Henry Mancini has taken home 20 Grammys; in 1986 the Rolling Stones limply accepted a Lifetime Achievement award that brought the band into a tie, at one Grammy apiece, with Art Linkletter. Led Zeppelin has won zero.

It could be expected, then, that Grammy time at the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences would be the most rollicking, horse-trading, vote-rigging carnival this side of the 1988 Mexican presidential election. In fact, the people at NARAS admit that the Grammy awards reflect the true taste of the Academy members, whose number consists in large part of aging musicians and technicians with Muzak tastes. The vote is uninformed by record company employees, who for the most part can't "actively" join the Academy (voting membership is available *only* to "those directly involved with the creative aspects of recording"—singers, engineers and album-jacket designers, *yes*; handlers, publicists and coke dealers, *no*).

"No one in the world has our list of voting membership," says Academy president Michael Green, who actively discourages record company lobbying. "We protect that very, very diligently to make sure there can't be any grass-roots, direct-mail solicitation or influence over the voting."

This is not to say that the Grammy vote can't be influenced from within. The Atlanta Symphony Orchestra discovered the pleasures of bloc voting in 1985, when a group of the musicians quietly signed up for discounted midyear Academy memberships and promptly voted themselves five Grammys.

"It was a scandal," says Joe Smith, president of the Academy in 1985 and the current president of Capitol Industries-EMI. "*Everybody* in the orchestra had joined. Because there weren't that many members in the classical category, the Atlanta Symphony wound up with an incredible amount of awards. [Other symphonies] didn't enroll their members. Atlanta sneaked it in." The Academy quit offering partial-year memberships after this debacle, obliging the Atlantans to pay for an *entire year's membership* when they voted themselves another five Grammys (out of eleven possible) last winter.

Although the Atlanta musicians no doubt enjoy their awards, the Grammys are mainly a vanity exercise. "The awards don't have very much to do with business," says Smith. "We go, we're happy when we win, slightly disappointed when we lose, but it has no relationship to our commercial success. . . . It has much more impact for the artist himself. It's on his *Who's Who* entry." (All of which could be said of television's Emmy Awards, which are more generously given out and have even less commercial impact than the Grammys.)

Other music awards are less likely to make it into *Who's Who*. Dick Clark's American Music Awards are given, says Capitol's Smith, to "whoever will show up to accept one. You be there, you'll get one." As for the Country Music Association's

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How Much Is That Grammy in the Window?

It truly, truly is a great, great honor to win this Emmy/Oscar/MTV Music Video award. You can't even begin to express in words how honored, how finally, after all your years of hard, underappreciated work, etc. Smile. Weep. Gush some more. Hold up the trophy. Theme from *Rocky*. Flash. Freeze-frame.

But . . . after the applause fades and the telephone stops ringing, what are you left with? And, probably more important, *what's it worth on the open market?*

A couple of notes on our chart:

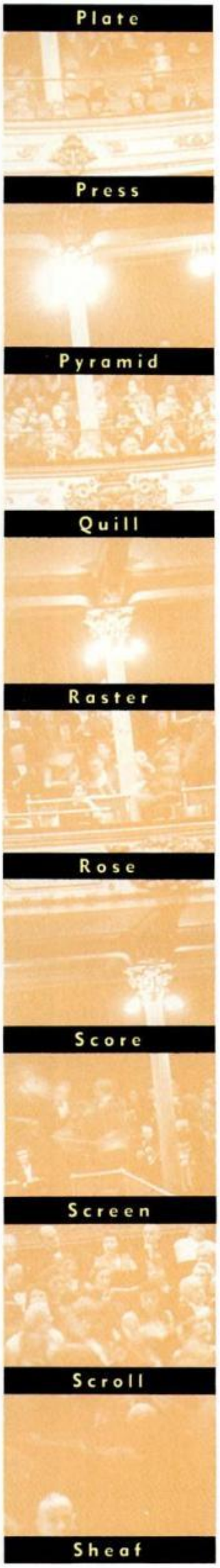
Real value is the cost of materials and workmanship, based on assessments by trophy-industry professionals.

Resale values are the estimates of Malcolm Willits, Oscar auctioneer and owner of the Collectors Bookstore in Los Angeles. Variations in price reflect the range of award winners: for example, a Eugene O'Neill Pulitzer certificate would likely fetch more at auction (or pawnshop) than would Roger Ebert's.

Award	What You Get	Height	Weight	Composition	Real Value	Resale Value
Oscar	Sculpture of a little naked man standing on a film spool holding a sword in front of his nonexistent privates	13½ inches	7 pounds	Pewter covered with gold electroplate	$300	$7,000–$50,000 (appreciably higher for trophies awarded to Charlie Chaplin, *Gone With the Wind* or *Snow White*)
Grammy	Sculpture of an old gramophone	6¾ inches	1 pound, 12 ounces	Walnut stand, antimony-and-lead-alloy base, bronze bell	$500	$50–$500 (appreciably higher for trophies awarded to Elvis Presley)
Tony	Sculpture of comedy and tragedy masks	8¼ inches	7 pounds	Silver-plated rhodium, Lucite base	$200	$200–$5,000
People's Choice	Huge teardrop engraved with pair of clapping hands	13½ inches	14 pounds	Lead crystal	$1,440	$1,440–$2,500
Emmy	Sculpture of a woman holding up a beach-ball-like globe	15¼ inches	5 pounds, 12 ounces	Pewter, zinc and bronze blend covered with gold electroplate	$900	$500–$5,000
MTV Music Video	Sculpture of an astronaut on moon saluting MTV flag	12 inches	5 pounds, 4 ounces	Zinc covered with silver electroplate	$200	$50–$2,000
Clio	Smaller, cheesier version of Emmy sculpture	14¼ inches	3 pounds	Zinc covered with gold electroplate	$85	$10–$30
Pulitzer	High-school-diploma-like certificate	10 inches by 8 inches	Not available	Parchment, with Columbia University blue calf-grain vinyl cover	$100	$100–$50,000
World's Best Grandmother	Plaintive teddy bear clutching a rose	6 inches	6 ounces	Lacquered wood, synthetic plush	$7.95, at Hallmark card store	Not calculable

—*M.L.*

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awards, Smith explains that "anybody" can join the Association's voting membership, "so CBS Records or ourselves or Warner Bros. enrolls every man, woman and child in the company. It only costs 20 or 30 bucks to join and we pack the ballots."

Country Music Association associate director Ed Benson says memberships in fact cost *$50*, and points out that CMA bylaws limit enrollment by record company employees to 15 percent of the voters in any single category. "We're lily-white," Benson says, meaning that the award process is aboveboard. He adds that the bylaws were adopted "because of some concern about what happened with *another* music awards [program]."

We asked Mark Young, assistant to the producer of The American Music Awards, if just agreeing to show up was indeed enough to guarantee an award. "That's not necessarily true," Young said, then quickly corrected himself, saying it was not *at all* true, because the tally of votes cast by "the record-buying American public" was an accountant-guarded secret. "We have no idea who the winners are," Young said huffily. "If you watched in past years, we've had winners who weren't there."

When Is a Building Not a Building?

Architecture Awards

Architecture Competitions Tip Sheet

WHAT YOU'LL NEED: For lesser awards, be a former student or ex-employee of Michael Graves or Robert Venturi; for greater awards, live long and get a lot of buildings built—especially a museum

HOW TO DO IT: Know your juries and enter accordingly

WHAT IT WILL MEAN: No money when you need it; lots of money when you don't

At one end of the crowded architecture-awards scale are prizes that shun nearly everyone (the esteemed Pritzker award); at the other are those that nearly everyone shuns (the Domino's Pizza Top 30 Architects).

Because the architects on awards juries have a penchant for divvying up the goodies among their ex-students and former employees, some prize granters stipulate that submissions be anonymous. In practice, however, anonymous submissions are quickly attributed by judges who have already seen them published elsewhere or recognize an architect's style. Lacking confidence that he or she will be known to the jury, a young architect can bid for recognition by determining the most influential member of the jury, putting a potentially prize-winning drawing on an invitation to an office-warming party and sending the invitation to the juror, hoping that he'll remember the image when it crops up again in competition. "It's a common practice," says an architect. "Sometimes it works."

The résumé-enhancing Prix de Rome for architects (winners generally spend a year at the American Academy in Rome) is not pursued with any of the ingenuity, apprehension or dissembling that attend other architecture competitions. Instead, according to one architect, it is calmly awarded by a few influential architects—former Prix de Rome winners Michael Graves and Robert Venturi, for instance—who take turns dominating the jury and giving the prize to their own young disciples. "People have given up applying [unless or until] they actually know someone on the jury," says one architect. "If you applied from Ball State and nobody knew you," says another, "you wouldn't stand a dog's chance in hell."

The American Institute of Architects Honor Awards suffer from the same stodginess that attaches to the association's members. ("They're like a bunch of dentists," sniffs a New York architect. "They want to know exactly how every brick is going to be used.") Tediously, the AIA only honors *built buildings*, a phrase architects use to refer to real houses and skyscrapers—as opposed to the more fanciful, never-really-meant-to-see-the-light-of-day designs that win the swingier *Progressive Architecture* awards. The magazine stipulates that its design awards are intended solely for legitimate projects drawn up for real clients who actually intend to build them. Curiously, these provisions rule out exactly the sorts of designs that win the *Progressive Architecture* awards every year. The solution: enlist a relative to answer the phone when *PA* calls and to swear that he or she has commissioned the project.

All of which brings us to Ralph Lerner, a *Progressive Architecture* cover boy and the winner of three *PA* awards. A tenured professor of architecture at Princeton, Lerner has also won the Indira Gandhi National Centre for Arts International Design Competition (worth $76,000), first prize in the Epping Town Hall Extension Design Competition in England, first prize in the Cherry Garden Pier Housing Competition in England, second prize in the New Orleans Museum of Art Design Competition, honorable mention in the University Art Museum Competition at the University of California at Santa Barbara, an urban response award from the Architectural League of New York, honorable mention in a London Sunday *Times* architecture competition, the Abraham Kazan Prize for Excellence in Urban Studies and the Alpha Rho Chi Medal from The Cooper Union's Irwin S. Chanin School of Architecture. Unless you count a few scant renovations and additions, Ralph Lerner has never built a real building.

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The High Price of Glory

Advertising Awards

Addy/Andy/Dandy/Clio Tip Sheet

WHAT YOU'LL NEED: $100,000 a year for contest entry fees; offbeat work that seems innovative and possibly is effective *in selling the product*; a reputation for having won awards previously

HOW TO DO IT: Enter several contests; pay many entry fees; wait

WHAT IT WILL MEAN: More work from clients impressed by an award, any award; the warm glow of self-esteem that comes from being respected by advertising professionals

The advertising world's generous multitudes of Effie, Addy, Andy and Clio awards are not as interchangeable as they seem. The Effie, a dorky diminutive of the word *effective*, "measures results, not creative," says Al Dann, a spokesman for the New York chapter of the American Marketing Association, which gives it out. Most advertising awards, however, honor creativity—er, *creative*. Thus a clever, unusual campaign that would have no chance for an Effie when pitted against, say, the avuncular menace of Wilford Brimley's "It's the right thing to do" Quaker Oatmeal ads (last year's Grand Effie winner) might well win in one of the dozens of Clio categories or, if particularly funny, could even pull down a revered One Show Award.

Another way of sorting the awards is by determining whose pockets their entry fees are lining. The American Marketing Association charges $275 for Effie entries; the American Advertising Federation, $90 to $100 for the Addy; The Advertising Club of New York, $85 to $115 for the Andy. These groups do, however, claim to be nonprofit organizations—unlike the high-profile, higher-profit, entirely private Clio Awards company, which last year collected some $2 million—$70 to $110 for each of 23,009 entries from 51 countries.

Although these awards are obtainable with heartening ease, the annual shower does not fall on every agency—an unknown midwestern office might be overlooked or a Madison Avenue dinosaur taken for granted—but any omissions can be easily corrected in the next round of trophy dispersal.

For example, an upstart midwestern agency may realize that it needs an award or two in order to attract business—but knows that the few clients already on board won't tolerate the sort of stunt advertising that wins prizes. The cure, explains Bill Tragos, who began his career in St. Louis and is now

THE PRIZE TO END ALL PRIZES

An embarrassment of glory. A symphony of electroplating. Introducing . . . *the Spyie*™.

The first-ever prize for prizes, the Spyie Award™ is being given to the American or international award that bestows the highest honors while subjecting itself to the least amount of undue influence—politicking, lobbying, outright cash purchase or, in the case of the Purple Heart, shooting oneself in the foot.

Our 12 nominees were ranked relative to one another according to both prestige and lobbyability, and then graded according to their Spyie Quotients™—that is, the square root of the number derived by dividing the lobbyability factor into the prestige factor (pat. pend.).

The results have been certified by a mathematician and a notary public and have been kept confidential until the last possible moment.

Is the TelePrompTer working? May we have the envelope, please?

And the winner of the one-time-only Spyie Award™ is . . .



THE GIANT SCHNAUZER CLUB OF AMERICA BROOD BITCH OF THE YEAR AWARD!

Accepting the award is William Rusch, former secretary of the Giant Schnauzer Club of America: "Thank you. . . . The Brood Bitch Award is an award that's honorable and worked for—you don't come up with a great brood bitch for no reason. It takes a bitch, and it takes an owner who knows what he's doing."

As Mr. Rusch leaves the stage, to the accompaniment of the "Brood Bitch Theme," why not look below, where you'll find the complete results of this one-time-only Spyie Award™ competition:

GIANT SCHNAUZER CLUB OF AMERICA BROOD BITCH OF THE YEAR
Prestige: **6**
Lobbyability: **1**
Spyie Quotient™: **2.45**

BRAIN RESEARCH FOUNDATION GOLDEN BRAIN AWARD
Prestige: **9**
Lobbyability: **2**
Spyie Quotient™: **2.12**

PURPLE HEART
Prestige: **8**
Lobbyability: **3**
Spyie Quotient™: **1.63**

NOBEL PEACE PRIZE
Prestige: **12**
Lobbyability: **6**
Spyie Quotient™: **1.41**

TOPPS MINOR LEAGUE PLAYER OF THE MONTH
Prestige: **7**
Lobbyability: **4**
Spyie Quotient™: **1.32**

ACADEMY AWARD FOR BEST ACTOR/ACTRESS
Prestige: **11**
Lobbyability: **8**
Spyie Quotient™: **1.17**

PULITZER PRIZE FOR LITERATURE
Prestige: **10**
Lobbyability: **9**
Spyie Quotient™: **1.05**

NATIONAL PROPERTY MANAGEMENT ASSOCIATION PROPERTY PERSON OF THE YEAR
Prestige: **3**
Lobbyability: **3**
Spyie Quotient™: **1.00**

FRAGRANCE FOUNDATION RECOGNITION AWARD
Prestige: **5**
Lobbyability: **7**
Spyie Quotient™: **0.84**

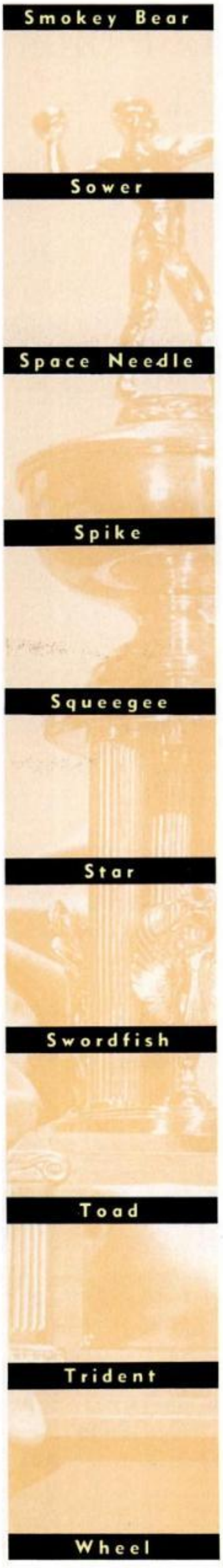
CLIO AWARD
Prestige: **4**
Lobbyability: **11**
Spyie Quotient™: **0.60**

AMERICAN MUSIC AWARD
Prestige: **2**
Lobbyability: **12**
Spyie Quotient™: **0.41**

***ESQUIRE* MAGAZINE ESKY AWARD**
Prestige: **1**
Lobbyability: **10**
Spyie Quotient™: **0.32**

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chairman of the (award-winning) TBWA agency in New York, is to create an ad expressly to impress a regional awards jury by (1) recruiting a business that never advertises—a barbershop, for instance; (2) working for free; (3) coming up with a startling ad; and (4) paying for the advertising space, thus qualifying the ad for contests. The jury, accustomed to dreary savings and loan ads commissioned by real clients, is usually grateful for the diversion.

According to Tragos, an established agency that wants to reconfirm its award-winning reputation often finds that the simplest solution is to buy an award, more or less, by generously spreading money for entry fees. "Agency X hasn't won an award in the last 50 years, so they submit 3,000 entries at $500 a pop." Awards administrators almost invariably *appreciate* the donation.

Yo, Coach—Where's Disney World?

Sports Awards

Assorted Players/Coaches/Rookies/Comeback Players of the Year/ Month/Week Tip Sheet

What You'll Need: Formidable athletic skills; tolerance for sycophantic sportswriters, who vote for most awards

How to Do It: Employ formidable athletic skills frequently on national television; feed locker-room gossip to sycophantic reporters, who will remember you on their ballots

What It Will Mean: A trophy; a dinner; a vehicle that may have to be donated to a charity in your name; a large sum of money if your agent had the foresight to specify a contract bonus for winning the award

Except for the feverish ballot-stuffing with which many professional baseball and basketball franchises assist the fans who vote for all-star teams in those sports, professional-sports awards fastidiously honor quality athletic performance and ignore the merits of quality lobbying. MVPs in the various leagues and associations, Cy Young winners, Pro Bowl players, Hall of Famers, are all chosen in a relatively rarefied atmosphere—rarefied, that is, for big-time athletics and big-time prize-giving.

Bless college football, then, for the opportunities presented by the Heisman Trophy, given each year by New York's Downtown Athletic Club to "the nation's outstanding college football player." With effective propaganda machines already in place, college football powerhouses easily adjust the publicity mix if a Heisman prospect—i.e., a flashy running back or quarterback—surfaces who seems remotely able to support any extravagant claims made on his behalf. This serves two purposes: boasting a viable Heisman candidate virtually guarantees that a school will make a number of lucrative television appearances (which, oddly and circularly enough, are vital to a successful candidacy); boasting a Heisman winner gives a school's coaches a leg up in recruiting the increasingly finicky blue-chip high school prospects necessary for future television appearances, more Heisman winners and so on.

The campaign usually starts with mass mailings of four-color posters to the media before the season begins and continues with breathless dispatches on the favorite son's weekly accomplishments. Late-blooming stars prompt desperate midseason pushes; last year, posters hyping Oklahoma State running back Barry Sanders didn't land on the 1,050 Heisman-voting sports reporters' desks until mid-November—just as his rushing yardage reached a noteworthy level.

According to OSU's sports information director, Steve Buzzard, the Sanders poster mailing was timed to coincide with the arrival of Heisman ballots—and rival posters—on voters' desks. "We had to follow suit even though the numbers spoke for themselves," Buzzard says, "because if we didn't, people would say we weren't giving him enough support."

Sanders did his bit by breaking the single-season rushing record at the end of the season, supplying unknowledgeable Heisman voters with an easily digested statistic. They dutifully rewarded him with the trophy, which Sanders accepted via satellite from Japan with an understandable stolidity. Sanders, after all, gained most of his 2,553 record-breaking yards against some of the worst college football teams in the country—Miami of Ohio, Southwestern Louisiana, Tulsa, Texas Tech.

A big game can have the same salutary effect that a major statistical record has on Heisman voters. In 1987 Notre Dame's Tim Brown won the trophy even though he finished the season with a lackluster performance in a 21–20 loss to Penn State and three dropped passes in a shutout loss to Miami of Florida. Back during the *second* game of the season, however, Brown had returned two punts for touchdowns on national TV—"The next thing you knew," says *Chicago Sun-Times* sports columnist Terry Boers, "the race was over." Indeed, half of the ballots had been cast before that last, ignominious game, and Brown won the trophy by a wide margin.

Boers blames voters from small-town newspapers for the fact that the Heisman is, as he puts it, "one of the most predictable things in sports." He says that they don't see many college games and are easily swayed by hype: "There's just too damn many people voting who don't know what the hell they're doing." Which, of course, gives a sporting chance to those who would do the swaying. ❸

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POP ITALIANO!



THE DIVINE SITUATION COMEDY

ITALY is now a country with a past.

We're not  talking about all that marble and painted canvas. We're  talking  about pop culture. We're talking about an entire generation of Italian adults who have grown up watching television. ■ And TV means pop culture. Italy is absolutely  rife with it. What do you think ▶

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TRY A LITTLE WISHFUL DRINKING.

Legend has it that
if you add three
coffee beans to
Sambuca Romana,
good fortune will follow.



THE LEGENDARY LIQUEUR
OF GOOD FORTUNE.

Sambuca Romana Liqueur. 42% alc. by vol. Imported by Morgan Fore Ltd. Fort Lee, NJ

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all those Italian semioticians are really doing? They're sitting around wrangling over fine points of the Italian version of Hollywood Squares. The details, the protocols, the styles. They're performing R&D for manufacturing still more pop culture.



It has become an accepted platitude that Americans alone are a people possessed of a primarily televisual pop culture. Lately, though, the Italians have enthusiastically embraced the medium of Johnny Carson and *Shindig*, of Mary Tyler Moore, Bob Newhart and Dan Rather. Having already invented red wine, the Ferrari, spaghetti, Monica Vitti, espresso *and* designer sportswear, they have gone about their own pop cultural adventure with considerable vigor.

A SPECIAL ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT

POP ITALIANO!

was written by Antony Shugaar and designed by Alexander Isley with Randy Tibbott.

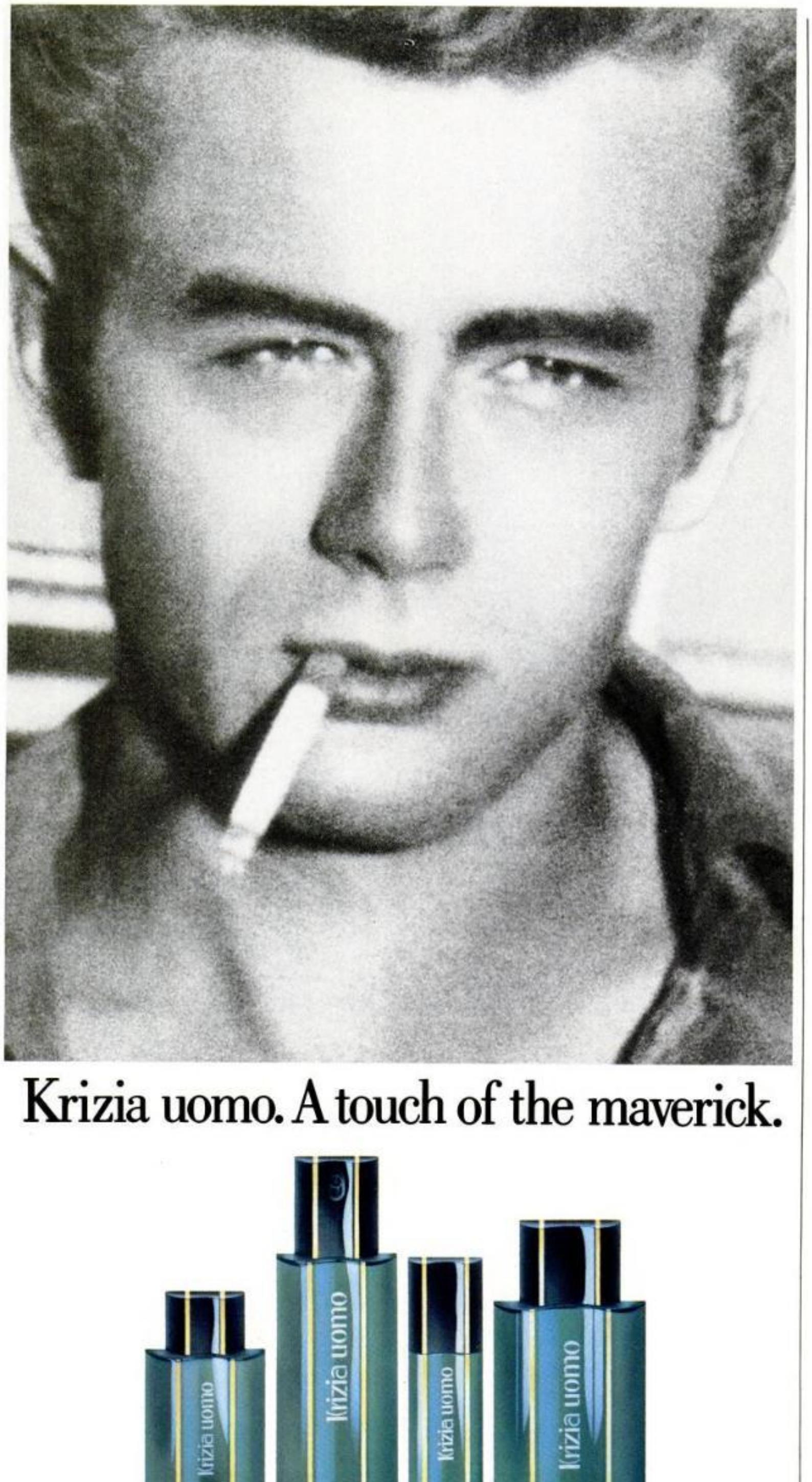
RESEARCH ASSISTANTS:

Mauro Panzeri, Giannino Malossi, Fabrizio Sclavi, Carlenrico Pesso, Jeff Durrell, Nadya Khamneipur, Helene Cadario

We thought to ourselves: "Why, what could be more useful to readers curious about Italy than a more-or-less encyclopedic tour of the country's pop subconscious?"

For years now, whenever a group of more than two American expats in Europe gathered for a convivial evening, the talk inevitably turned to memories of American television, with a jingoistic

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aside or two about how the locals had none. Americans nowadays define themselves as one people—a tribe—in part because they share a preconscious televisual memory.

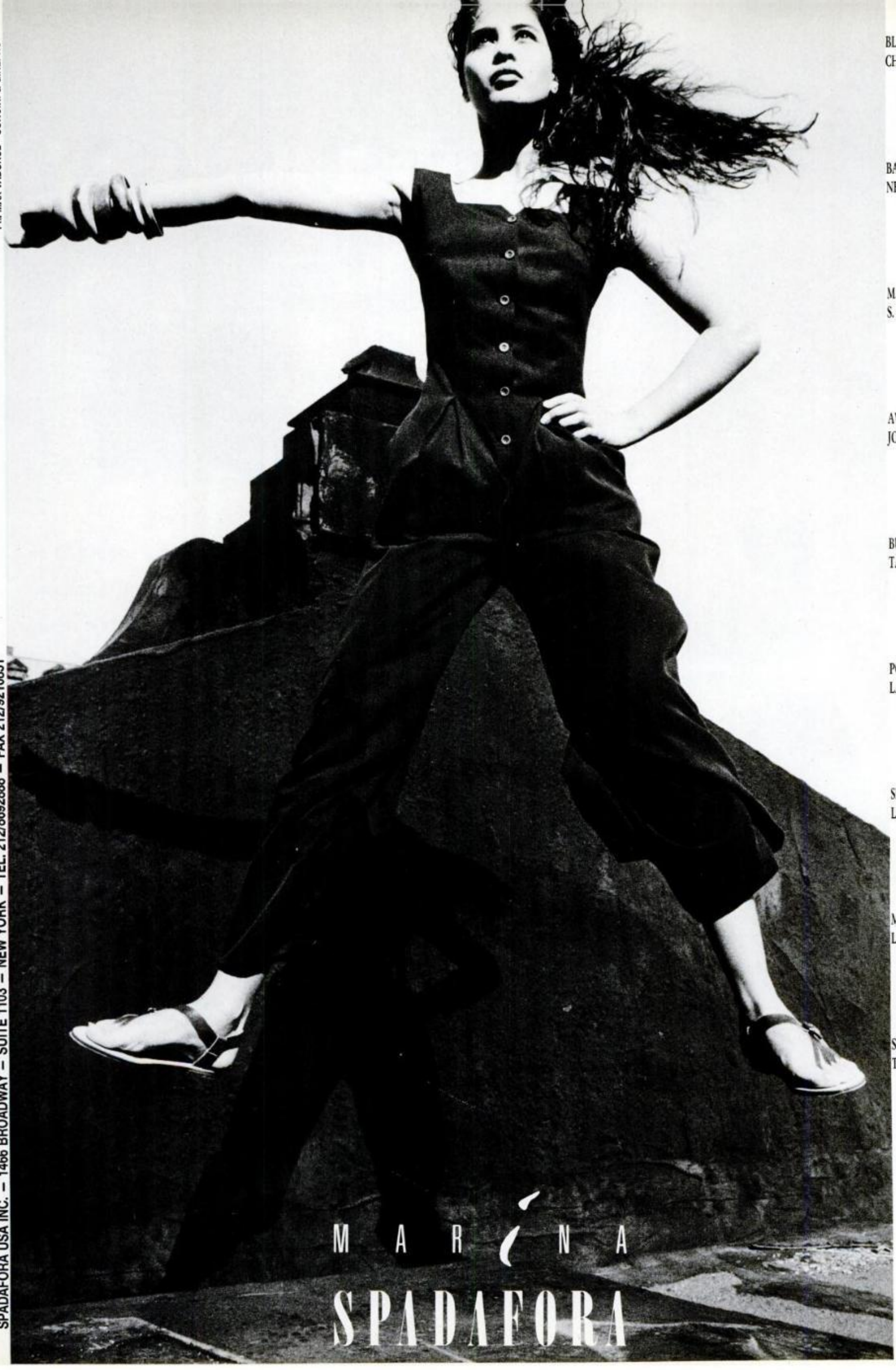


Europeans have consumed and regurgitated the full range of American pop culture, have vomited forth Abba, A-Ha, Falco and Sabrina Salerno. They are now ready to make their own. None are as ready—as completely *pronti*—as the Italians.

Of course a certain portion of Italian pop culture is reminiscent of American pop culture—the same TV shows, the same movies, the same books. But there are still subtle points of confusion. If an Italian in a movie theater shuts his eyes, for instance, he cannot possibly say whether it is Dustin Hoffman, Robert De Niro or Al Pacino speaking, because all three stars are dubbed by the same Italian actor.

So things may look similar, but in Italy even looks can be deceiving. A good guide, as that great Italian and well-known joker Dante Alighieri made only too clear, comes in handy, and we hope this one proves useful.

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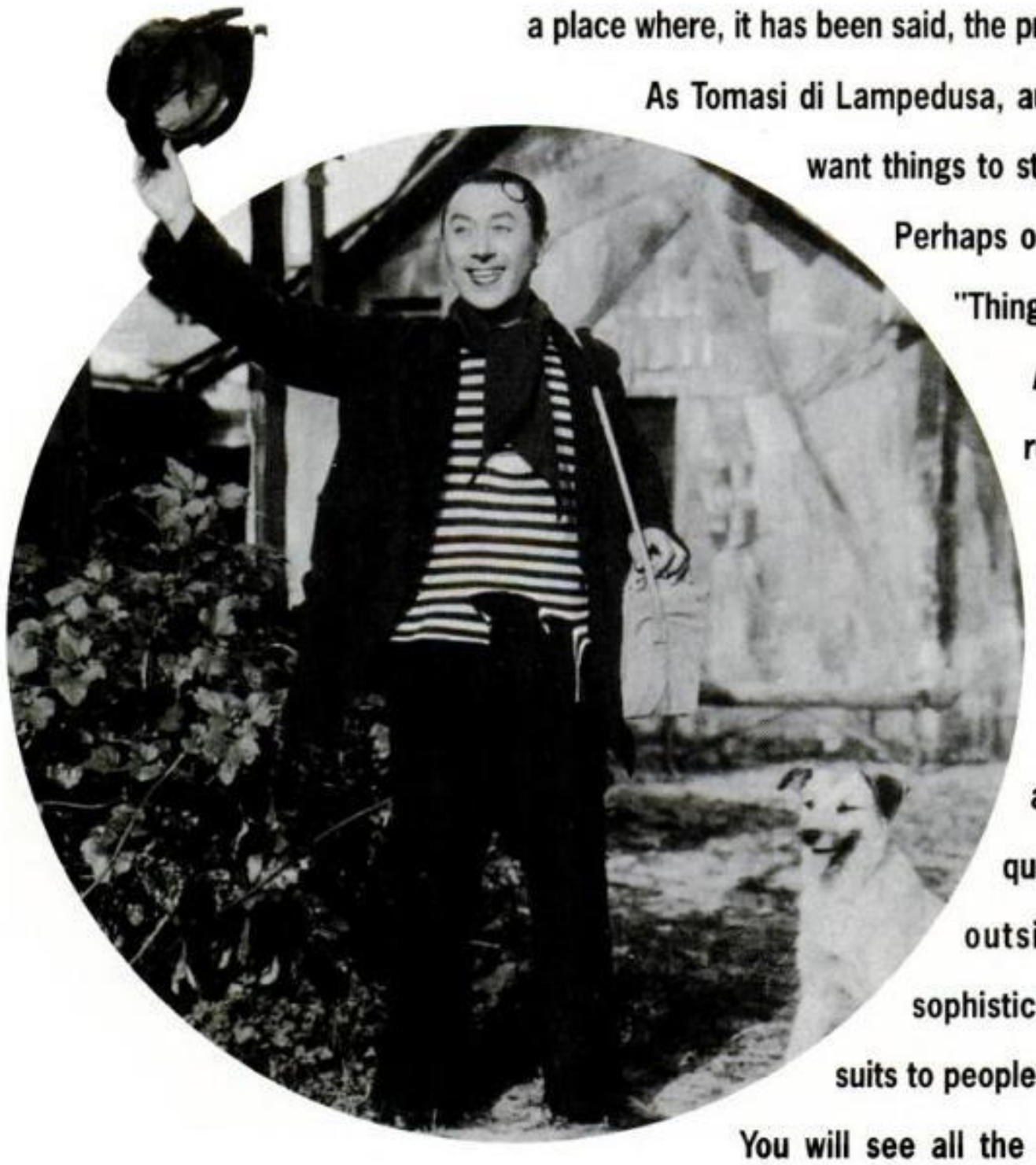
A SPECIAL ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT

CULTURAL CONFUSION,

Fast-Food Pasta and Bars Only Mama Could Love



IN ITALY, the choices can be staggering. The country has five police forces, 12 political parties, more than 100 different types of pasta, 250 television stations and at least 1,000 saints. It is a land of invention, at times of improvisation; a place where, it has been said, the provisional becomes permanent.



As Tomasi di Lampedusa, author of *Il Gattopardo*, put it so aptly, "If we want things to stay as they are, things will have to change."

Perhaps only the Italians could popularize the saying, "Things were better when things were worse."

And in a way, Italy is a country where time runs backward, or sideways, or simply eddies around in whirlpools. Sit in front of the television set on a Sunday morning and you will see 40-year-old movies featuring Macario, a loopy comedian who looked and acted just like Pee-wee Herman. You will see quiz shows that look as if aliens had landed outside Milan in the 1950s and given sophisticated video equipment and Giorgio Armani suits to people who had never seen *Password*.

You will see all the great old black-and-white movies by Billy Wilder that they no longer show on TV in the States. Every night on Rai 3, the Communist Party-oriented state television channel, you can see the complete evening news—for that same date in 1969.

Then, during station identification, spots for new programs offer such creakers as *Quelli della Terza C*, an *italianissimo* version of *Room 222*, or such painfully familiar programs as *Dallas* (with that evil manipulator Gei Ar, played by

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Photo: Ritchie Williamson.

ON HAND WAS THAT MARVELOUS NEW WHITE WINE.

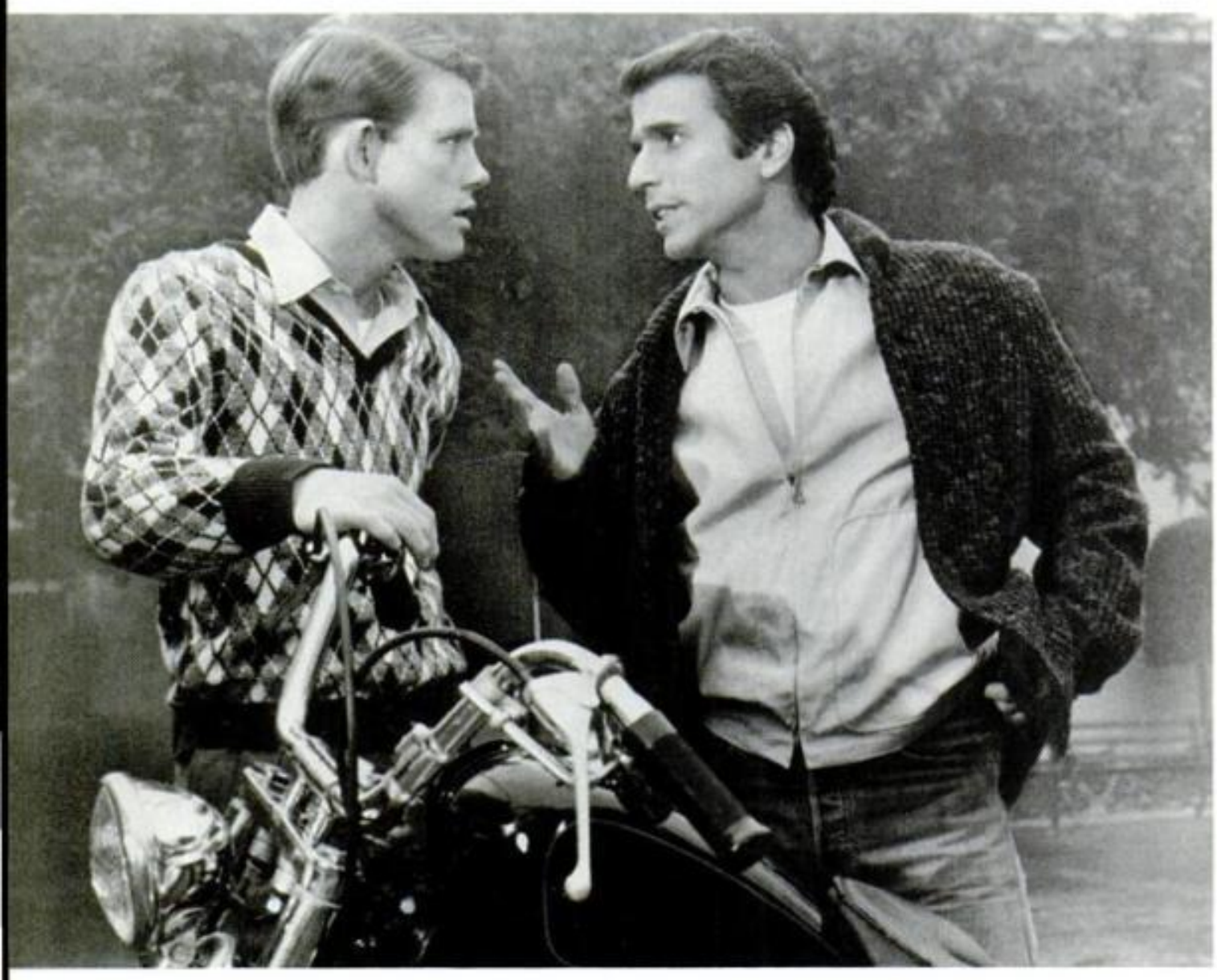
LIBAIO

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Lorenzo Hagman); *Dynasty*; *New York, New York* (that's *Cagney & Lacey* to you); *Happy Days* (pronounced "Eppy Dies"); or even *Strega per Amore* (*I Dream of Jeannie*) and *Vita Da Strega* (*Bewitched*).

There are times when Italian TV seems to be transmitting through a time warp—especially between 7 a.m. and 8 a.m., when you can watch Tom Brokaw delivering the NBC Nightly News (with Italian subtitles and a spliced-in hostess who explains each item in advance) and Dan Rather doing the CBS Evening News; or else in the early afternoon, when you can watch the CNN Daybreak Report.



In a country with more than 2,000 years of culture visibly showered across the landscape, the Italians are, perhaps more than any other people, obsessed with modern pop culture. In fact, back during the Fascist regime, Italy had a Ministry of Pop Culture (known as the MinCulPop). Even in those days of hostility toward the United States and especially England (a stock phrase of the time was "perfidious Albion"), people read comic books (Mickey Mouse was named Topolino, and the first widely affordable Fiat automobile was called the Topolino) and listened to jazz (though Louis Armstrong's name was disguised in Italian as Luigi Fortebraccio).

It is of course an odd combination of pop culture—based on decades of feverish devotion to American movies and television, in a country that has the largest Communist party in Western Europe. The result is, well, *odd*. Only the country that invented opera in the first place could import soap operas from Brazil.

A SPECIAL ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT

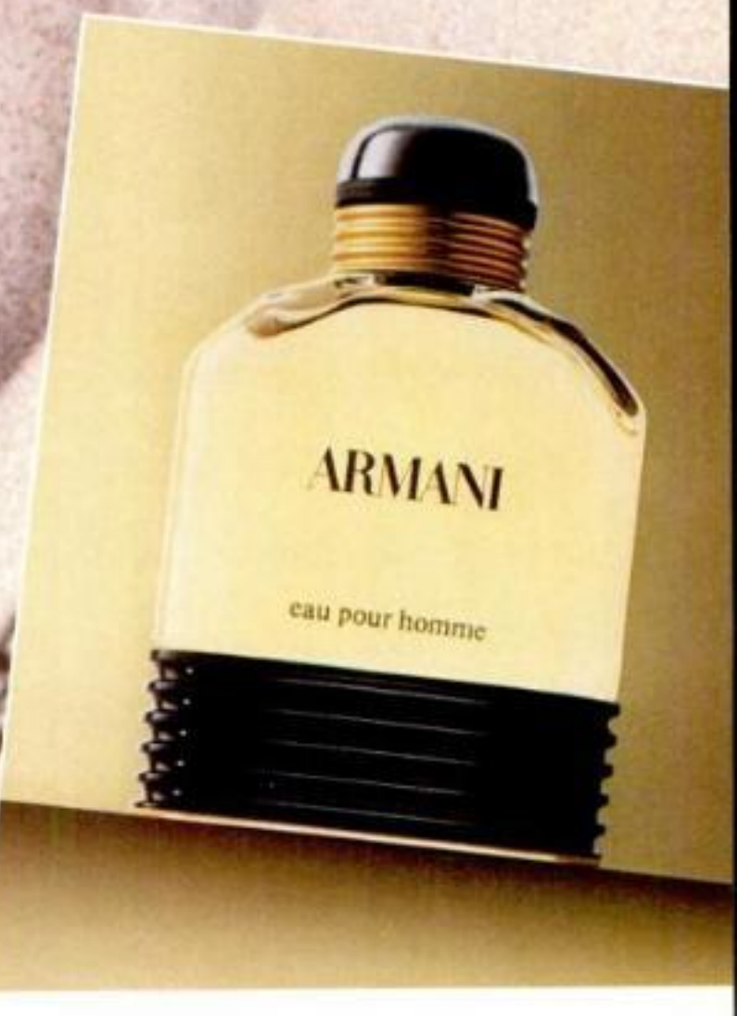


While just a decade ago it seemed as if Italy was in pop cultural thrall only to the United States (in a stroll down any Italian street, one counted UCLA sweatshirts, Fruit-of-the-Loom-logo-emblazoned T-shirts and Golden Grains Feed Company bomber jackets by the dozens), the hard-vacationing Italians have recently become far more eclectic in their borrowings. Now one is as likely to see navy blue suspenders with Cyrillic characters, 1960s-British-rock-star garb, a blue-and-white Palestinian *khaffiyah* or gaucho getup (pointy boots, short broad trousers, bolero jacket and sharp sideburns).

What is particularly fascinating is to see how the Italians manage to incorporate

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Style
goes beyond time.



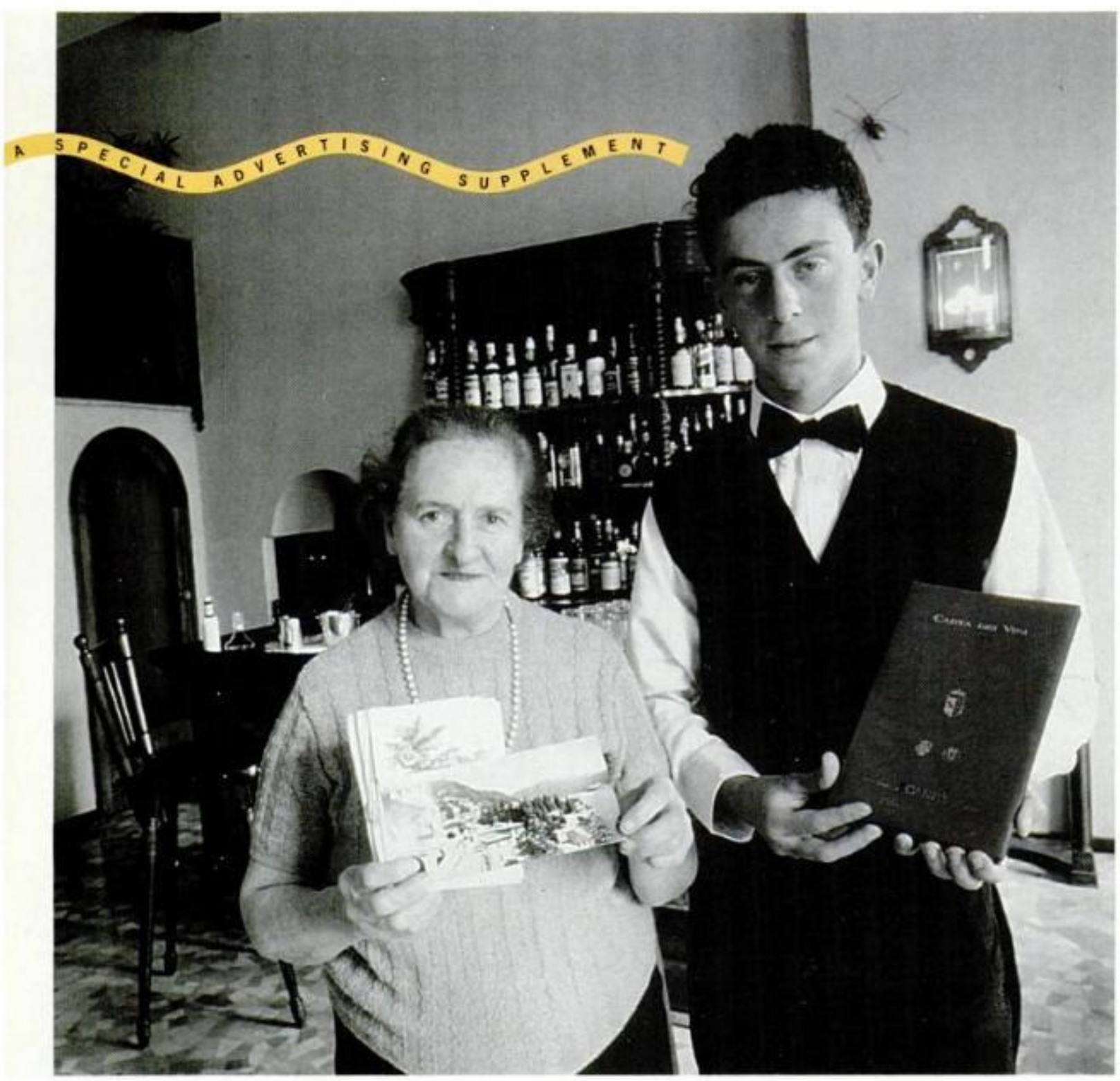
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pieces of foreign pop-cultural vocabulary and insert them into a peculiarly Italian syntax (*squisitamente italiano*, as they would say). One of the classic examples, of course, is blue jeans. Originally invented as work clothing (in San Francisco by a Russian Jew who named them *jeans* after the French name for cloth from Genoa), jeans began to acquire pop cultural status in the United States; they were exported to Italy along with chewing gum and hamburgers in the late fifties, and a long slow process of pop cultural digestion set in. By the early seventies, Italy was ready to return the product to sender—but by then, their jeans had become so drop-dead elegant, so sleek and Italian, that they acquired an entirely new value in *our* sartorial syntax.

Let's take a look at some of Italy's most durable and central institutions—the bar, the family, the food—and see just how this weirdly inventive country goes about creating variations on a theme, how the Italians change in order to remain the same.



First, the bar—or actually, it may be safer to say *il bar*. The Italian language has adopted the word *bar*, but the concept is not quite the same as in America.

It is, for instance, not as worrisome as it might seem that, by noon each day, probably 30 percent of the entire Italian population has already been to a bar. In America, that would mean careening buses; a bedlam of red-faced, horn-happy taxi drivers; a total breakdown of public services; a collapse of productivity in factories and government offices; and a general haze of woozy benevolence spread over the population.

In fact, that happens to be a pretty accurate description of a typical Italian day—but don't blame the bar. The Italian bar is any mother's dream come true. Many if not most Italian bars close by 8 p.m.; on the other hand, they open at 7 a.m. And a mother seems to have invented the standard bill of fare—hot milk, pastries, sandwiches, coffee, tea, hot chocolate, candy and postcards (to send to Mamma).

So redolent is the Italian bar of *mamma* that what little serious drinking gets done there seems to be done furtively—a hot milk with rum, or else a shot of grappa in an espresso (the coffee has thus been "corrected," as the Italian euphemism would have it). And since most Italian bars are family businesses, there usually *is* a mother watching.



The family (and family ties are undeniably important in a country where the mayor of Milan and the prime minister are brothers-in-law) is undergoing some modifications. Italy has never been the same since *Happy Days*, as adolescents up and down the Bel Paese began to harass their parents just like on TV. Nevertheless, the kids still live at home, often well into early middle age. You haven't seen domestic bliss till you've seen a 32-year-old man slouching around the house in stretch pajamas, calling, "*Mamma*!"

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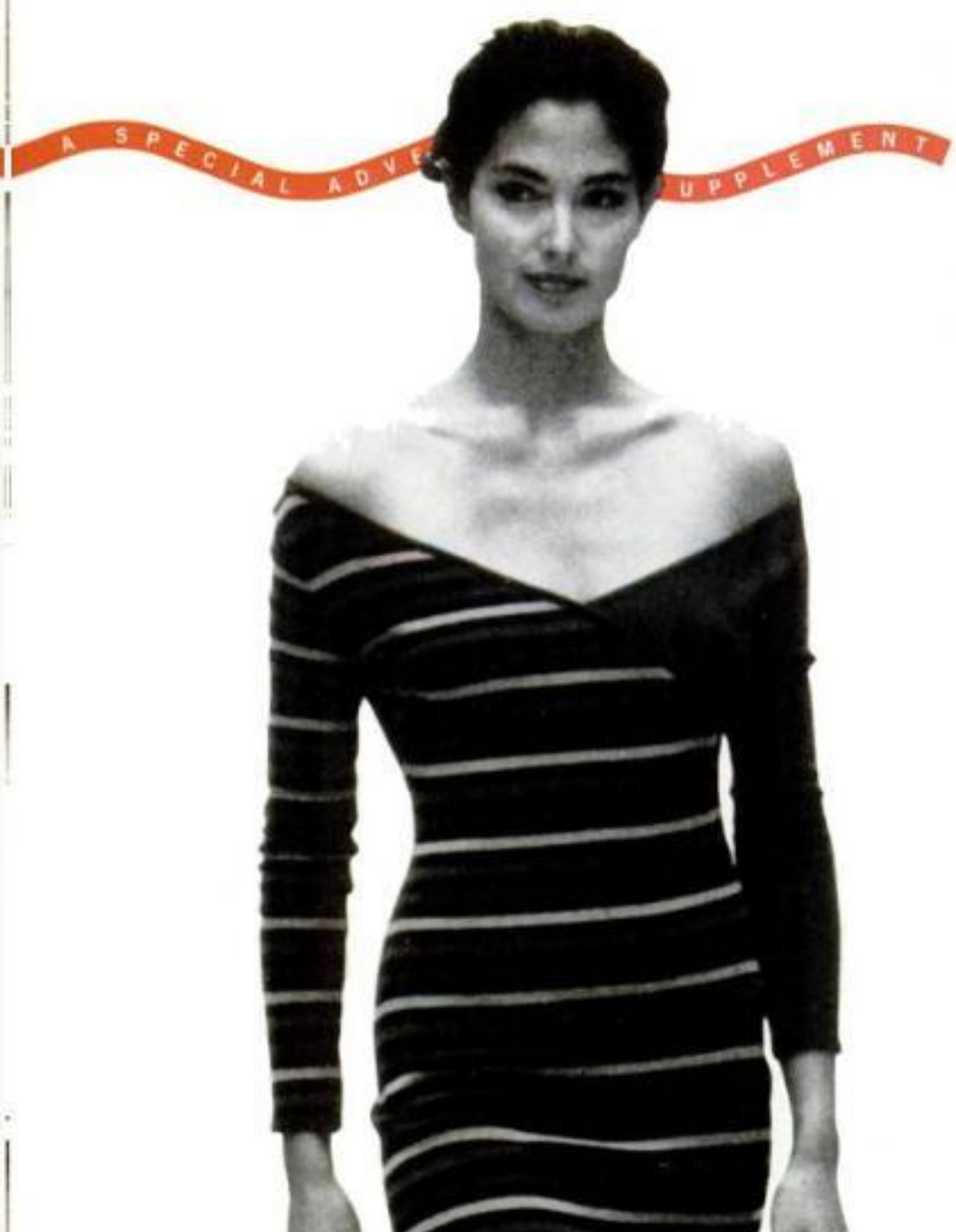
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Italian fast food (called *il fast food* in Italian), while basically presenting the same general product as in the States, offers interesting variations on the theme. The most starkly revealing, perhaps, involved the introduction of fast-food pasta (either pesto or with Ragu-like sauce) at Wendy's (here called *da Wendy*); accompanying the new product was an ad campaign showing a plastic plateful of pasta, with a plastic fork and a Wendy's napkin, and a headline reading, *Wendy loves you.* The ad went on to explain that Wendy's was concerned about the customer's good health, and that after a hard morning in school, the best thing for a tired student was a nice warm bowl of *pastasciutta da Wendy*! ■ Going one step further toward total cultural confusion, a new fast-food chain called Italy & Italy—the English words for their own country— offers buffet pasta, mozzarella, salad, and red wine in plastic cups. ■ Even the movies—which are often American—seem different, if one examines the titles: *Hairspray* becomes *Fat Is Beautiful*; *A View to a Kill* becomes *007 Moving Target*; *Slamdance* turns into *Murder at Midnight*; *Risky Business* is *When the Folks Are Away the Kids Will Play.* ■ And when the Italians want to describe products that are truly *italianissimo*, possessing what we Americans would call Italian *brio* or style, the term they use is "*il Made in Italy*." Which just about says it all.



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PLASTIC SANDALS, EURO-NYMPHS AND VESTAL VIRGINS

POP CULTURE is to the Italian fashion industry what the electromagnetic wave is to the television industry. The David Sarnoff of pop fashion was certainly Elio Fiorucci, heir to a slipper manufacturing empire and inventor of the plastic shoe. ■ It has been postulated that all modern pop can be traced to Carnaby Street. We tend to forget, however, that Carnaby Street can be seen from two sides: America has one view of pop; Italy has quite another. Much like Saul Steinberg's *New Yorker* view of America, the Italian view of British pop in the 1960s reads more or less as follows: Marcello Mastroianni, Elio Fiorucci, Rome, Florence, Milan, English Channel, Mary Quant, David Hamilton, the Rolling Stones, Carnaby Street, California. ■ We Americans took the pop experience and produced

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Prince; the Italians came up with Fiorucci, Benetton and Oliviero Toscani. Those three names were not chosen at random: Toscani was the anointed photographer first of Fiorucci, and later of Benetton (Benetton even owned Fiorucci for a brief period). Son of the founder of Publifoto, Italy's premier news photo agency (that is, agency for paparazzi), Toscani went about fashion photography as if he were a news photographer on assignment. In Italy, that means capturing the indiscreet moment on film. And in a sense, that is the essence of pop style—willful indiscretion.

Italian fashion has a split personality: half is frivolous, desecratory, ironic and thoroughly pop; the other half is formal and as highly stylized as any Vestal Virgin. Fiorucci, Benetton, Moschino, Gian Marco Venturi and even Emporio Armani are at the pop end of the scale; Valentino (who brought legal action when a McDonald's opened downstairs from his atelier in Rome) and Armani haute couture are at the other.



Nevertheless, all Italian fashion is redolent of a certain weird pop expressiveness. The Italian fashion show, with its sybaritic excess and its florid eclecticism, is the modern equivalent of an ancient Roman triumph, or of gladiatorial games at the Colosseum. Let us consider a recent show put on by the designer Complice, in which hordes of models paraded down the runway in red suits, pixie wigs and white pancake makeup while the disembodied voice of Euronymph Patsy Kensit chanted, "Keep those dogs away from me. . . ." Or the designer Moschino, who had his models carried down the runway in sedan chairs by Conan-esque bearers in leopard skins. Or the Moschino show in which one model sashayed down the runway in a very correct tailleur, with a beribboned teakettle tucked under her arm as a handbag, while another Moschino model wore a jauntily tilted bonbon box as a hat.

What it all boils down to is that Italian fashion speaks a language all its own, a pidgin mix of street pop, aestheticism and social anthropology. When we add the linguistic confusion inherent in the fractured English employed in fashion press releases, we find some remarkable concepts, such as the idea of "the post-

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Reagan man, who will be a man with an important chest and important shoulders." Other winners: Laura Biagiotti's "ideal horsewomen in skirts," or "long circular overcoats . . . in tangerine orange, dog-rose pink, shammy yellow . . . forming unusual macro-tartan patterns" or a "new blazer" that "boasts . . . a clever pocket/buttonhole in which to lodge a saucy pochette." Valentino's current collection is broken into eight major groupings: "New Passion, Unexpected Evolution, Feminine Seduction, Serious Statement, Casual Seduction, Baroque Exaggeration, Spiritual Concentration, and Variations." And the colors: Romeo Gigli offered the following list of hues and shades for his summer 1989 collection—"Mirage, Morning Dew, Dawn, Tides, Haze, Sunset, Fog, Smoke, Vanilla, Pastis, Rose Oil, and Flame." Rich, very rich stuff— but bring a translator.



Because this fashion jargon is exquisitely Italian (just as the chatter between airline pilots and flight controllers is pure American—not English—the world round). Admittedly the French have had a major hand in the development of fashion language—the nineteenth-century author Theophile Gaultier (no relation to Jean-Paul), besides being something of a dadaist before his time (he once took a lobster out for a stroll on a pink satin leash), published one of the world's first fashion magazines.

But the Italian fashion system and sensibility is above all else the product of decades of upper-middle-class Italians—the *borghesi* —observing their neighbors. The Italian *borghese* has

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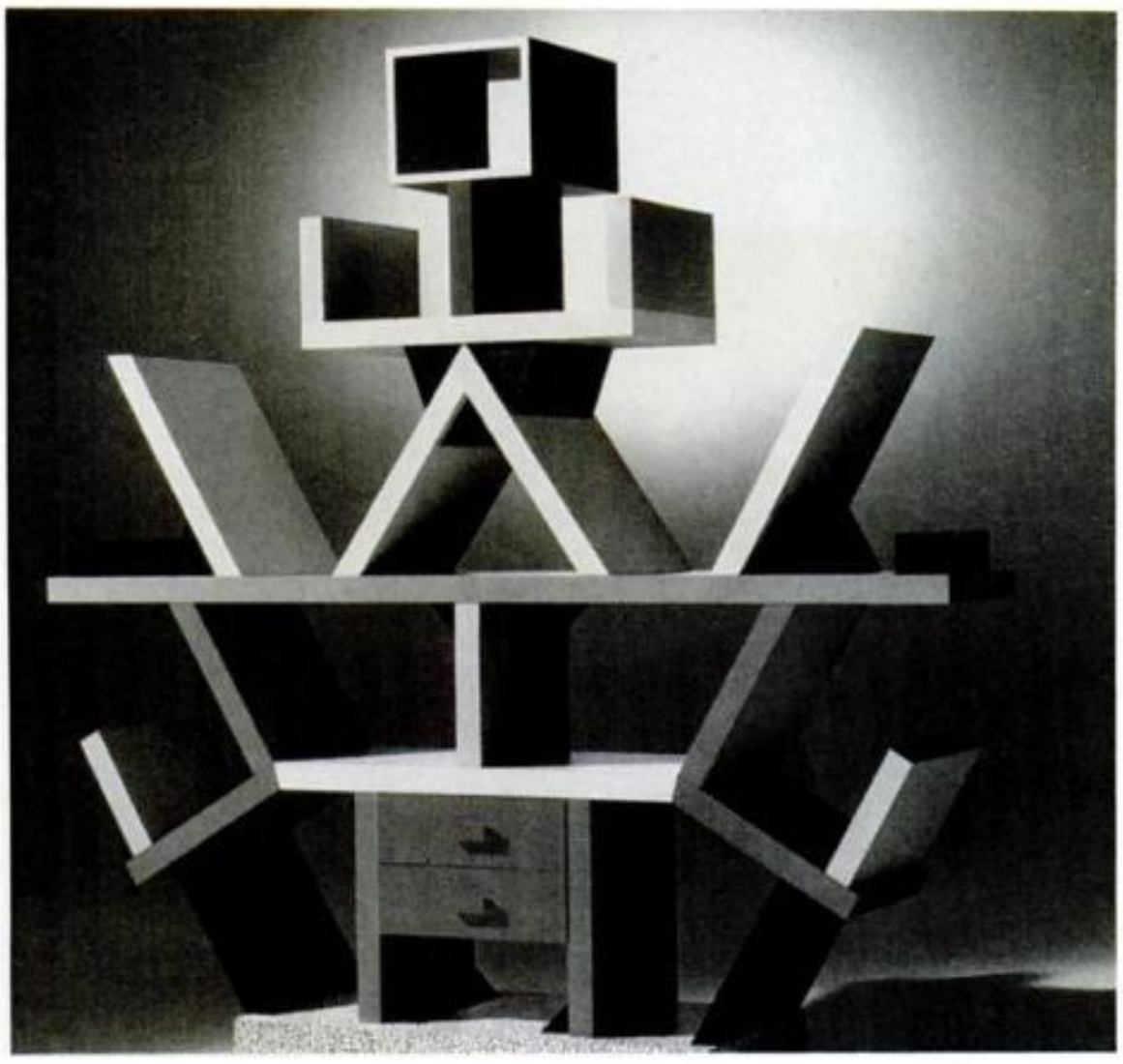
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undergone scrutiny twice daily, just prior to each of the principal meals of the day, with the tradition of the preprandial stroll up and down (up and down, up and down) the local piazza or boulevard. (In Italian, this is also known as *fare vasche*, or doing laps.) This activity has driven generations of Italians to sharpen their eyes and tongues on the clothing and accessories of their friends and neighbors, though lately the gaze has begun to shift to the well-dressed dummies in the store windows, instead of those strolling by every day between noon and 1:30 p.m., and 6:00 and 8:00 in the evening. As a result, Italy has successfully developed an unequaled ability to construct those decorative vocabularies that are the building blocks of fashion.

And those systems take some construction—like pattern-making, cutting, stitching and finishing. No one does it better (though the Turks, Hungarians, Portuguese and Yugoslavs do it cheaper) than the big Italian manufacturing groups GFT, Zamasport and Girombelli. Indeed, designers from the rest of Europe, such as Sybilla, Christian Lacroix, Vivienne Westwood and Jean-Paul Gaultier, come to Italy to have their sketches transformed into clothing.

These manufacturers serve as enormous, highly polished mirrors that accurately reflect whatever momentary pop fantasy flits into the minds of designers. They are the Mount Palomar of pop, recording even the faintest glimmers of style from far-off lands and times gone by.

MONDO DESIGN:



Redesigning The World

IF YOU WANT cross-cultural confusion, you could hardly hope for a richer trove of it than the world of Italian product and furniture design. Among the most prominent design studios is Memphis, founded by Ettore Sottsass. Legend has it that the Italian design group took its name a decade ago from Bob Dylan's "Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again"—keeping in mind that the word for furniture in Italian is *mobile*. That's one explanation, though others point out that Memphis suggests both Elvis and ancient Egypt. Memphis, in name and design philosophy, is one of the sharper examples of Italian creative ambivalence.

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Or let's take the word *design* itself. Just as Eskimos have more than 10 words for snow, the Italian language is rich in synonyms for design. The pseudo-English word *il design* means industrial design; *progetto* has a range of meanings, from blueprint to planning to engineering to project; a fashion designer is a *stilista*. But the word that best describes Italian product design is certainly *progetto*—every piece of Italian design is a project, an undertaking, a crusade of some kind. Italian design is almost intolerably ambitious. It is reminiscent of grand opera.

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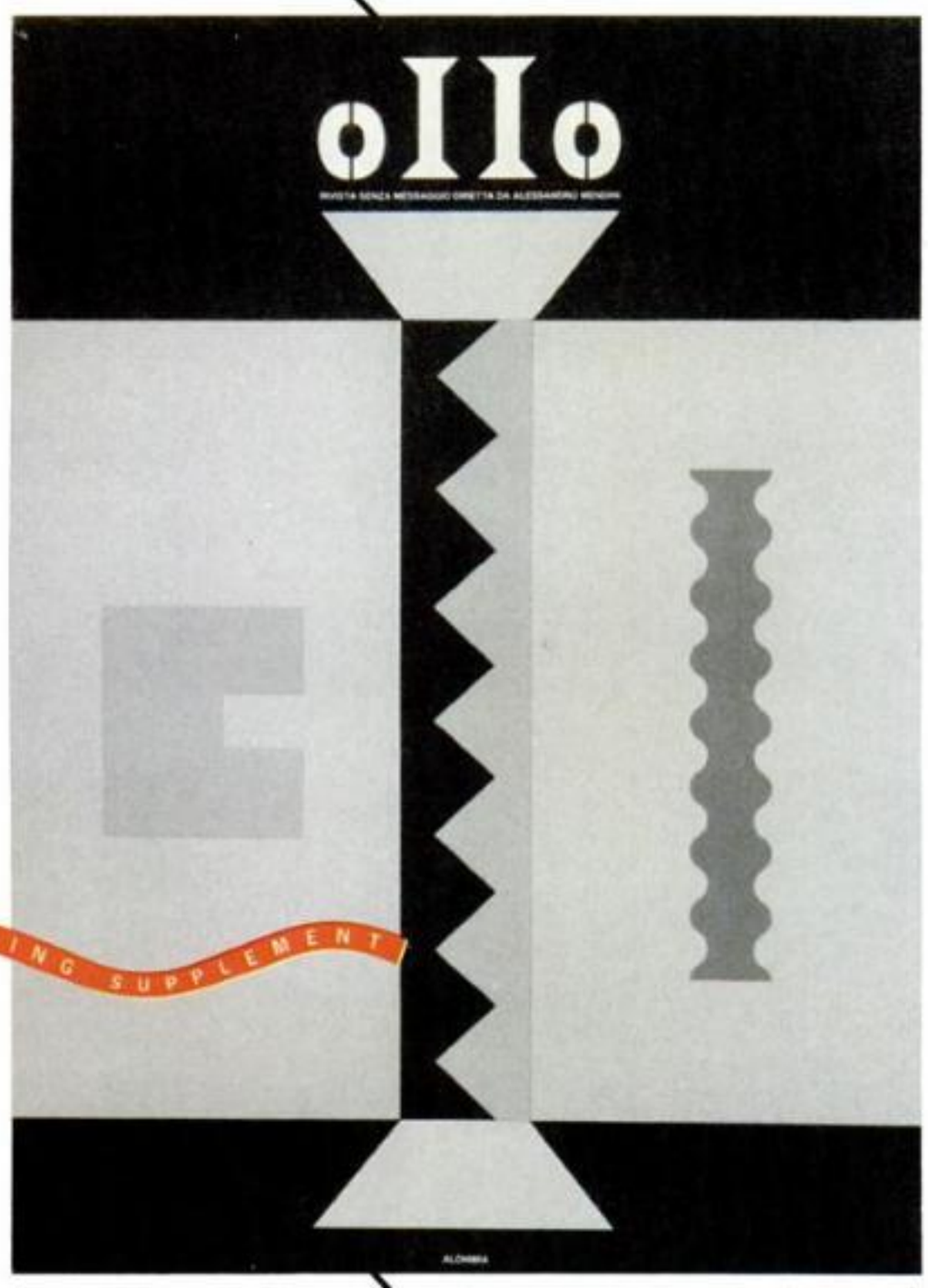
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Rubber telephones; collapsible electric automobiles with folding batteries; triangular polarized windows that rotate on their cross-section to act as a light-filtering prism; luminescent beach umbrellas for moon-bathers; roll-up plastic scales for weighing oneself while camping; pasta pots with built-in automatic colanders—they may seem like so many innovative household products, but they are in fact incredibly elaborate stage machinery for that ongoing amateur production that is daily Italian life. This elaborate design ambition is true of the details (the Moka Express coffee pot, to name a classic), and it is true of the monuments.



The Milanese skyline, for instance, boasts one shape that is even stranger than Milan's spire-ridden cathedral—it is the Torre Velasca, the work of a group of designer/architects called BBPR. George Lucas may have seen the Torre Velasca before starting work on *Star Wars*; both the cathedral and the Torre Velasca look as if they may lift off at any moment in a blast of flame.

Design in Italy is largely synonymous with Milan, perhaps because it requires a particularly active imagination to find Milan beautiful.

Italian design, as we know it today, began here with the postwar industrial conversion to consumer goods. Both the Moka Express *caffettiera* and the Lambretta were spinoffs of the Italian aircraft industry (the Italians still hold the world speed record for propeller-driven seaplanes). Carlo Mollino, officially considered a forerunner of three or four "generations" of Italian designers, drew up plans both for airplanes and for furniture in his career—and it shows.

Overlaid on this rich stratum of high-tech was the goofy cartoonish imagery of Ettore Sottsass and Memphis, products of a movement called Radical Design. It is perhaps no accident that Sottsass works with powerful absurdist imagery; Sottsass's wife, Fernanda Pivano, translated William Burroughs's *Naked Lunch* into Italian.

To take just one example, Alessandro Mendini, a magazine editor and industrial designer (a classic Italian multidisciplinary, multimedia career), designed a neopointillist chair (*poltrona*) called *La Poltrona di Proust*. The chair, of course,

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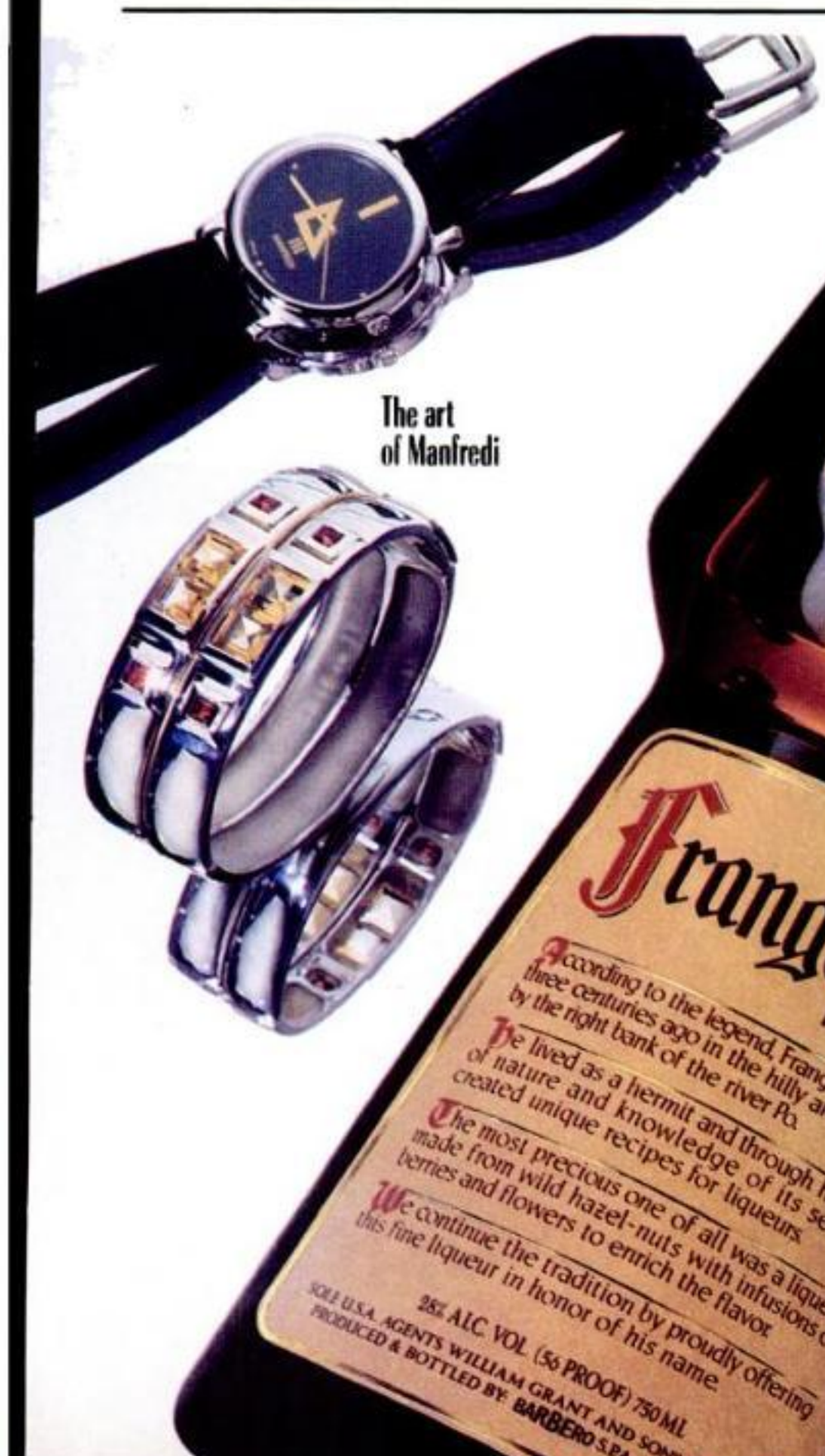
needed explaining; its introduction generated more press clippings than actual chairs manufactured (hundreds and hundreds of both).

The Radical Design movement that led to Italian Postmodern has become fairly tame in terms of provocative design statements (one Sottsass spinoff is an advertising agency). The latest development in the world of Italian design is the mass move into publishing. Both Memphis and Alchimia, another avant-garde design group, have just published quarterly design "journals": Sottsass's is called *Terrazzo*, and boasts a cover that borrows its graphic motif from the regimental tie, with aubergine, jade green and royal blue stripes; Alchimia's is called *Ollo*, and its cover is the epitome of postmodern, with turquoise, fuchsia, orange, canary, cobalt and black columns, cornices and Golgi bodies.



In both cases, the idea is to provide a showcase for all one's friends and fellow travelers. The publications are perverse and delightful—especially *Ollo*, which has no text, no binding (just 107 unbound color pages, with one plexiglass frontispiece, in a cardboard book case) and an Italian-design timeline without dates.

Some of the most remarkable work presented in these magazines is by Massimo Iosa-Ghini, who, like Mendini, has a multidisciplinary, crossover career: by day a mild-mannered comic-book cartoonist and illustrator, by night he makes the paraphernalia of his cartoon world jump to life as designer furniture—the most productive hybrid since Mollino mixed props and propellers.





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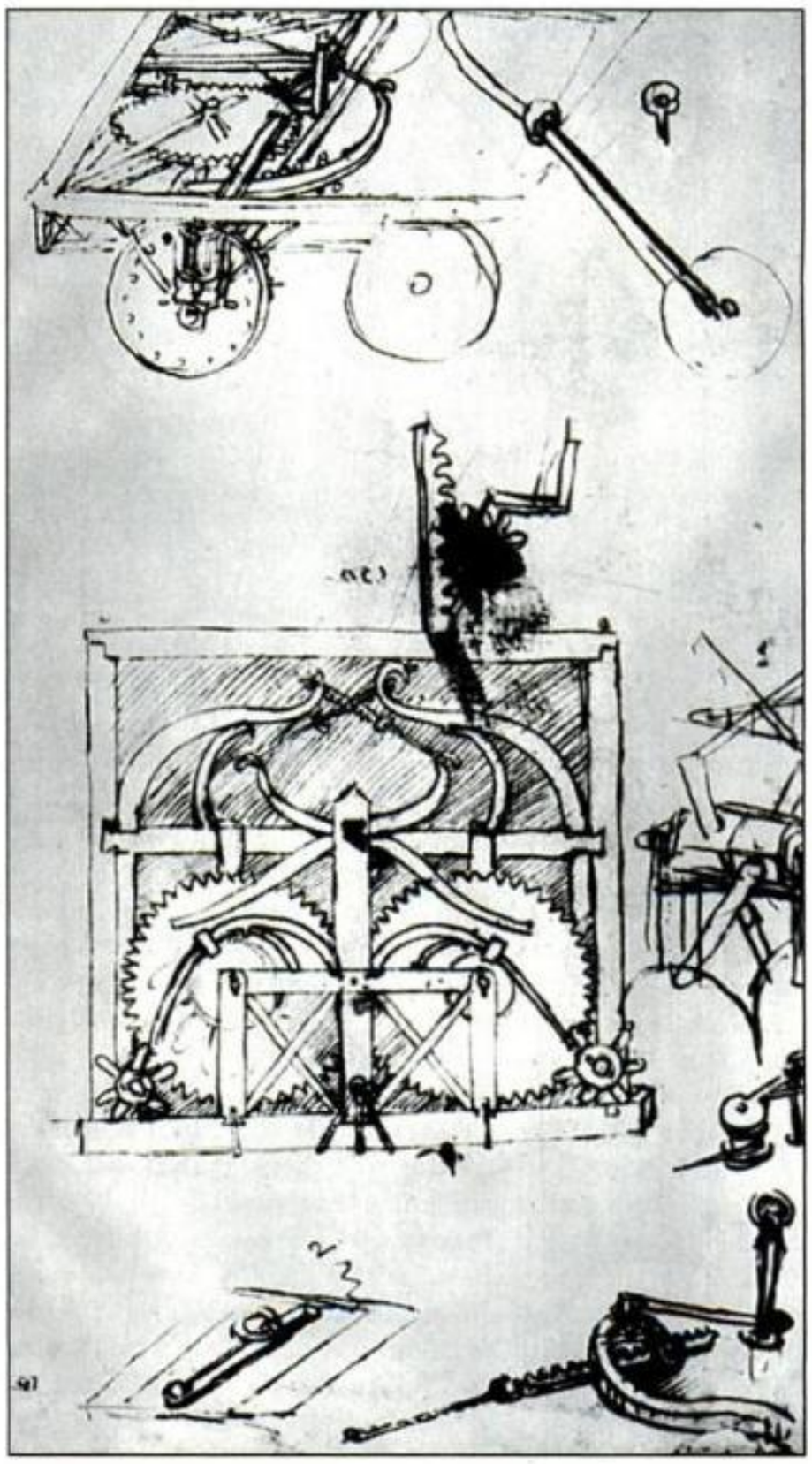
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After this uninspired beginning, the Italian automobile industry lay more or less fallow for some 43 decades; then, in 1907, a Paris daily, *Le Matin*, announced a race from Peking to Paris, a distance of over 10,000 kilometers. Five cars left Peking on the tenth of June; the sole Italian entry, an Itala driven by Prince Scipione Borghese, entered Paris exactly two months later, leading the three surviving contestants by 20 days, despite a solo detour to Saint Petersburg for a state banquet.

This episode marked the first passionate locking of gazes, if one may so put it, in what was to be a long and torrid love affair between the Italian male and the Italian automobile. Consider: in the Italian language the word for *car* is *macchina*, i.e., machine—as if the natural aspiration of all machinery is to be a car. And the consensus regarding the Italian automobile extends beyond nationalist sentiment. American admirers range from Henry Ford ("I tip my hat every time I see an Alfa Romeo") to P.J. O'Rourke ("Ferrari 308s and F-15s—these are the conveyances of free men").

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For whatever reasons, Italy boasts a splendid peninsular freeway system—including the Autostrada del Sole, or Freeway of the Sun, from Milan to Rome. The Italian freeways are dotted with convenient and surrealistic *autogrills* (giant restaurant/reststops that stretch over the roadway on a massive trestle structure).



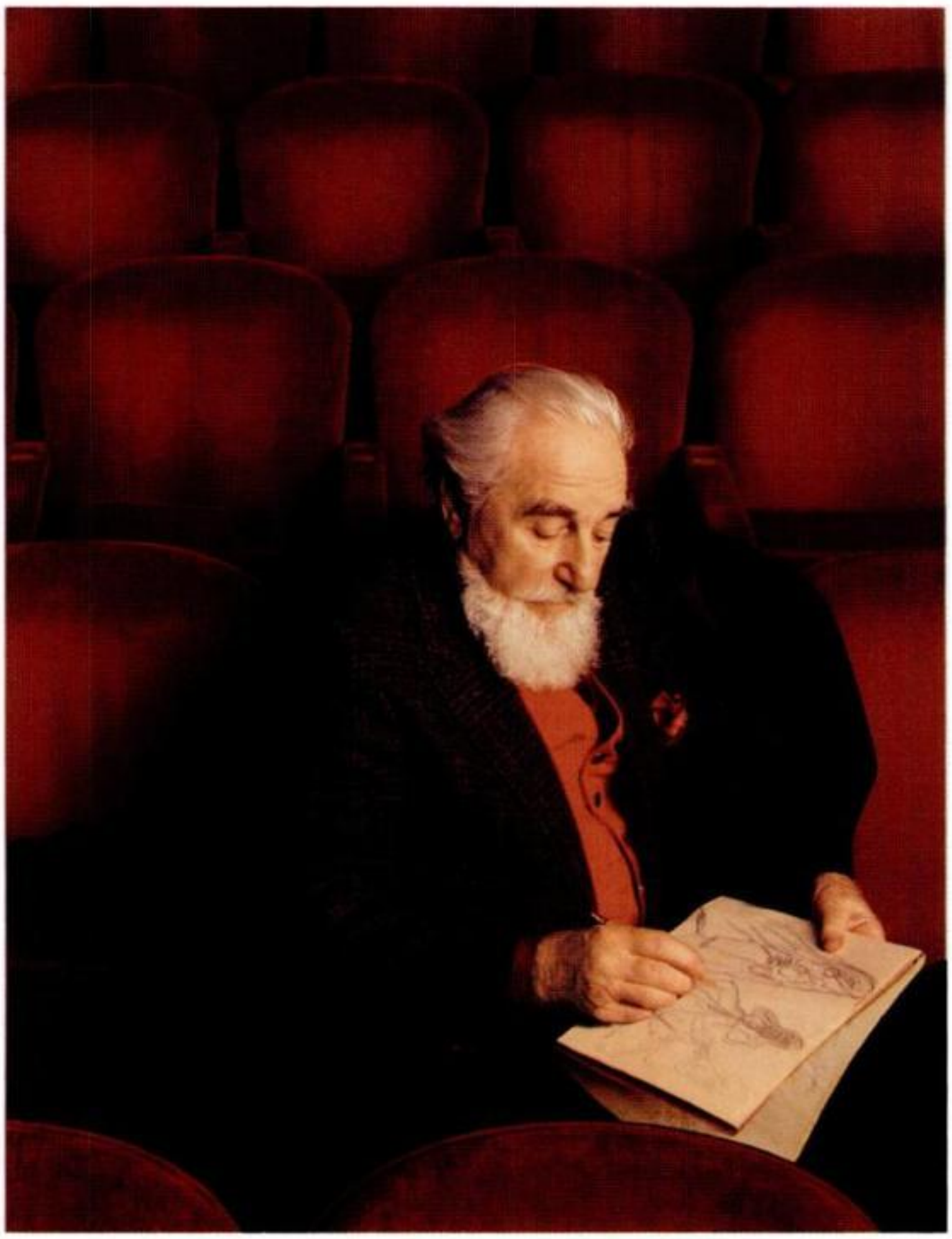
Until recently, powerful Italian cars of whatever make, creed or engine displacement could power down these six-lane blacktops at just under 90 mph (legally sanctioned) or at barely subsonic speed (actually clocked). In 1987 a speed limit of—you guessed it—55 mph was imposed, and Italians are still griping about what manys suspect to be a NATO plot.

Mustangs and Thunderbirds are American classics; let's look at some examples of Italian classics.

First, a historical note. Nowadays there are almost as many cars in Italy as there are Italian fashion designers (there is one for every 2.8 Italians—one car, not one fashion designer). In 1966, that figure was one for every 7.6 Italians, and back in 1956 there was only one automobile for every 36 Italians. Which helps us figure out some of those scenes in Neo-Realist films (we told you this guide would be helpful).

Strange as it may seem, cars were once as rare in Italy as white truffles. From 1911 to 1919 an annual average of 12,612 cars and trucks were built in the Bel Paese; from 1920 to 1929 that rate climbed to 39,317 a year; and, by

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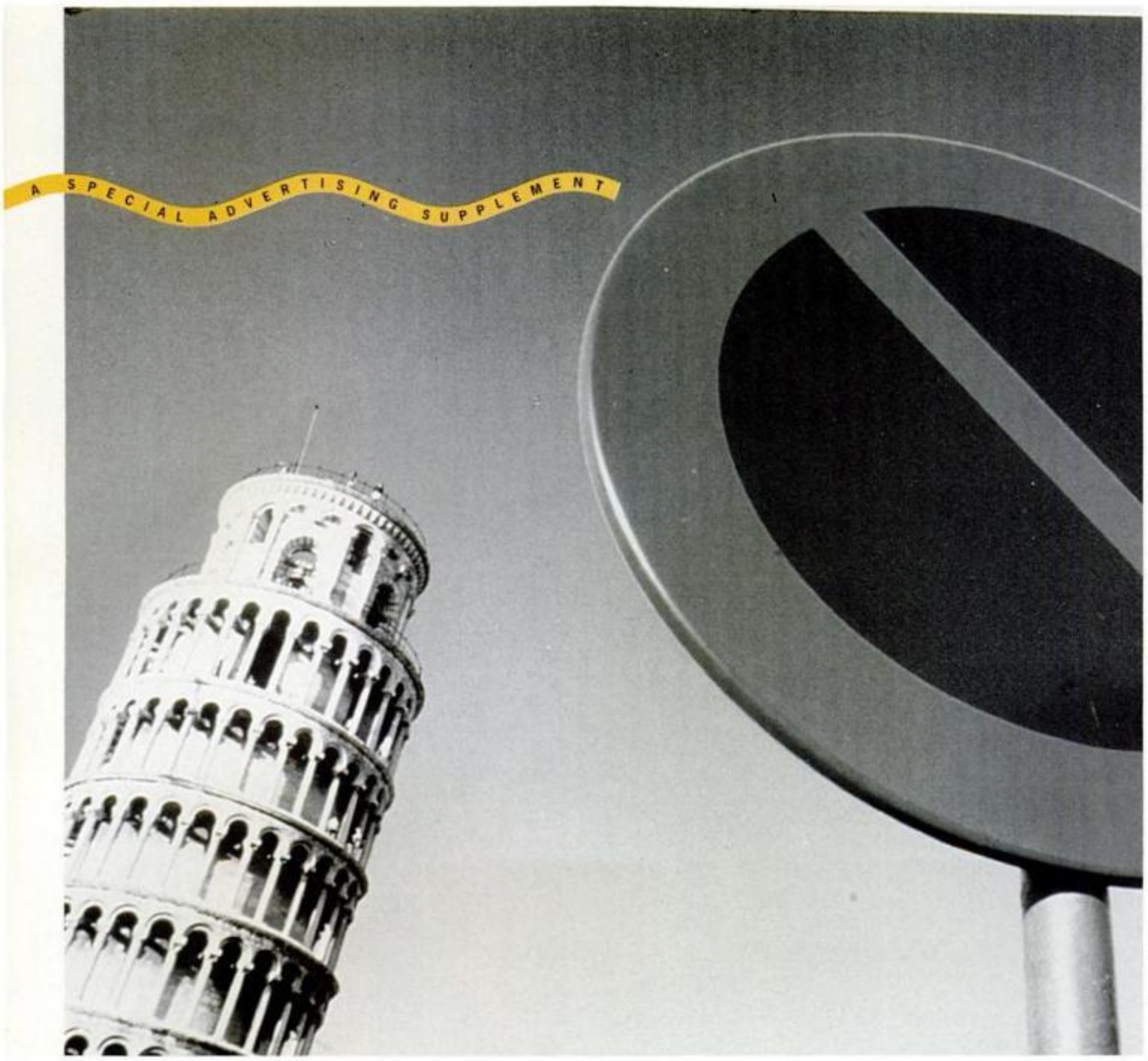
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the 1930s, to 51,253 a year. That's barely a million cars in 30 years. Sure, they had time to lavish on the things; especially considering that any nice Alfa Romeo, Lancia, Isotta Fraschini, or top-of-the-line Fiat cost the equivalent of an Italian factory worker's salary for ten years.

Deluxe Italian body-shops sprang up to achieve Tommaso Filippo Marinetti's goal of conquering the "hostility that separates . . . human flesh from the metal of motors," and they did so with a sweep and plasticity that is still surprising. Important workshops were Pinifarina, Bertone, Viotti, Touring and Zagato, working even before the Second World War. Carozzeria Touring, for instance, was responsible for the Lancia Aprillia 97 Two-Seater racing special, which beats a poke in the eye with a sharp stick in terms of ocular experience. There is the Lancia Aurelia. Then there is the Cisitalia 202 Berlinetta Granturismo, which has been part of MoMA's permanent collection since 1951.

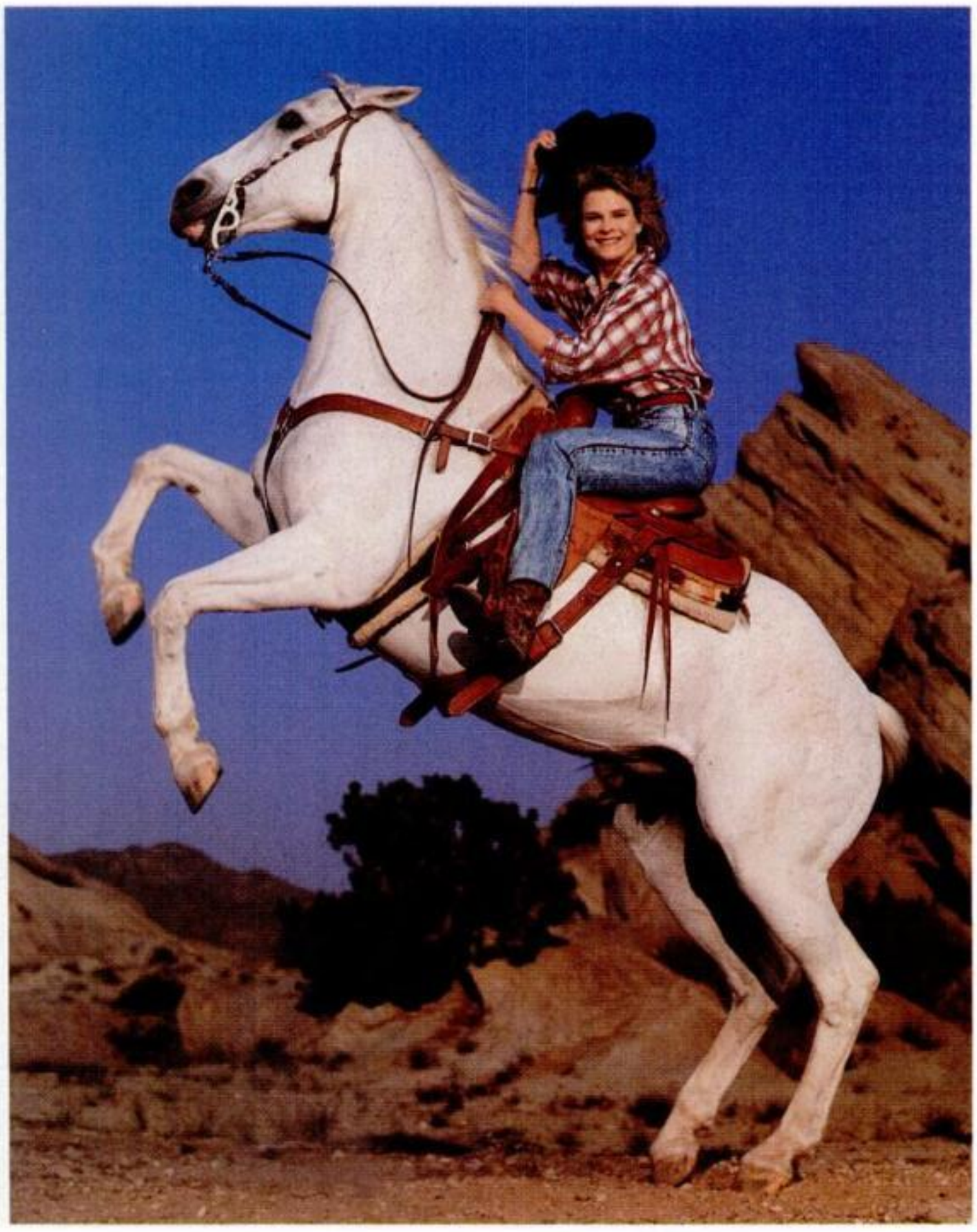


The 1954 Bertone-styled Alfa Romeo Giulietta Sprint (by the way, the pun on Alfa Romeo and Giulietta— Italian for Juliet—is intentional) is also easier to take than, say, a thumb in the eye, as is Bertone's 1968 version of the Alfa Romeo Carabo 33.2, dubbed the Dream Car.

These are the slick, fast beauties, but there are also some exquisitely designed but truly goofy Italian cars—the ISO Isetta, which looks like a bug on a leaf; the Bianchina convertible, with doors that open forward; and the Fiat 600 Multipla, a car designed to seat six that is less than ten feet in length.

The pop apotheosis of both approaches occurred recently in Bologna, the Indianapolis of Italian automobile culture—a Porsche engine was installed in a

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Fiat 500. The resulting hybrid was as fast and as hard to control as the Ford 394 engine mounted on a motorcycle frame described by Tom Wolfe in *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby*; it was equally clearly the crown of some idiosyncratic automotive creation.

At this point, gentle reader, you may well be asking yourself, just what is this thing we call pop? It is the same spelled backward and forward, the same in English and Italian. Is it the fundamental particle in modern media? What gives pop its popness? Hmmm. Give up?

Okay, we'll tell you. It's the price tag. Pop culture is all culture that is governed exclusively by the law of supply and demand. Everything from the fins on a Cadillac or the pope's face on a postcard to Julian Schnabel's signature. Take a van Gogh self-portrait—that's culture. Sell it to a Japanese department store for $38 million—that's pop culture. Simple.

Every country, every people, every tribe has its own elaborate system for setting market values on the handbags and glad rags of pop culture. And Italy's price index is just a tad more elaborate than most.

Now a cursory glance might lead you to think that Italy is elbowing aside Puerto Rico in a rush to become the fifty-first state. Not so.

Perhaps the Italian pop subconscious said it best with an advertising slogan several years back: United Workers of Americanino. In Italy, East is Middle East, and West is Midwest, and never the twain shall meet. Italian pop culture is like a multiplex cinema before its time, or a three-ring circus after its time (remember that time line).

In the final analysis, Italians like their pop culture ambiguous; they like it flexible, implicit, undeclared. Italy may belong to NATO, but Italian pop culture is decidedly nonaligned.

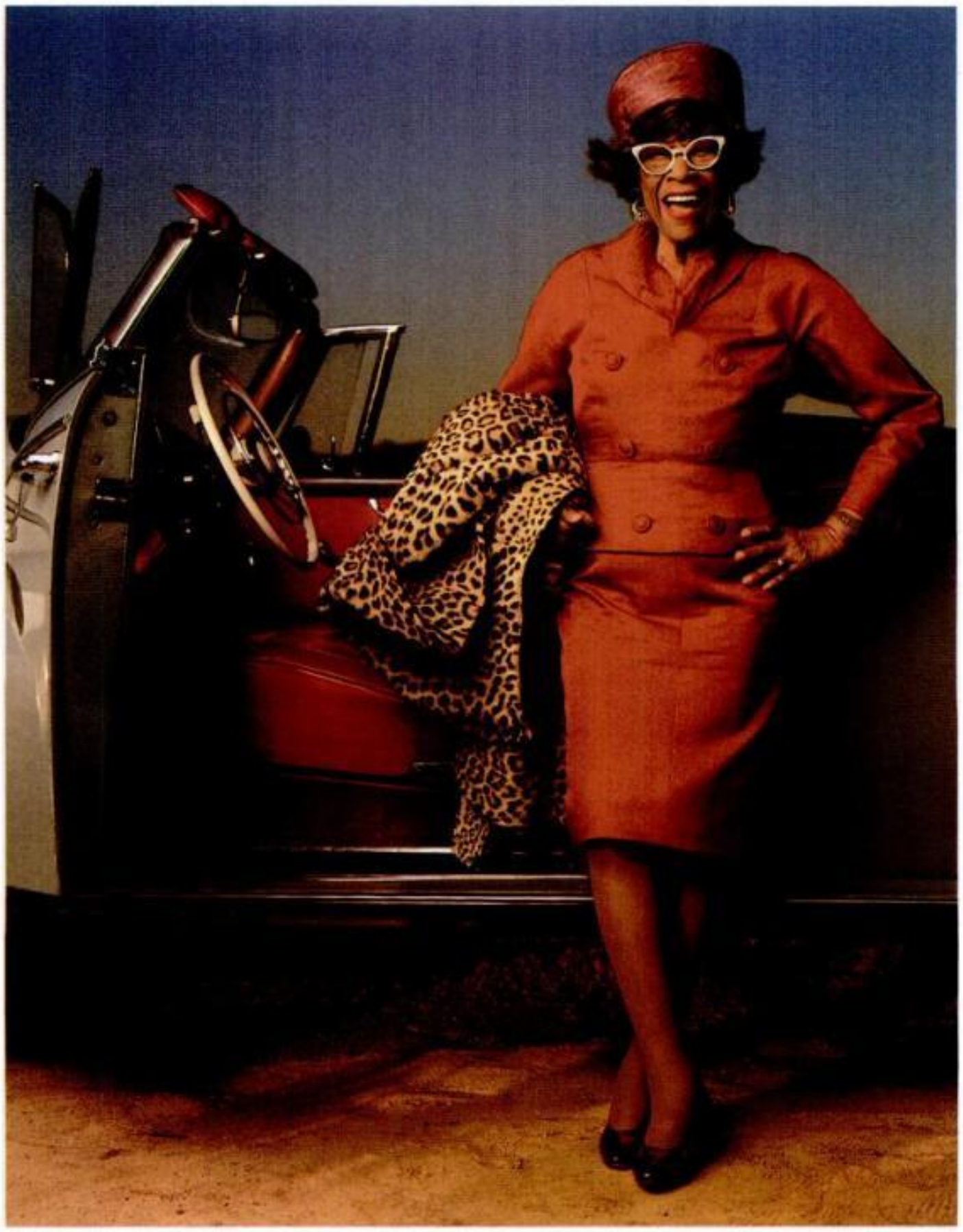
ITALY SECTION

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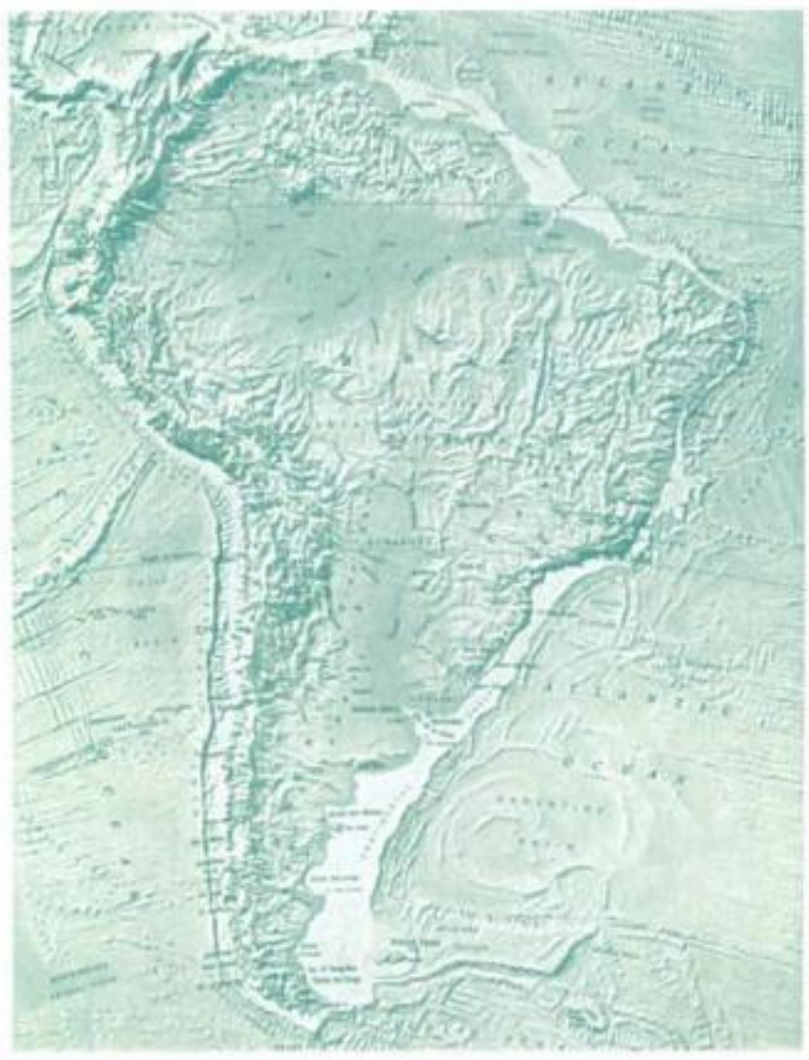
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I WAS A *superstar*

FOR 21 DAYS



IN SOUTH AMERICA.

"Wilde had been thinking of the 'cloud of misrepresentation that must have preceded' him, but he was not prepared for the reporters: there were so many, and they would ask anything."

—RICHARD ELLMANN, *OSCAR WILDE*

New York actor (*Stranger Than Paradise*, *Down by Law*, *The Last Temptation of Christ*) and jazz saxophonist John Lurie's first visit to Brazil was in some respects similar to Oscar **SORT OF.** Wilde's first visit to America. To be sure, Wilde was a bona fide celebrity in England, whereas Lurie and his band, The Lounge Lizards, were mere cult figures

John Lurie's

Fantastic True Tale

of Media Madness

BY LYNN GELLER

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in the United States, accustomed to playing small clubs and to walking New York's streets largely undisturbed. No matter. Before, during and after the Free Jazz Festival last year in São Paulo (the festival, by the way, is hardly free—a ticket costs the equivalent of $12 per day, nearly a week's salary for a worker earning Brazil's minimum wage; rather, the name of the cigarette company that sponsors the festival is Free), Lurie's visit received the sort of screaming, war-of-headlines daily newspaper coverage normally accorded a papal visit or a moderate local earthquake.

"The day I arrived there were 30 photographers," says Lurie. "I don't know how they knew what plane I was taking. *I* didn't know until I took it. And they were in the lobby of my hotel. I couldn't leave my room. They also mentioned in every paper what hotel I was staying in. It was almost like they were trying to drive me mad."

If Lurie sounds a tad paranoid, as though he has seen *Gaslight* a few times too many, it is perhaps understandable. So doggedly was he followed, so thoroughly was his every remark interpreted, that it is tempting to explain it all away by assuming that the Brazilians simply mistook Lurie for someone else.

This is a scrapbook of Lurie's trip to Brazil, with comments issued from the post-Brazil safety of his New York apartment.

AUGUST 14.

John Lurie and The Lounge Lizards play to a capacity crowd of 160 at The Knitting Factory, an avant-gardist venue on Houston Street between Mott and Mulberry. Meanwhile, in São Paulo, Lurie's arrival is being anticipated with anything but indifference. LURIE AND ZORN, THE NEW GIANTS OF JAZZ, says the headline in the Portuguese-language edition of *Playboy*. THE SAX APPEAL WILL SHOW UP is, more or less, how *Folha de S. Paulo*, one of São Paulo's largest newspapers, puts it. In Brazil, as in the United States, the press knows a good thing when it sees one, and *sax appeal* is a phrase that will be typeset liberally in the weeks ahead.

LURIE: "The journalist who called me while I was still in New York didn't speak English. He'd say, 'What do you think of Wim Wenders?' And I'd say, 'What do you mean by that?' Silence, and then I'd say, 'Do you mean as a filmmaker or as a man?' And he'd say, 'Yes.' "





AUGUST 25.

From the *Jornal do Brasil*: IN SEARCH OF SUN, SEA AND PEACE: JOHN LURIE TO MEET CAETANO AND RECORD IN BRAZIL. Caetano is the Bob Dylan of Brazil, an enormous star.

A photo of the newly arrived Lurie in a hammock appears with this caption: "Resting and writing a script, *Fatty Walks*, and studying Portuguese for the festival, he wants to be far from the phone and journalists."

"The first thing that happened was I went on vacation for a week to try to write. I thought I would like it there; I'd never been there before. But soon three sets of journalists arrived. I don't know how they knew where I was—maybe the people from the festival told them they needed more publicity. Anyway, there were two little guys who were staying at the hotel next door to the house I rented. Luckily, they didn't recognize me, though I frequently walked right by them. In fact, they never did find me."



A second pair of journalists did find Lurie and persuaded him to be interviewed ("Very good for you, very good for Brazil," they told him), but their English didn't go much beyond that. Lurie's comparatively fluent landlady ("Hot food or cold?") had to be brought in as an interpreter.

"The third group of journalists seemed very intelligent and asked good questions. But when the story came out, it had nothing to do with anything I actually said."

AUGUST 27.

The earliest documented hint of controversy: Lurie, looking like a startled deer, is pictured on the front page of *Folha de S. Paulo*, and readers are directed to an article inside headlined LURIE DEFENDS *TEMPTATION* IN PORTO SEGURO.

"They never asked me about *Last Temptation*."

Also, two journalists who have for some reason come to believe that Lurie's friend Stephen Torton is in fact Lurie's *boyfriend* want to photograph Lurie underwater. Or that's their story.

"I said no, I'm on vacation. They were offended, and the next time I saw them, they were incredibly cold. The story was pretty negative."





AUGUST 30.

From the *Jornal do Brasil*: FASHION WITHOUT IMPROVISATION. "In linen trousers, baggy with English cuffs, open shirts and bare feet, the elegant Lurie resisted the heat of Bahia."

"Who cares?"

MEANWHILE, BACK ON EARTH . . .

August 14, 1988	August 24	August 25	August 26	August 27
Other, Not-Quite-So-Significant News Events Occurring Simultaneously	*George Bush prepares to accept GOP nomination*	*Iraq celebrates cease-fire agreement with Iran*	*The PLO prepares to declare government in exile in West Bank and Gaza*	

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AUGUST 31.

Luriemania continues.

JOHN LURIE MORE FAMOUS FROM CINEMA THAN RECORDS, announces *Jornal da Tarde*. LURIE WANTS TO GIVE MORE SHOWS AT THE FREE JAZZ AND MAKE THE MUSIC ACCESSIBLE TO THE PUBLIC, reports *Folha de S. Paulo*. In another section, *Folha de S. Paulo* runs an eight-year-old photo of The Lounge Lizards.

"I don't know how they got this."

But the day's coverage isn't all heartening. FOR JOHN LURIE THE MUSIC IS ALMOST A RELIGIOUS RITUAL, *O Estado de S. Paulo*'s headline reads, innocently enough, but the text is another matter. A rough translation: "John Lurie is very temperamental. Skinny, his white skin burned by the Brazilian sun, he arrived telling everyone how tired he is. Poor baby. Behaving like a French person in front of cheese that wasn't good."

"I wanted to be serious about the music. But I couldn't guide the press at all. All they seemed interested in was who I was sleeping with—at least three people asked me what I wore to bed."

SEPTEMBER 1.

THE FAKE OF JOHN LURIE AND THE FUSION OF MILES COME TO THE FREE JAZZ, says *Folha de S. Paulo*. Text: "They're expecting Lurie to come and he'll turn the young girls' heads, but maybe he won't get the same attention from the music-oriented people. Lurie is already the most loved and most hated of the festival. Let's wait and see." *Lurie hasn't even performed yet*. Later on, when Miles Davis inevitably cancels, Lurie's continued presence in the nation's headlines is assured.

There is still further indication of trouble in *O Globo*: Lurie, who is described as temperamental (again) and looking like "a fearful goalie facing a penalty kick," has evidently thrown the first drink, reported (erroneously) as a caipirinha. In a nightclub.

"I was fearful because they were all running around taking pictures of me and misquoting everything I said. They gave me this tour manager, and she took me to a horrible jazz club. Obviously they asked her to bring me. I was sitting there and I hated the music. The next thing I know they were shining a bright light in my face with a TV camera, so I started to shake my head no, which they ignored, and saying, 'Please, no. Please, no.' And finally I got up and threw a drink at the camera."

SEPTEMBER 2.

Brazil's devotion to Lurie coverage at a peak.

Under the headline THE FREE JAZZ FESTIVAL IS A MUSICAL SALAD, *Zero Hora* in Porto Alegre becomes the first paper to question the hype, by reporting, "For lack of anyone else the press is considering John Lurie the hunk of the festival." There are also new articles in *Jornal da Tarde*, *Folha de S. Paulo* (THE LOUNGE LIZARDS PLAY IN AERONTO), *O Globo* (THE FACE AND LIPS OF LURIE), *Folha da Tarde* (ON THE STAGE OF THE FREE JAZZ, THE SOUND OF JOHN LURIE), *O Estado de S. Paulo* (THE NIGHT BELONGS TO JOHN LURIE AND HIS LIZARDS), *Folha de S. Paulo* again (JOHN LURIE DEFINES HIS MUSIC AS A FUSION OF BARTÓK WITH PYGMIES) and *Jornal da Calde* (THE LOUNGE LIZARDS ARE POKING HOLES IN TRADITION).

"Every time they showed a photo of someone in the band, they got the name wrong. By the end it was really like a bunch of people were sitting around a room with a bunch of photos, saying, 'Let's put these two together and make a story about it.' "

Extensive coverage is given to the Milt Jackson Incident.

"The press drummed up this whole feud between me and Milt Jackson from the Modern Jazz Quartet. They asked Jackson what he thought of The Lounge Lizards playing at the same festival as him, and he said he didn't think the name of the band sounded like a jazz band. Then the press came back to me and told me that Milt said that The Lounge Lizards weren't jazz. I replied that it didn't matter to me whether we were 'jazz' or not and, in any case, he probably had never heard us play. So they went back to Milt and said, 'John Lurie doesn't care what you think.' Then Milt said jazz is a music to be respected and how could my band go onstage wearing tennis shoes and dirty clothes? To which I replied that my band dressed much better than Milt Jackson's band. This thing between me and Milt Jackson went on forever. Every day there was a new item about the 'polemic.' "

Finally, *Jornal do Brasil*, searching for the new angle, reports on JOHN LURIE AT THE MOVIE THEATER.

"I told them I couldn't go, but they still held [the screening of *Down by Law*]. And they kept people in the lobby waiting for me, but I didn't show up. No wonder everyone hated me. They were really trying to drive me mad."

That word again.

August 28	August 29	August 30	August 31	September 1	September 1	September 2
Jet crash at West German air show kills at least 40 spectators		*Polish leaders agree to talks with Lech Walesa on ending labor unrest*		*Fires in Yellowstone National Park, still burning unabated, have denuded 2.2 million acres since June*	*Demonstrators in Burma demand democratic elections following U Ne Win's abdication*	

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Louco por hamsters

SEPTEMBER 3.

History will regard September 3 as the heyday of the human-interest Lurie story. *Jornal do Brasil*'s headline reads CRAZY FOR HAMSTERS. "Don't invite the sax symbol, John Lurie, and the star of *Moonlighting* [called *The Cat and the Mouse* in Brazil], Bruce Willis, to the same table," says the story. "Lurie hates this TV star." Elsewhere: "Born in Minnesota, the 35-year-old guy with the big forehead and even bigger nose is the biggest male sensation of the Free Jazz Festival."

"This is a list where you're supposed to answer questions about your favorite products. Whenever I didn't have an answer, I'd say 'Tom's of Maine,' which is an organic toothpaste, or 'gerbiling,' which is a gay sexual pastime involving small animals. They didn't understand the references, so they titled the piece 'Crazy for Hamsters.' "

And *O Dia* has this bit of trivia for the local Lurie buffs: "The sax player/actor John Lurie was completely lost at the register trying to buy a beer. Like a monkey with a massive amount of Brazilian currency in his hand. He was confused by the money and the language. He asked for help from a young actress who is married to a musician, and from then on the couple adopted the big, lost Lurie and took care of him so he wouldn't feel so 'Stranger Than Paradise.' "

Entirely fabricated, Lurie says.


John Lurie chega à apoteose com a sua orgia 'saxual'

Malgrew Miller brilha na noite do trio de Ron Carter e Tony Williams

TIME FOR JAZZ 3 TU NOBILIS

McLaren, a campeã, não tem segredos

Realismo de John Lurie agrada

Botafogo e Flu recusam a decisão nos pênaltis

Cabral dá início às correções na Carta

Advogados mortos por ladrões após seqüestro

Moda das 'jam sessions' apimenta a geléia geral da música popular

'Jam' do Free Jazz pode não fazer jus ao título

SEPTEMBER 4–5.

The Lounge Lizards have finally performed, and the press is divided: THE LOUNGE LIZARDS THE BEST UP TILL NOW (*O Globo*). THE SHOW BY LURIE DISPLEASES PART OF THE PUBLIC (*Folha de S. Paulo*). THE REALISTIC SOUND OF JOHN LURIE PLEASES (*O Globo*). UNFORGETTABLE ANARCHY (*O Globo*). JOHN LURIE ARRIVES AT THE HEIGHT WITH HIS SAXUAL ORGY (*Folha de S. Paulo*). Sample text from *O Globo*: "Expectation around the mouth, the nose and the way of walking of John Lurie made around midnight the Hotel National lobby crowded with old bags' waiting to see him."*

"Are you sure they said 'old bags'? They were about 20, 21."


Os gigolôs modernos

SEPTEMBER 7.

The Lounge Lizards have reportedly performed with other festival musicians: JAM SESSION TURNS INTO *MARMELADA* (*Folha de S. Paulo*). *Marmelada* means "big mess."

"There was no jam session. It was an invention of the press."

O Globo apparently decides to translate the band's name into Portuguese and ends up headlining a story THE MODERN GIGOLOS.

And *Jornal do Brasil* sniffs out a romance.

"[At a party] I was asked to pose with a particular [soap opera] actress. In this item they say that I'm pursuing this actress. She was about 45 years old. The item says that she likes me but felt that she couldn't have another international affair—it's too exhausting. I was linked to other actresses as well after being asked to pose with them for two minutes."


John Lurie explica fracasso no Rio

Dois lutam brasileiros muito especiais

O irmão menos badalado de John Lurie

Grapelli, surpreendente.

SEPTEMBER 9.

Though Lurie still has some supporters in the Brazilian press—*Jornal da Tarde*, for example, in an article called LURIE JUST CHARMS, credits him with being adept at making expressions with his mouth—most publications aren't so appreciative. THE VERY BLACK SHEEP OF THE FESTIVAL is how *O Globo* puts it. *Folha de S. Paulo*, under the headline JOHN LURIE PUNCHES OTHER HOLES IN HIS PURIST ENEMIES, portrays a defensive Lurie who enjoys attacking his critics for always hating what's new.

Folha de Londrina discusses the Late Incident—the band's failure to begin until 4 a.m.

"Some people were tired, or perhaps they hated the music and were trying to discreetly leave. So what I always do in this situation is draw everyone's attention to the people leaving by begging them to stay so they have to skulk out like rats."

O Estado de S. Paulo also gives extensive coverage to the Late Incident: JOHN LURIE EXPLAINS THE MESS IN RIO is the understated headline.

September 3	September 4	September 5	September 6	September 7	September 8	September 9
		Corruption trial of Leonid Brezhnev's son-in-law begins in Moscow	*U.S. presidential campaign begins in earnest*		*Seoul, South Korea, prepares for the opening of the XXIVth Olympiad*	

*All translations, incidentally, from the Portuguese courtesy of Isa Brito.

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SEPTEMBER 10.
Piling on! *O Estado*, in a caption, removes the velvet gloves: "John Lurie: pathetic and ignorant."

SEPTEMBER 11.
O Estado again, with an enormous caricature of Lurie and a story describing how The Lounge Lizards provoke passion and hatred.


CADERNO 2
John Lurie na noite de encerramento
O Free Jazz mais criticado da história
ACONTECE
Lurie e seus lagartos na festa paulista do jazz

SEPTEMBER 12.
Jornal da Tarde takes the opposing viewpoint: "No doubt the beautiful character of John Lurie helped to bring a lot of people to the show. A female doctor said, 'Of course I came to see The Lounge Lizards. I went to *Down by Law* and he's a hunk."

SEPTEMBER 13.
It's all over, and John Lurie—hunk, biggest male sensation of the festival, fuser of Bartók with pygmies—awakes to disheartening postmortems. *Diário Popular*, under the headline THE FREE JAZZ IS OVER, NOW IT'S TIME TO MAKE THE JUDGMENT, avers, "John Lurie, the leader of the festival, looks like a yuppie from Wall Street." A caption reads, "He brought a lot of polemic and a little music." *Folha de S. Paulo* says LIZARDS EXCHANGE LITTLE REHEARSAL FOR A LOT OF POSE. ("What Lurie and his musicians should avoid is doing solos. The brothers Lurie are the first bad example. John plays the sax like a little boy who just received his first Casiotone and Evan bangs the poor piano as if he feels guilty for not having had a good teacher when he was a child. Since they're not good musicians, they pose and act like college guys pretending to be 'bad boys' for the girls.")


Festival aumenta seu público mas ainda não é "free"
Produtora do evento

The last night of the Free Jazz Festival in São Paulo, Lurie was approached by a reporter from Rio. Eager to set the record straight, Lurie agreed to an interview. But the story fell apart for lack of a tape recorder, and Lurie left the country. He also left the reporter with one last idea for a new angle: LURIE LEAVES BRAZIL ANNOYED.

"*What had he thought of the crossing?*" wrote Richard Ellmann. "*Wilde did not anticipate that his every word would be quoted, usually in distorted form, and merely observed that it had been uninteresting. The reporters were bent upon finding a headline, and they besieged other passengers. . . . Wry comments . . . were propelled into large type*—MR. WILDE DISAPPOINTED WITH THE ATLANTIC." ❸

A PARTIAL LIST OF NAMES USED IN THE BRAZILIAN PRESS TO EXPLAIN THE LOUNGE LIZARDS AND JOHN LURIE:

WOODY ALLEN
JOSEPHINE BAKER
KIM BASINGER
ROBERTO BENIGNI
DAVID BYRNE
JOHN COLTRANE
MILES DAVIS
DUKE ELLINGTON
JIMI HENDRIX
JIM JARMUSCH
MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.
JOHN LENNON
ARTO LINDSAY
NELSON MANDELA
GROUCHO MARX
JACK NICHOLSON
EZRA POUND
MICKEY ROURKE
MARTIN SCORSESE
EMMANUELLE SEIGNER
NINA SIMONE
HENRY THOREAU
NANA VASCONCELOS
TOM WAITS

September 10	September 11	September 12
Pope John Paul II backs economic sanctions against South Africa	*Iraq accused of poison-gas attacks*	*Federal report accuses Ed Meese of using influence improperly to help a friend*

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SPY's

ANATOMICAL

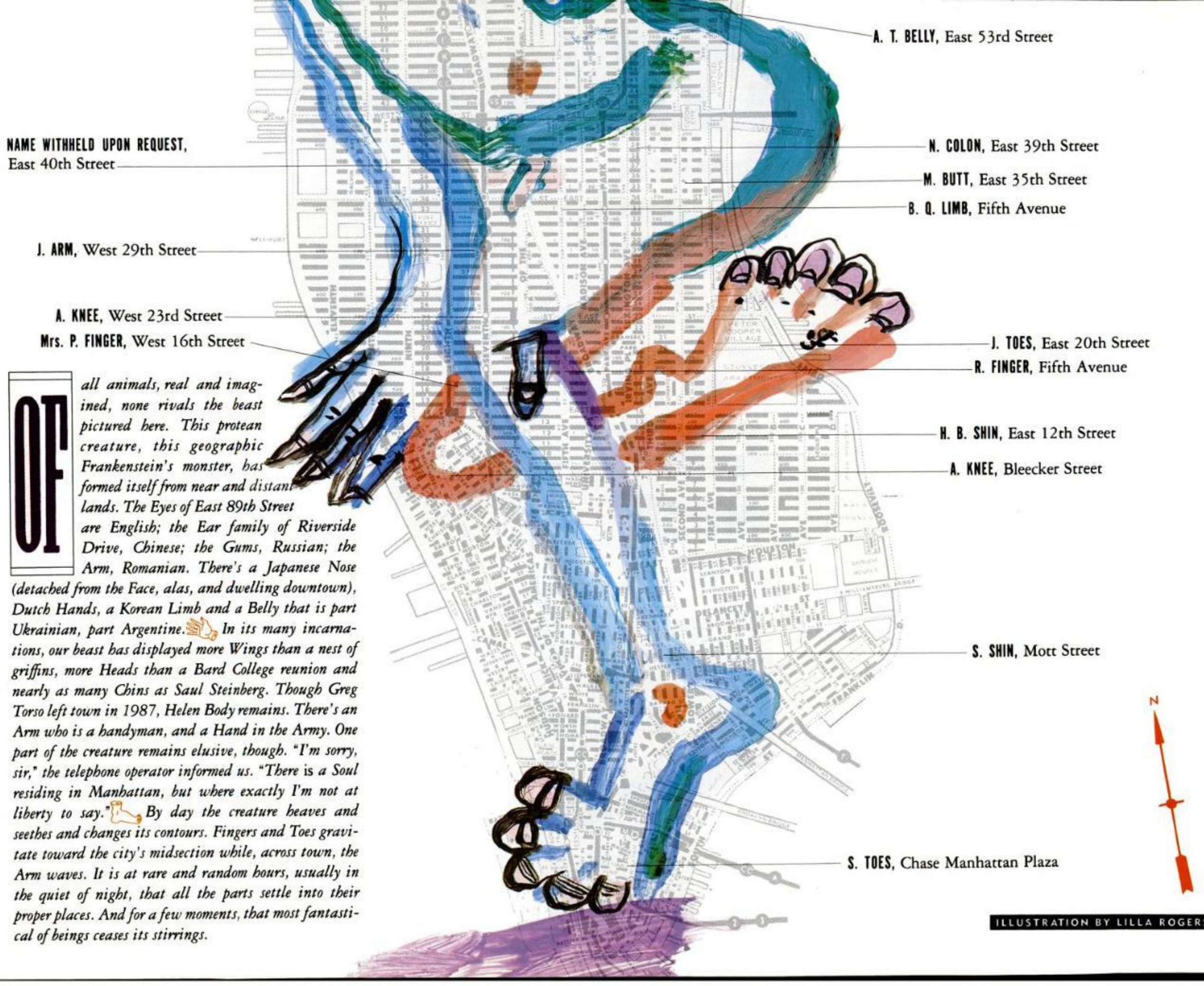
MAP OF NEW YORK

Being a corporal reconstruction of that singular-looking creature Manhattan, as assembled by the author and illustrated by the artist, in which the odd names of certain actual New York residents are plotted by address and conjoined as a living, breathing whole, to which is prefixed a brief discourse on those so named therein

BY ALLEN KURZWEIL



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Of all animals, real and imagined, none rivals the beast pictured here. This protean creature, this geographic Frankenstein's monster, has formed itself from near and distant lands. The Eyes of East 89th Street are English; the Ear family of Riverside Drive, Chinese; the Gums, Russian; the Arm, Romanian. There's a Japanese Nose (detached from the Face, alas, and dwelling downtown), Dutch Hands, a Korean Limb and a Belly that is part Ukrainian, part Argentine. In its many incarnations, our beast has displayed more Wings than a nest of griffins, more Heads than a Bard College reunion and nearly as many Chins as Saul Steinberg. Though Greg Torso left town in 1987, Helen Body remains. There's an Arm who is a handyman, and a Hand in the Army. One part of the creature remains elusive, though. "I'm sorry, sir," the telephone operator informed us. "There is a Soul residing in Manhattan, but where exactly I'm not at liberty to say." By day the creature heaves and seethes and changes its contours. Fingers and Toes gravitate toward the city's midsection while, across town, the Arm waves. It is at rare and random hours, usually in the quiet of night, that all the parts settle into their proper places. And for a few moments, that most fantastical of beings ceases its stirrings.

ILLUSTRATION BY LILLA ROGERS

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THE BEVERLY HILLS FRIARS CLUB. IT USED TO BE HOME TO SOME OF THE BIGGEST NAMES IN SHOW BUSINESS, ESPECIALLY COMEDY—GROUCHO MARX, PHIL SILVERS, BUD ABBOTT, MILTON BERLE. TODAY THE FRIARS CLUB IS STILL HOME TO MILTON BERLE. IT'S ALSO HOME TO CHARITY SCAMS, HIGH-STAKES GAMBLING, GERIATRIC SWAGGER AND —SAY IT AIN'T SO!—POSSIBLE STOMACH MINT THEFT. THERE'S A SCANDAL BREWING, A SCANDAL NO ONE HAS YET THOUGHT TO CALL...

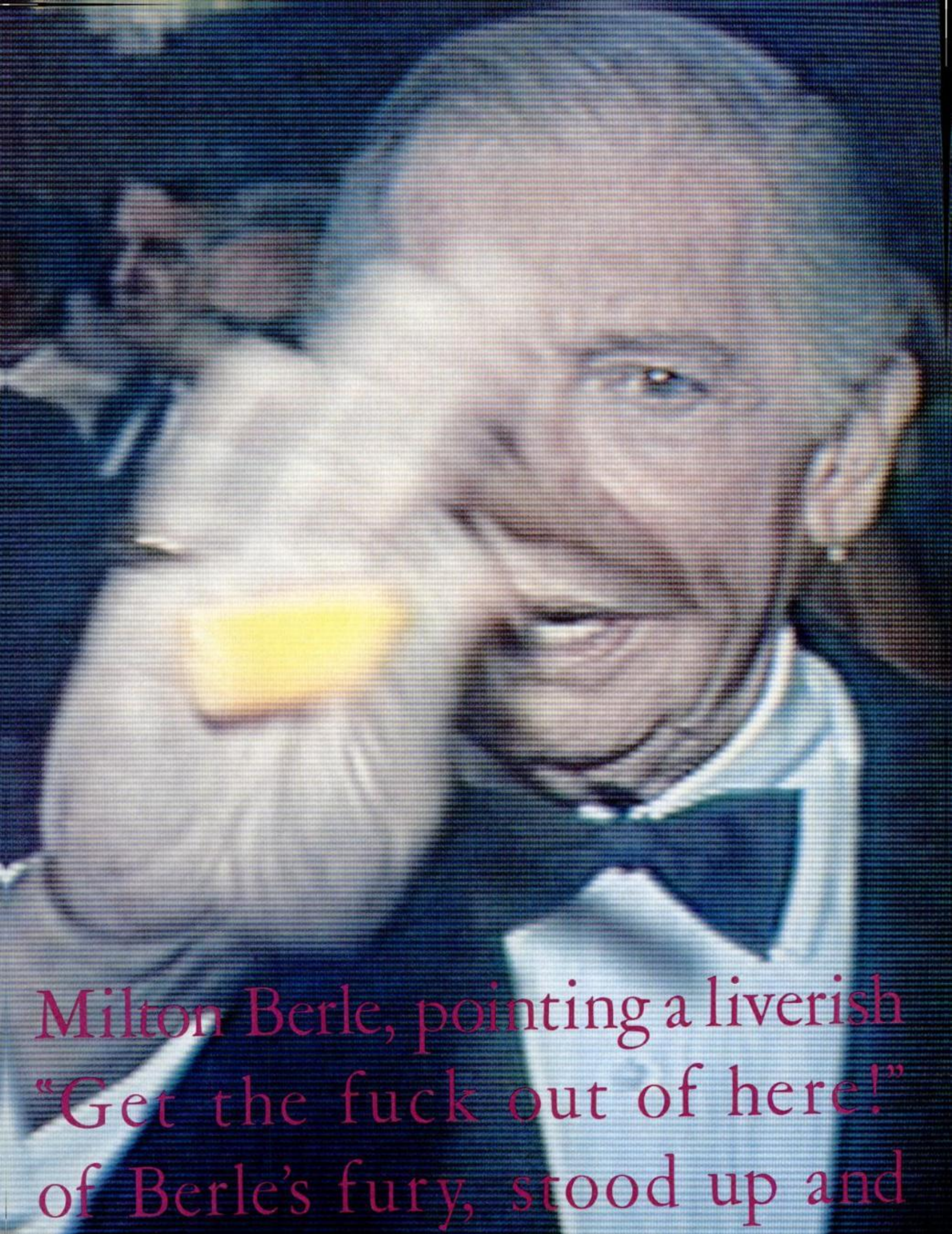
FRIARSGATE!

BY FRANK FELDINGER



"Fuck you!" screamed finger at his tormentor. David Peters, the object

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"I'M NOT GOING TO PR



The club that Georgie Jessel built: echoes of rim shots from days gone by, poker, gin, temper tantrums and brisket

walked slowly past the other members of the Friars Club board of directors, which had gathered in the Beverly Hills clubhouse for its monthly meeting. He walked past Tom Bosley, who, as always, was trying to appear neutral in the dispute, a sort of human Finland. When Peters arrived at Berle's place, he stuck his own finger nearly into Berle's nose and said in his working-class British accent, "I'm a dues-paying member and you are not, so don't tell me at any time what I can and cannot do. And fuck *you*."

Peters, 72 years old (to Berle's 80), is one of a dozen current and former members and employees who contend that the Friars Club of California, the very Beverly Hills epicenter of the sort of shticky show business represented by Berle and Bosley and other Friars such as Red Buttons, Jan Murray, Morey Amsterdam and Jack Carter—in other words, the place where vaudeville draws its wheezy final gasps—is rife with corruption. Peters, no longer a Friar, charges that the club runs an illegal, high-stakes gambling operation and facilitates bookmaking by members, and that club moneys are used to provide lavish expense accounts for some Friars. Peters's more serious accusation—reported here for the first time—is that funds raised by the club's ostensible charity affairs, including the famous roasts where even such still-popular entertainers as Liza Minnelli and Bob Hope perform pro bono, are diverted directly into club coffers. This is done in order to cover chronic operating losses due to all the freeloading, Third World accounting and rampant petty thievery (the club *is*, after all, a registered nonprofit corporation; mismanagement makes sure it stays that way). In other words, public generosity is used to subsidize private self-indulgence. Or, as Pat Henry lamely but perhaps accurately cracked at a long-ago Friars Club roast, "Take that table over there. That crowd represents a total of 324 years off for good behavior."

David Peters has taken his accusations—backed up by elaborate documentation that he has made available to SPY—to local and state law-enforcement agencies as well as the Internal Revenue Service. The local authorities concede that there have been questionable goings-on at the club but have declined to file charges for lack, they say, of incontrovertible evidence (the state Attorney General's office has yet to respond to Peters's charges in a formal way and refuses comment on any case that may or may not be open). Also, there seems to be little enthusiasm, at least concerning the gambling charges, for prosecuting a gang of mainly septuagenarians engaged in comparatively harmless crimes. "Look, I'm not going to prosecute a 75-year-old man who's had bypass surgery and is probably on his last leg," says a Los Angeles County D.A., commenting on the case of one more or less representative Friar. On the other hand—*and this has presumably had no effect whatsoever on Dame Justice and her minions*—the club's roster includes not just show biz retirees and seeming retirees (and honorary members ranging from Ronald Reagan and Frank Sinatra to Ed McMahon and Fred Travalena) but also some very powerful, very rich, very extensively coiffured southern California businessmen, lawyers and retired judges.

But the man at the center of Peters's accusations is Milton Berle himself, the president of the club (*abbot*, in the Friars' Catskills-Chaucerian nomenclature) and, it barely needs to be said, a man known to all Americans as Mr. Television—or at least to those Americans who can remember back to the early fifties, when Berle was the star of the most popular show on television and kept America laughing every Tuesday night by imitating spastics and by dressing as a woman and drooling, "Owl kiw you. . . . Owl kiw you a miwion times." Although he still plays Las Vegas from time to time, Berle in more recent years has become known as Mr. Cameo in the Occasional Jerry Lewis Movie. But no matter. Within the windowless confines of the Friars Club, Berle is still on top, ruling with a heavy hand, providing the leadership that inspires the club's bullying, no-*you*-eat-shit atmosphere.

Indeed, on the evening in 1986 when Peters and Berle started shrieking and pointing fingers, no one at the club was surprised. The feud between the two men had been simmering for months, ever since Peters—a Friar for 23 years and a stubborn, righteous and hot-tempered survivor of bypass surgery—had begun demanding that the club stop running its highly profitable poker and gin rummy games. Peters, a rich travel agency owner, wasn't opposed to gambling per se; in fact, he often played gin in the Friars' cardroom, where others would win or lose as much as $25,000 in a single game. But the club was raking the pot much as a casino would, taking in more than $200,000 a year in seating fees and card charges. Peters ingenuously thought that perhaps the Friars ought to quit sponsoring what amounted to an ongoing criminal conspiracy and instead leave its members to violate municipal, state and federal laws as individuals. For his troubles, Peters was booted out of the club.

Isolated from former friends, Peters then began what has become a solitary, obsessive quest for vindication. He peppers officials (even the mayor of Beverly Hills) with angry, detailed letters outlining his charges. He castigates local journalists whom he perceives to have been unduly sympathetic to the Friars Club. Failing to get satisfaction in criminal court, he has filed a civil suit against the club seeking damages for the "anxiety, worry, mental, physical and emotional distress" he suffered due to his ouster (the suit was recently thrown out of court, but Peters is filing another complaint). In his single-minded rectitude, there's something old-fashioned, even anachronistic, about Peters—which makes him a richly appropriate foil for the club that Georgie Jessel built and that Milton Berle is running into the ground.

(When a message for Berle, requesting an interview, was left at the club, one of his underlings called back and said Berle was in

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OSECUTE A 75-YEAR-OLD WITH A BYPASS!"

New York. A subsequent call to Berle's home in Beverly Hills found him, in fact, at home in Beverly Hills, where he conceded having authorized the falsehood—but for a very good reason, he quickly added: "My eye hemorrhaged." Beyond that, he refused to comment on this story.)

The squat, mustard-colored two-story California Friars Club building sits near the lethal intersection of Wilshire and Santa Monica Boulevards in Beverly Hills, occupying one of the most expensive pieces of real estate in the world and looking less like a notorious private show biz club than like a fading, downscale department store. If you park in the underground garage, you can use your electronic membership card to get into an elevator that will lift you directly into the windowless, blandly cushy interior that one visitor describes as "sixties country club *moderne*."

Covering the floor throughout the club is a brownish, ankle-deep carpet emblazoned with the club emblem, a tonsured Dominican monk. The comedians' mascot has a reproving, dyspeptic look on his face, but then, his particular hell is to stare up endlessly at the brisket eaters, card players, resort *tummlers* and Rolaids gobblers who while away their days and evenings off in this fluorescent-lit reliquary.

The club's walls are covered with old framed photographs of Friars and honorary Friars alike, a pictorial history of American entertainment in the twentieth century—or at least through 1965 or so. If you're in a sentimental mood, and Friars frequently are, you can almost hear echoes of the rim shots, the too-loud laughter, the boozy kibitzing (*Siddown, Hackett, ya schmuck!*) from days gone by—and you can still smell the lousy cigars (*Carter, you bum! I used to tell that joke back at the Paramount—an'* I *stole it from Benny!*). There are pictures from the very first West Coast roast in 1948, which honored then-abbot Georgie Jessel. And there are plenty of framed pictures from other roasts, featuring roastees such as Bob Hope, Groucho Marx, Frank Sinatra, Buddy Hackett, Phil Silvers, Sophie Tucker, Sid Caesar, Jack Warner, Sammy Davis Jr., Don Rickles, Mae West, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball, Arnold Palmer and, of course, Milton Berle. Lots and lots of photos of Berle.

The Friars Club of California is half as old as the 85-year-old New York Friars Club, to which it pays an annual fee for using the name (the two formerly male-only clubs are legally separate entities, although members have reciprocal privileges). The New York club was founded by theatrical press agents, who had begun meeting regularly in an effort to cull bogus critics from their press lists; membership quickly grew to include the proverbial everybody who was anybody in show biz, which then included George M. Cohan and Enrico Caruso. By the 1940s, however, the heart of the entertainment industry had moved to Hollywood, and Jessel founded the California club in 1947. Today more than 80 percent of the California club's roughly 600 full-fledged members are businessmen, lawyers, doctors and accountants. But performers are still considered the soul of the Friars, and the club continues to boast a long and growing roster of honorary members drawn, for the most part, from the entertainment world's less à la mode precincts: Shelley Berman and Norman Fell are two recent—yes, that's right, *recent*—inductees.

Over the years, both clubs have become most closely associated in the public mind with comedians (and the more vital New York club has been able to induct a few who have come to prominence in the last quarter of the twentieth century—Bill Murray, for one). This is because of the high-profile, much-imitated, still occasionally televised roasts—testimonial dinners that feature mere acquaintances delivering hoary, often smutty one-liners at the honoree's expense. For instance:

GEORGE KIRBY: The only thing that Rickles knows about brotherhood is that his brother is a hood.

JAN MURRAY: Rickles . . . is the man about whom Hitler said, "From him I could learn."

BERLE, with the topper: What can you say about Rickles that hasn't been said about hemorrhoids?



Another laugh-an-hour Friars affair: Ted Lange (*Love Boat*), Berle, Richard Moll (*Night Court*), roastee Phyllis Diller, Sid Caesar, Henny Youngman



***Sweetheart, you're gonna make a lotta orphans very happy:* Friar shill Johnny Francis and innocent performer Liza Minnelli**

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THE LEGENDS – AND OTHERS – HAD COME

Yet despite the nominal glamour, the California Friars have found themselves saddled with an increasingly elderly membership, show biz and regular biz alike. Inevitably, the club's newsletter, the *Friars Crier*, is filled with tributes to Friar dead.

Not only does this make for a not very dynamic club: dwindling membership means dwindling dues, and the *Crier* is full of unsuccessful exhortations to recruit new members, especially younger ones. This is the underlying problem—along with mismanagement and corruption—that has forced the club's officers to rely ever more heavily on its shadier revenue sources. Indeed, if and when the club goes belly-up, the cause of death will as likely be bankruptcy as irrelevance. One Friar said, "The membership is old. They don't want to pay any more money. Within a few years, the club will go down the drain."

"Luckily, I have a home away from home—The Friars," wrote Milton Berle in his regular space in the *Friars Crier*. "Our Friars is an island of carefree living and happiness." The happy, carefree Berle lives very well indeed off the club, through his free membership (the dues Berle doesn't pay are $1,500 annually), free meals and free tickets to all club affairs. This largess also includes a free personal secretary and a private telephone for certain . . . *confidential* activities (such as placing racetrack and football bets). Like the more profligate heavyweight champs, except for the fact that it's not his own money he squanders, Berle has adopted the habit of extending his perks to an entourage of friends and supporters. "Show business people are a breed of their own," says a onetime member of the Friars, "and they lean on their own. Non-show-business members resent it." Which is why Berle and his chums are known collectively around the club as the Freebie Gang.

Berle exercises his free-meal perquisite almost daily, with between two and five cronies from outside the club. And he is often joined at his regular table by the Freebie Gang and other hangers-on: Bosley; club entertainment chairman Johnny Francis, who is also Berle's occasional agent; Maurie Seuss, a former executive at Columbia Pictures; Buddy Arnold, a longtime gag writer for Berle; and a colorful assortment of lurkers and bottom feeders.

If someone else is using Berle's table, he has been known to scream, "Who the fuck is sitting at my table?" in order to have the offending party removed. He may not even like his fellow Friars to get near it, for two reasons: he often calls his bookie while dining; and, as he genially told an employee, "I use goddamn fucking language." (At one of his three birthday parties last year, Berle told a television reporter, "I'm not in that four-letter-word school [of comedy]." Minutes later, he barked, "Fuck you!" into another TV reporter's microphone and lens.)

Despite efforts to cultivate a benevolent image with the public, Berle is renowned within the confines of the club for his penuriousness. "He's about the cheapest guy in the world," says one former Friar fondly. "He'll go into the club kitchen and take home sandwiches." Indeed, it is something of a tradition at the Friars Club for millionaires to steal bread. According to David Peters, between $100,000 and $200,000 of the annual dining-room costs are of questionable legitimacy, much of them apparently a result of pilferage. A former house chairman wrote in a report to the board, "We had a member the other day that put 15 packs of gum in his pocket. I immediately removed the gum, Rolaids and other items from the [case]."

While one can only marvel at rich men who steal stomach mints, the behavior fits in with the grammar-school dynamic accommodated and even promoted at the Friars. Take the bullying. Former Friar George Weltsch fell behind on his dues after 25 years of steadfast service to the club; pleading money problems, he asked to delay his bill and was told by a member of the Freebie Gang to "pay it or get out." Later, despite having made early reservations for a Liza Minnelli black-tie affair, Weltsch was humiliated in front of business clients when he was given the worst table in the house. When he asked Johnny Francis, the chairman of the entertainment committee, why he was given a back table, Francis shouted, "Pay your dues or don't come!" At the time, Francis was only a recent convert to fiscal responsibility, having previously avoided paying any dues for years.

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TO PAY OBEISANCE TO UNCLE MILTIE

"Friars do not participate in gambling activities," insists William Sarnoff, a Beverly Hills lawyer who is the club's legal director.

Period.

But on the club's second floor, the same electronic membership card that provides access to the club can be used—must be used, in fact—to let members and their guests into the Friars' gaming rooms. Amid the ubiquitous photographs, the house rules have been posted—right next to the prominent NO GAMBLING signs. There is also a bar, of course, and a small kitchen, of course.

These rooms are home every day to roughly three dozen regular cardplayers, men whom a fellow player describes not quite fondly as "the worst, rottenest motherfuckers that gamble." And while that assertion may be arguable, two decades ago the Friars cardrooms were, as it happened, home to one of the most elaborate card-cheating schemes in gambling history.

Shortly after the Friars moved into their present building in 1962, Friar Maurice Friedman, an enormous and enormously wealthy real estate developer from Las Vegas, had an accomplice cut a tiny peephole into the ceiling above the gin tables. Using then-state-of-the-art optics, the accomplice could spy on the cards in Friedman's opponent's hand, then relay the information in code to Friedman through a sophisticated electronic system, the receiver for which was wrapped around Friedman in a special girdle cleverly disguised as more fat (two mild shocks against the belly meant discard; one meant hold; when it came time to knock, a thumb signal prompted a yea or nay from above).

The eye-in-the-sky, shock-to-the-midriff swindle operated smoothly through the mid-1960s, cutting in new partners who had caught on to the scheme. In this environment, it was only natural that newly initiated Friar (and Mafia hit man) John Rosselli would find an extended family, so to speak. Rosselli gently elbowed his way in on the scam and widened the stakes. But eventually too many of the losers (who included Phil Silvers and Zeppo Marx) got wise: in 1967 a grand jury handed up six indictments, a judge delivered four convictions and the cheats got about three years each in federal prisons. (Rosselli begged for leniency at his sentencing, unsuccessfully citing his public-service-minded role in the CIA's attempts to assassinate Fidel Castro.)

Today, the club's moral atmosphere may be somewhat improved, and the Friars' tables are comparatively on the square. But in most parts of California, including Beverly Hills, *any* kind of gambling is illegal, although authorities tend not to bother with gaming in private clubs (like the Friars), which is said to be widespread. What makes the Friars case different, however, is the club's alleged organized, casinolike profiteering. In his frequent missives to the authorities, David Peters estimates that nearly $4-million changes hands annually in the cardroom. The club's take, the head tax that players are required to pay to sit at the tables—$20 per every $600 worth of poker chips, a flat fee for the gin games, prorated according to the various table limits—produced $162,790.26 in fiscal 1986, the last year for which records have been made available. The rake is called Service Charge in the club's daily records, Recreation Room Income on its accounting books.

In addition, according to Peters, the posted betting limits are widely ignored; some members make $50,000 a year and more by placing side bets and by simply doubling and redoubling the posted stakes. That's how Friar Aaron Kumetz lost $25,000 in one day. Nobody much cared, however, until Kumetz, a cardroom habitué who made his money in Mexican real estate, decided he had been cheated and stopped payment on his check, a trump he played with the petulance of a child flipping over a Monopoly board. "I know four elderly businessmen who would kill him if they saw him," says a regular at the Friars games. "These are old guys too." Kumetz, however, threatened to go to the district attorney unless his check was returned. That galvanized the Friars Club house committee, which suspended Kumetz's gaming-table privileges, then posted NO CHECKS signs.

Peters also alleges that a bookmaking operation runs out of the Friars Club. "The bookmaking got so [widespread]," he says, "that six or seven years ago the club's public phones had to be

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"PROVE IT!" BELLOWED RICHIE CUNNIN

pulled out." An L.A. vice squad officer believes Peters. "In [San Fernando] Valley cases," the officer says, "the bookies' records point back at the Friars Club. All the books in town want the members there. [The Friars] have all the money." Berle himself reportedly sponsored for membership the late Bob Craig, whom a former club member describes as "the biggest bookie in L.A." When a Friar complained to Berle that one of Craig's assistants, Friar Henry Slate, was making payoffs on the club pool table, Berle replied, "Overlook it. Let it go."

This Friar believes that Berle was making his own bets through Slate, a former bit-part movie actor and convicted gambler; club employees claim to have seen Slate paying Berle off with crisp, fresh bills; they've heard Berle laying off his bets on a red phone, provided for him by the club. "Every day, [Berle's] red phone would be plugged in at his personal dining-room table," says a former Friars employee. "Later Berle would exchange money in a back office with Slate. It ran in the hundreds, sometimes thousands [of dollars]."

"There's no doubt [gambling] is happening there," says Elden Fox, an L.A. County deputy district attorney. "I just need evidence to prove it. We've tried over a dozen spot checks, but we only gained access after everyone was warned."

Long before

he took his case to the Beverly Hills Police Department, the Los Angeles County D.A.'s Office and the California State Attorney General, Peters carefully documented his allegations about the gambling and presented them at the board's monthly meetings. He became such an annoyance to his less circumspect colleagues that even the phlegmatic Tom Bosley got riled one memorable evening and stopped performing his human Neutrality Act. "Prove it!" bellowed Richie Cunningham's jowly dad—a purely rhetorical gauntlet for Bosley to have thrown down, since he himself played in the card games.

Another board member took the more traditional *I'll-meet-you-at-the-bike-rack-at-3:30* approach. Truculent Murray Trugman, a retired real estate investor in his late seventies, came up behind Peters at the gin table and banged his fist into Peters's back, then invited him to "step outside."

"Take a walk," Peters responded.

It was Berle himself who was most defiant, reportedly saying he would refuse to stand again for president if Peters were reelected to the board. Among the Friars this was considered a very serious threat, and late in 1986 David Peters lost his seat on the board of directors. Then, in September 1987, after the Friars pronounced him *excommunicatio et anathema*, Peters went to the authorities.

Andrew Weisz, a retired judge, wrote the report for the ad hoc ethics committee that expelled Peters from the club to which he had belonged for nearly a quarter of a century. Rather than condemn Peters, the judge wrote an oblique apologia that fell somewhere between Milton's *Areopagitica* and Nixon's "I am not a crook": "It behooves the host or club to insure that [gambling] is done within proper societal norms," Judge Weisz wrote. "Thus, posting 'No Gambling' signs is proper"—a delicious bit of sophistry more appropriate to a Gracie Allen than to a former member of the bench. The club still denies any criminal wrongdoing, but Peters's complaints have had one significant effect. "They buy a machine for behind the cashier station in the cardroom," laughs a former club employee, searching for the proper English word. "A machine that eats paper." In other words, a paper shredder.

At his (third) 80th-birthday party last fall, Milton Berle told a reporter, "I never look back. 'Cause in my life I have no rearview mirrors." That's apparently why Berle has been rear-ended by David Peters, who, when he couldn't get the Beverly Hills and L.A. County authorities to act on his accusations, finally went to the California State Attorney General to talk about the dirtiest Friars tale of them all.

William Sarnoff, the Friars

Club legal director, explains the group's fundraising this way: "We give the money [from roasts and other affairs] to the Friars Club Charity Foundation [a separate legal entity from the club proper] and they give it to charity." However, Herb Baerwitz, first vice president of the club, tells it somewhat differently: "The club runs affairs, but they're not fundraisers for charity."

Baerwitz is perfectly correct. The catch is, the *public* is led to believe otherwise—in part because of some tricky legal distinctions.

There *is* a Friars Club Charity Foundation; it's a legitimate philanthropic organization, spun off from the California Friars



dick capri's

"FOR BETTORS AND WORSE!"

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF COMPULSIVE ILLEGAL GAMBLING

In the interest of evenhandedness and goodwill, SPY asked Catskills headliner and New York Friars Club regular Dick Capri to offer his own special assessment of the vice that even now consumes his brothers in California.

"I'm not a lucky gambler. The last time I played blackjack, I went to the table and asked the dealer to double me up. You know what he did? He hit me in the stomach."

"The last time I went to a casino, a guy comes up to me and says, 'Hey, buddy, can you loan me $200 to feed my family?'

"I told him, 'I'm not going to give you $200, because you'll just gamble with it.'

"He looks back at me, then says, 'Don't worry about that, I've got plenty of money for gambling.' "

"This is really Slappy White's joke, but I use it in my act. Anyway, it's funnier when it's told by a white guy:

"I'm sitting at a blackjack table with five black guys and a black dealer. I pick up my cards, and I got blackjack. When the dealer asks me what I got, I say, 'Gin.' "

GHAM'S JOWLY DAD

Club at the request of the IRS 15 years ago, and it conducts its fundraising independently of the club. But the club (technically the Friars Club of California Inc.) capitalizes on—indeed, encourages—the confusion in the public mind between the two organizations. And sometimes, the club outright lies.

In 1986, when he was a vice president, Tom Bosley told a local newspaper that all proceeds from a Phyllis Diller roast would be donated to charity. Less than a month later treasurer Gary Stein noted in the minutes of a board of directors meeting, "We are looking forward to the Diller roast to . . . decrease our accounts payable." One month after that club documents note with satisfaction that the roast "contributed $53,689 net profit. Without the roast, the club lost $15,210 in September."

In 1987 a club spokesman told the *Los Angeles Times* that a black-tie dinner honoring Liza Minnelli was "a fundraiser for Friars' charities." But when a former Friar was recently asked about it, this was the exchange that followed:

"The Minnelli money went to the club. They lose money."

What about the Diller roast?

"To the club. They lose money."

Every event?

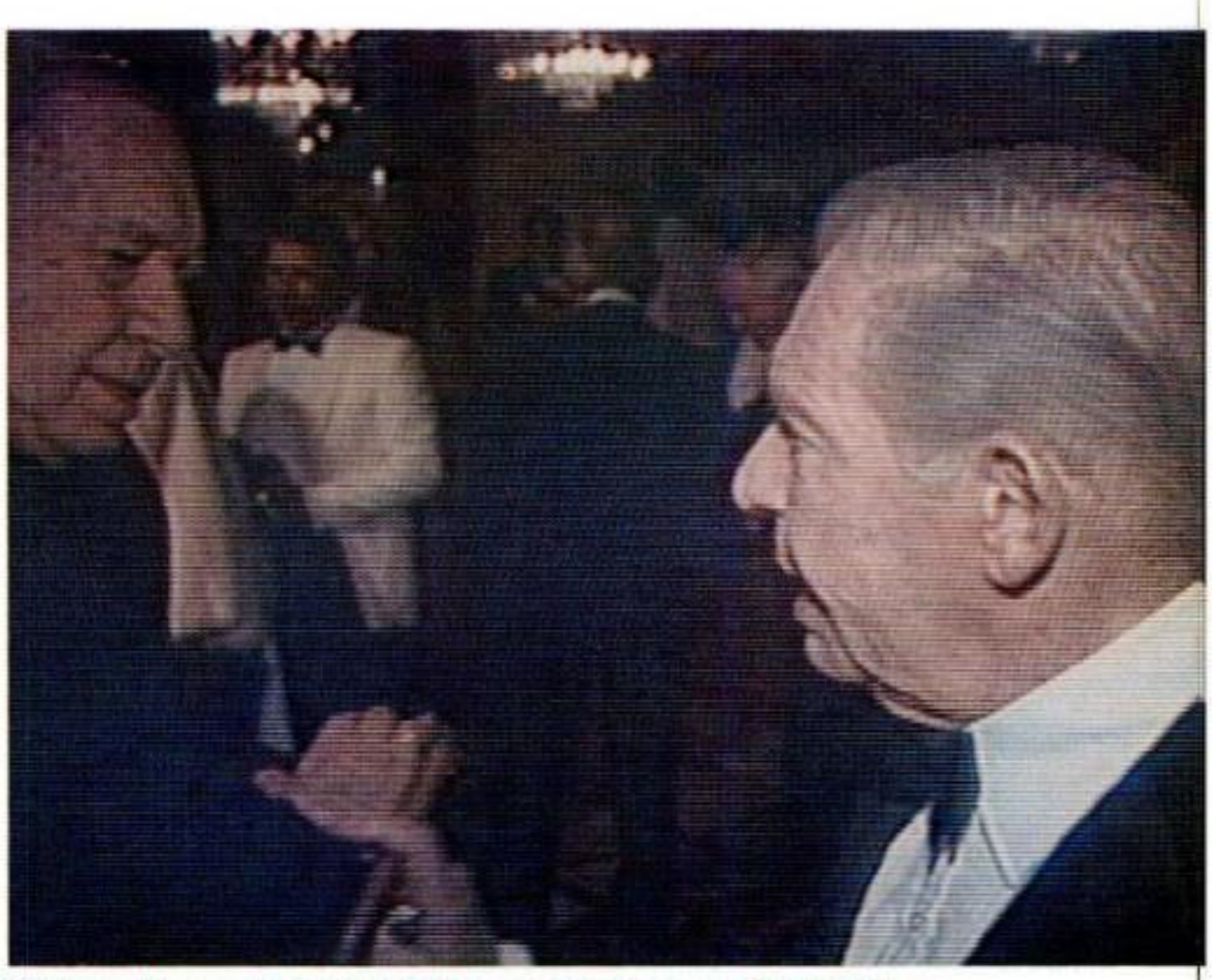
"Every event. To my knowledge, they never gave a nickel to anybody."

The chairman of the entertainment committee is Berle crony Johnny Francis, a talent agent who is said to have learned his craft as a strip-show hawker on Sunset Boulevard. "He's the worst, the worst, the worst," declared one particularly vehement club member, adding, with customary Friar eloquence, "He's a goddamn fuck and he's no fucking good."

Another Friar notes that even Berle has called Francis "the slimiest piece of shit in Los Angeles," and once, during the course of a loud, name-calling argument (the cause of which no one seems to remember—a tribute to the popularity at the club of this style of discourse), the frail and stooped Berle reportedly slapped the younger and beefier Francis. But Francis is invaluable to Berle and the club because he helps bring in some of the pro bono entertainers (the Liza Minnellis, the Sid Caesars, the Ed McMahons) whom the club recruits for its special evenings. Francis throws himself into his work, apparently because he benefits from the arrangement: he once told Peters that he prints up two sets of tickets for a roast or black-tie affair—one set with numbers, for the club, one set without numbers, which he distributes at his own discretion.

In 1985, after the complaints against Francis grew too insistent, Berle ordered him to stay away from the entertainment committee. For one year. Then Berle brought him back. The club was losing money again, and Berle needed Francis to bring in the sucker talent for another lucrative "charity" event.

"He's given this country so much entertainment, we should have a party for him every night," announced avatar of free enterprise Arnold Schwarzenegger last November at the third of Milton Berle's three 80th-birthday



Miltie to Henny: "Get the hell away from me, you fat Jew!"

parties, this one held at The Beverly Hilton. Another laugh-an-hour Friars affair, it was the show business equivalent of an old-timers game. The legends of the entertainment world—and quite a few more of the almost thoroughly forgotten—had come to pay obeisance to Uncle Miltie.

There was Red Buttons, tugging at his ear while simultaneously inserting a finger in his mouth and pulling his lips back into a silent gargoyle's howl for photographers. There was producer Gary Morton, turning to his wife, Lucille Ball, and mock grousing, "How many times we gotta celebrate this guy's birthday?" Henny Youngman revealed to a reporter that Berle "used to give me half a dollar to go into Loew's State to applaud for him," which prompted Berle to snarl playfully, "Get the hell away from me, you fat Jew!" Marty Allen charmed guests and reporters alike with his trademark "Hello dere!" routine and said of Berle, "He's everything this business is about"—a tribute more apt than Allen probably intended.

Asked by an unusually kind television reporter for the secret behind his youthful looks, Berle philosophized, "I like myself and I like to make people laugh. That keeps me young." So determined was he that his birthday guests *laugh*, goddamn it, that he shrieked for them to be quiet when some kinescopes of his old shows were being shown.

If anything like past events, Berle's birthday party made the club at least $50,000; Johnny Francis himself assured a newswoman that night that the profits would go to Friars charities such as the Motion Picture and Television Country House and Hospital. But Frank Guarrera, chief financial officer of the Country House, knows nothing about it. "They never gave us anything. Sometimes they invite us to lunch, that's about it."

But as Dinah Shore herself said of Berle at his party, "He has a special kind of generosity." And who would dare put a price tag on that?

[In January, in tribute to his special generosity—and in expectation, no doubt, of his continued longevity—Berle was reelected to yet another one-year term as abbot. Meanwhile, the Friars Club Charity Foundation, in order to distance itself from the California club, has announced that it plans to change its name.]

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DEADLINE FEVER

Lousy writing!

Now that I have your attention . . .

BY IGNATZ RAZTWIKZWIZKI

Once upon a time (the issue before last) I began this column with the pulse-quickening phrase *Once upon a time*. I did so because, like all serious reviewers, I take my stylistic cues from *The New York Times*, where any lead good enough for "Little Red Riding Hood" is good enough for Arthur Gelb, the paper's cultural overlord. In recent months this apparently irresistible storybook opening has been popping up in *Times* reviews with astonishing frequency. Could a virus in the *Times*'s computer system be to blame?

REVIEW OF REVIEWERS

Back in February I cited two examples, one by Mervyn Rothstein and one by Myra Forsberg. Here are six more. All of them appeared in the *Times*'s review pages during a single two-week period not long ago:

"Once upon a time there was a series of Broadway revues called 'New Faces' " (Rothstein again).

"Once upon a time, and not so long ago—in 1968 to be precise—there was art that did not have its eye on the auction room" (John Russell on the days when artists didn't care about money, man).

"Once upon a time, Norman Mailer published a collection of his essays under the title 'Advertisements for Myself' " (John J. O'Connor on, curiously, Barbara Walters).

"Once upon a time, argues E. D. Hirsch Jr. in his 1987 book, *Cultural Literacy*, when schools and colleges offered a standard curriculum, there existed a great body of shared knowledge" (an uncredited genius—Rothstein?—on eighties culture terminology).

"Once upon a time in a certain place, ordinary art and politics did appear to go hand in hand" (Christopher Lehmann-Haupt on *New York 1913* by Martin Green).

"Once upon a time, in the dawn of narrative art," (Lehmann-Haupt on *Waverly Place* by Susan Brownmiller).

All six of these introductory sentences exude the distinct aroma of desperation. The reviewer who begins his essay "Once upon a time" does so not because the phrase captures his thought precisely but because his deadline is looming and he wants to go home. He has considered all conceivable alternatives, down to and possibly including the newsweekly classic, *Dear Mom: I just saw a great new television show and wanted to tell you about it. . . .* All hope abandoned, he crawls beneath his desk, gathers himself into a fetal curl and whimpers softly with closed eyes as he relives comforting moments from childhood.

Sometimes the reviewer's distress is especially palpable. This is true in the case of O'Connor. To see how true, let's examine his entire introductory paragraph:

> Once upon a time, Norman Mailer published a collection of his essays under the title "Advertisements for Myself." Tonight at 9 o'clock on ABC, Barbara Walters is offering video clips from her past in a two-hour album called "The 50th Barbara Walters Special."

Like so much writing in the *Times*, O'Connor's prose is actually enlivened by the insertion of clichés. Still, you can almost see the Scotch tape holding this para-



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Illustrations by Natasha Lessnik

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graph together. The second sentence is a lazy non sequitur—could it be the original lead? Mailer is invoked merely to get the thing rolling; he isn't heard from again. In the paragraphs that follow, the ostensible theme of self-promotion is pursued only with the very gentlest of wet-noodle lashings. O'Connor's limp conclusion: "In closing this special edition, produced and directed by Bill Geddie, Ms. Walters says: 'I hope you've gotten to know me a bit better.' Perhaps. Perhaps not. But watching a genius in merchandising and promotion does have its rewards."

O'Connor's colleague Anna Kisselgoff doesn't need to resort to canned introductions. Kisselgoff—who is not only one of the *Times*'s most gullible critics but also one of its most consistently startling stylists—always seems to have a new bit of prose magic up her sleeve. Here's how she began a recent review of a horrible-sounding British dance company called DV8 Physical Theater (DV8 = Deviate—get it?): "And now the Sex Pistols of dance, or just about."

Sex!

Now that I've got your attention, I'd like to direct it to the muddled moral state of network television, as examined recently by *Time*'s Richard Zoglin. Here's how Zoglin's essay began:

> Explicit sex! Full frontal nudity! Rampant blood and gore! No, network TV still does not allow such things into the American home.

Here we have a time-tested attention-grabbing lead being used in its most extreme and shameless form. Zoglin introduces sex, nudity and death merely to douse them with the cold shower of the succeeding sentence. Indeed, Zoglin's entire essay waffles inconclusively between the question posed by his headline (WHERE ARE THE CENSORS?) and the answer uncovered by his reporting (still censoring!). His last sentence perfectly summarizes the entire nonstory: "The network menu may be getting spicier, but bland still seems to be the flavor of choice." Ah—that *spicy* kind of blandness!

Zoglin's walrus-shaped *Time* colleague, William A. Henry III, recently composed a lead so strained that typing it must have made him short of breath. Writing about theater in Portland, Oregon, Henry III began:

> When a city stakes a claim to sophistication and social significance, a few indispensable items had better be in its possession: a major-league sports franchise, a newspaper that has taken a few scalps among local politicians, restaurants offering ethnic cuisines more recherché than Italian and Chinese. And, above all, a couple of first-class performing-arts troupes and a glistening new place for them to perform in.

That sounds sophisticated, all right. I'm quite an aficionado of performing-arts troupes myself. I suppose it would be impolite to ask whether Henry III judged the social significance of cities by these same criteria *before* he found himself unable to begin his review of Portland's exotic cultural offerings.

Newsweek's Bill Barol, who occasionally subs as the magazine's TV critic (a job, by the way, that *Vanity Fair*'s James Wolcott once pawed at), recently solved a nasty lead problem by doing what uninspired after-dinner speakers customarily do in the same situation: he turned to Webster's. There's nothing like a dictionary definition—especially a humorous one—to get a review off to a knee-slapping start:

> Thirtysomething (thur-tee-sum-thing) 1. *adj.* of or relating to an extended period of young-adult self-absorption, *viz.*: "Oh, shut up. Don't be so thirtysomething." 2. *n.* Emmy Award–winning drama returning for second season this week.

The comic effect of this device is heightened by Barol's shrewd misuse of *viz.*, which (according to Webster's) means "namely," not "for example."

Sprucing up a tired lead is sometimes no more difficult than inserting some unexpected punctuation. Here's the *Times*'s O'Connor again:

> Television commercials. They have given birth to a new form of movie, one that must be constructed as a series of mini-climaxes leading to a commercial break every 10 or 15 minutes.

No one could ever accuse O'Connor of overwriting. But why that little *Hey, Mac!* of a sentence fragment at the beginning of his review? Why didn't he simply write, "Television commercials have given birth to a new form of movie," etc.? Was he afraid of writing a sentence in which the word *commercial* appeared twice?

Faith McNulty. The opening sentence of her Christmastime roundup of children's books in *The New Yorker* was similarly staccato. "Hans Christian Andersen," she wrote. "His stories are often referred to as 'beloved by children.' "

Sometimes the writer's problem is not only how to begin a story but also how to stretch it, once begun, to the necessary length. In a recent *Vanity Fair*, Jesse Kornbluth bloats a teensy, fact-free interview with Tom Cruise—the next William Shatner?—into a pointless 3,500-word cover story. Like many industrious hacks in the same situation, Kornbluth discovers rich ore in a supposed lack of access. "We were supposed to meet at a Mexican restaurant in the Dallas Galleria," he begins. "But twenty minutes after the time we'd set, Tom Cruise wasn't there. And this seemed strange, for Cruise is famed for his manners. . . ." (Incidentally, Kornbluth's recent book, *The Other Guy Blinked*, which he wrote with Pepsico's Roger Enrico, nearly won him a Tony—that is, a Tony Schwartz Award for Unembarrassed Slurping. As usual, though, all the Tonys given last year were won by Schwartz himself.)

In closing, I'd like to offer some incontrovertible evidence that the quality of editing at our nation's leading publications is on the decline:

- In a recent record review, *People*'s Andrew Abrahams was permitted to refer to the Three Stooges in the wrong order, as "Curly, Larry and Moe."
- At *Time*, Elizabeth L. Bland wrote the following in her appreciative review of yup icon Martha Stewart:

> Says Michigan housewife Lynda Byer: "I worried that she'd be a little, you know, snobby. But she's just so down to earth."
>
> There is nothing down-home about Stewart's demonstrations, however.

Why the change from *down to earth* to *down-home?* Something in the *Time* stylebook?

- As was indicated last month in reference to the *Times*'s Vincent Canby, film criticism is a pretty easy job. No research, no legwork, *all you have to do is watch movies.* In her review of *Three Fugitives*, which is a remake of the French film *Les Fugitifs*, Janet Maslin, taking her cue from Canby, writes in the *Times*, "Without knowing anything about the French film . . ."
- Finally, in a roundup review of Christmas-release movies, *Newsweek*'s David Ansen wrote that the screenwriters responsible for *The Naked Gun* had attempted to "break the world record in L.P.R.'s (laughs per minute)."

That's laughs per rinute, Dave. ✪

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OUR MOVIES, OURSELVES

BY CELIA BRADY

I'M READY FOR MY CLOSE-UP, STEVEN: 1956. *Sunset Boulevard*. William Holden as Joe Gillis turns to Gloria Swanson as Norma Desmond and says,

THE INDUSTRY

"You used to be big."

"I'm *still* big," she replies. "It's the pictures that got small."

1989. Kirk Cameron, affecting the Joe Gillis approach, might ask, say, Barbra Streisand,

"You used to be big. What happened to you?"

"I'm *still* big," she might reply. "And I have an independent production company at Warners to prove it."

When it comes to the career trajectories of most big-time Hollywood actresses, Norma Desmond's ultimate fate is, alas, *their* fate. The sorry reality is that only a handful of post-studio-system female stars have had careers that span more than a dozen or so pictures. Actresses, unlike their male counterparts, are only rarely able to pass through the various stages of life on the screen; in the older generation, Bette Davis and Katharine Hepburn are two exceptions that come to mind. (Witness Kirk Douglas, though: from young stud to leading man to mature leading man to grizzled sage.) Whatever happened to such quintessential 1970s stars as Katharine Ross, Karen Black, Dyan Cannon, Jacqueline Bisset and Julie Christie?

In the end, there's one simple truth for actresses: No matter how good you are, even if you're Streep-like in your ability to do perfect line readings in arcane accents, beyond a certain age audiences just don't want to see you kissing Tom Cruise. Or even Paul Newman.

One way actresses have tried to stave off the inevitable professional denouement (a second film career in Italy or Israel) has been to develop and produce their own films through their own independent production companies. And for a while this sort of actress-orchestrated, self-starring moviemaking worked. Goldie Hawn made *Private Benjamin*; Jessica Lange, *Country*; and Barbra Streisand, *Yentl*. Screenwriters, eager to get even a quasi-intelligent movie made, would rewrite the leading part for a woman and pass it along to one of the "star girls," who would push it through the studio as a vehicle for herself.

I'm not saying these pictures won't get made any longer—although they probably won't—but rather that the size and influence of these production companies are visibly withering. After all, Hawn also produced *Protocol*, *Swing Shift* and *Overboard*, and Streisand's last picture was *Nuts*. No,

In the end, no matter how good you are, beyond a certain age audiences just don't want to see you kissing Tom Cruise

it's not a big deal for Tri-Star, say, to throw an actress a bone and go through the motions of developing *one* vanity picture with her. The costs for the script are comparatively tiny, most of the movies that go into development don't get made anyway, and at worst the actress winds up feeling beholden the next time the studio needs somebody to take the second lead in a Bruce Willis film.

But the studios have wearied of having female stars insist on making well-intended "statement" movies that audiences don't want to see. In the past year or so, film after film—*Nuts*, *Beaches*, *The Good Mother*—put out by the so-called Women's Production Movement sputtered at the box office, and one, *The Old Gringo*, produced by Jane Fonda, has been deemed so utterly wretched that it has yet to be released. Jessica Lange still has more than half a dozen pictures in development at Universal, and Diane Keaton still has her ongoing deal with Columbia. As one of the Retin-A–generation stars was told recently, "I'm sorry, but this studio is not running for a seat on the United Nations Security Council." The studio guy was mixed up (he apparently meant a Nobel Peace Prize), but his intent was clear: Hollywood is finally looking on these feelgood development deals as star-stroking luxuries they can ill afford.

Let's Do, um, Lunch: The hip go to City Restaurant, the music crowd to Le Dome, Valley executives go to La Serre, the Century City crowd eats at Jimmy's, and The Palm is the domain of the flesh peddlers—ICM, InterTalent, CAA. That was the natural order of things. Or it was until 42-year-old CAA *Über*boss Mike "the Manipulator" Ovitz, weary of being surrounded by ICM agents when he sat down to graze at The Palm, and particularly fretful about the continuing lunchtime presence of Bill Block (who co-founded InterTalent with CAA defectors Judy Hofflund and David Greenblatt), decided to anoint another restaurant as CAA's de facto corporate cafeteria. The lucky establishment, the restaurant worthy of the great man's custom, is The Grill, the Beverly Hills version of Musso & Frank (and a business, ironically, that was originally backed by a consortium of ICM and William Morris agents). Before the final blessing could take place, however, the Manipulator had a number of provisos. He minded not at all that the restaurant has no valet parking at lunch, but he has demanded that the owners set aside certain tables and booths as his sole domain, and that the restaurant always seat, *no reservations necessary*, an Ovitz-prepared list of CAA agents and their clients. (Ovitzites are still permitted to eat dinner at Spago, of course. Indeed, Jay Moloney, Ovitz's assistant, is a volunteer Spago employee: when the restaurant is unsure just how rude or fawning to be toward some patron whom they do not immediately recognize, Moloney regularly gets a call and gives the CAA thumbs-up or thumbs-down on the prospective diners.)

See you Monday night at Mortons. ❸

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HE'S BACK

BY ALEX HEARD

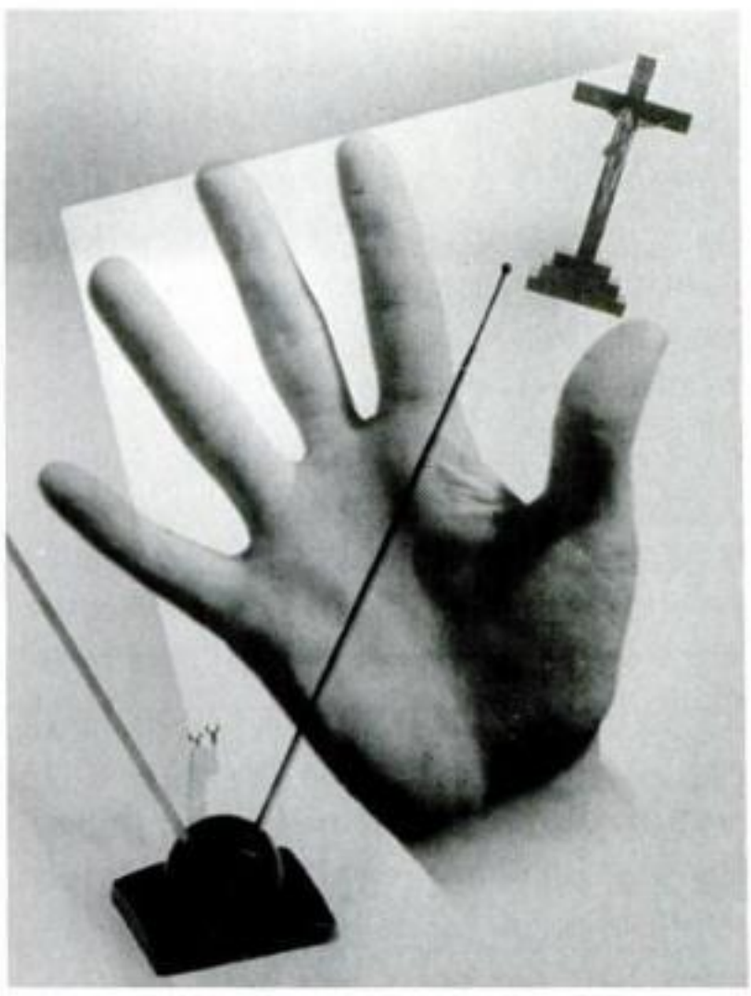
I've always been told the event will warrant major media coverage, but apparently the Second Coming is a story many reporters don't want to touch.

RESIDENT ALIEN

There now exist two different public-relations entities, each equipped with sophisticated mailing-list technology, that claim to represent the already-returned Christ, as well as one self-publicizing "Divine Forerunner of the Apocalypse." All three have had limited success getting the word out on their clients. One, it's true, has used masterful hype to attract pretty good media attention, but the only headline that really counts—CHRIST RETURNS, in 72-point type on page A1 of *The New York Times*—has proved elusive. Another, presumably using reverse psychology on the skeptical media, has adopted the *And don't bother looking for me* technique favored by Joey Heatherton and by seven-year-olds running away from home. The third desperately *wants* to talk. But nobody, it seems, wants to listen.

This last, loudest voice in the wilderness belongs to Kenna A. Farris, Divine Forerunner prophet and the front man for what he calls Horse Sense Economics. Farris doesn't have publicity photos of the returned, flesh-and-blood Christ, but he *can* tell you exactly when to expect Him (*TV news producers: reserve that prime-time slot for the year 3000!*). Farris, who lives in Amazonia, Missouri, was operating a restaurant called The Farris Wheel when first tapped by God in 1967. Job-like, uncomplainingly, he liquidated the Wheel and has since used the proceeds ($1.5 million so far, he says) to finance his thankless work. His task: (1) to prepare the world for the 1996 emergence of a prophet-president who will lead us into a new age of peace with the Soviets; (2) to convince the world that Mikhail Gorbachev is the planet-rescuing "Michael" described in the Book of Daniel; (3) to prepare the world for the coming of yet another leader who will, in a sort of pre-arrival Mop-up Op for Christ, beat Satan once and for all; (4) to found a multibillion-dollar, 24-nation trade center that will be headquarters of a world Horse Sense barter-banking system.

Seem doable? Here's where things stand. The prophet-president-to-be, whom Farris has identified as 37-year-old Missouri Fifth Judicial Circuit Court judge Edwin H. Smith, wants no part of his destiny. (Reached in his chambers in St. Joseph, Missouri, Judge Smith, who grew up in the same town as Farris and has known of his prediction for years, said, "I never foreclose any possibility. But my wife says if I get into a major race, she'll kill me.")



Neither does 47-year-old Gary Farris Powers, Farris's nephew, whom Farris has identified as the world-leader-to-be who will act as Christ's advance man. ("I have not seen [my nephew] in ten years," Farris says. "We do not agree on this matter and do not discuss it.") Gorbachev, however, is coming along fine ("He's done *everything* I've told him," Farris says), and yet the Soviet leader never writes Farris to say thanks or "What next?" After 20 years of fundraising, the endowment for the 24-nation trade center contains nothing. And as for media exposure, Farris tells a sorry tale: "I tried! I said to *The Washington Post*, to CBS, to ABC, to NBC, to *The New York Times*, 'I am the scheduled forerunner prophet. . . .' But no one listened!"

Little wonder that in his most recent letter to me Farris hit a pleading note. "Answer me one question," he wrote, "and you will find your own rewards. HOW THE HELL DO I WAKE THE NATION AND TELL THE PEOPLE THAT THROUGH APOCALYPSE SCIENCE WE CAN END ALL WARS . . . BRING ABOUT HUMAN RIGHTS AND HUMAN ECONOMIC JUSTICE AND ACHIEVE PEACE ON GOD'S TERMS AS THE ULTIMATE DESTINY OF CREATION THROUGH THE USE OF GOD'S WISDOM OF APOCALYPSE SCIENCE!!!!!!"

Moved, I offered my services as a media consultant. First order of business was to survey the competition, so I examined the press releases sent by the two already-returned Christs.

My conclusions: Farris is too emphatic and could use some ineffability. He has an overfondness for run-on sentences, jumbo APOCALYPSE billboards and a poster, which he mails to news organizations, that says 'FRIENDLY-FEROCIOUS-FARRIS' GOD PLANNED FOR HIM TO SMITE THE EARTH WITH THE ROD OF HIS MOUTH AND TO SLAY THE SKEPTIC WICKED WITH THE BREATH OF HIS LIPS. By comparison, the approach used in the pamphlets issued by Manger Publications of Fairfield, Connecticut, is much more effective. "The author of this booklet," reads one pamphlet, "is The Christ . . . spoken of in the New and Old Testaments of The Holy Bible. . . . Time will uncover his identity." Elegance. Understatement. Unlike Farris's yelping prose, the tone is cool, authoritative. Of course, there's also that shrinking-violet touch, which Manger works consistently: Manger Publications is not listed in the Fairfield telephone directory, and the letters sent to the address given in the pamphlet were . . . *never answered*.

But the real grabber here is the message. Last time out Christ said God was a tough-love meanie. This time, more befitting our age, he's the ultimate hip smart-ass. According to the Manger theory, it turns out that the Bible is "really a hoax—one big STING." Yes, the document so many billions have slavishly believed is, in fact, a cryptogram based on an elaborate code that uses "State Abbreviations, USA Telephone Area Codes, Zip Codes, Telephone Country Codes, the temperature conversion between C and F . . . the ASCII Character/Code conversion chart, the music

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scale (do re mi fa so la ti)" and much, much more. As the Manger pamphlet explains, God gave us this "HO Lie Buy Bull" to separate the people who "live in a place called ASSHUR (ASS WHO ARE, AS SURE)"—that is, today's benighted believers—from the elect, who have real wisdom. Maddening? Yes. But lucky for us, Christ, using a system called NEW BEGINNING translation, is back on earth to explain what God really meant.

For example, "Seek and you will find" is translated, by means of complex decoding that involves atomic numbers and the pope, as "Will = Double You ILL. LL = L+L = 24 = New Testament John. L times L = 144 = Gross. [Thus] all arrows in 'Seek and you will find' point to the church leadership, in a negative way—to say the least."

This approach is especially effective because it leaves seekers wondering if they're too dumb to receive the Word. Net result: *everyone wants to be a part of it.*

A second style is the more traditional approach used by successful British flack-for-Christ Benjamin Creme. His media kit boasts appearances on *The Merv Griffin Show*, *The Sally Jessy Raphael Show*, *Good Morning, N.Y.*, *Mid-Morning L.A.*, *Good Morning Bay Area* and 66 radio shows. A dapper, telegenic Scotsman who has been called a button-down John the Baptist, Creme says Christ has returned and is now living as an ordinary Pakistani man in London. Creme doesn't like to supply many details about what Christ is "really like," and like Connecticut's Christ, Creme's Christ is not yet ready to emerge in a Second Coming sense, but he does address large audiences several times a week, according to His PR kit. He apparently *was* ready in 1982, but the press blew it. According to Creme's media kit, Christ was then available to any news organization that mounted a "token search" in east London, but "not one major agency assigned a reporter to check it out!" In 1985, 22 reporters did show up at a press conference at a London restaurant to interview Creme's Christ, but "that particular moment was not auspicious for His worldwide emergence," according to Creme, and He was a no-show. Since then, however, Christ has been giving regular statements to a British journalist named Patricia Pitchon, a Colombian-born contributor to *Guardian*.

The teachings of Creme's Christ have a lot in common with Farris's. Gorbachev is helping Christ make the Soviet Union nicer, and benevolent forces are making themselves known. (Creme's Christ says the radiation that escaped from Chernobyl was mopped up by kindly "Space Brothers.") But unlike Farris, Creme has been getting his message out with pizzazz. Thanks to subsidies from the Tara Center, a nonprofit California spiritualist group, regular press releases on Christ's present-day doings and sayings go out in style on high-quality nut-brown paper. Tara also sponsors Creme's globe-trotting lecture tours, publishes his books and distributes a glossy Christzine, *Share International*.

Of course, having Creme as spokesman helps, too. He's handsome, articulate, British-accented and forceful. (One St. Paul devotee told *Minneapolis-St. Paul* magazine that hearing Creme changed her "on the molecular level.") And like any good spokesman, he's ready to point the finger when a reporter strays from the facts. In a recent interview with Creme, I interrupted his account of how in 1959 a voice told him where to meet his first intermediary from Christ ("Go to one of the bridges over the Thames; a car will be waiting . . .") to ask, "Uhhh, what about the Christ's prediction that Margaret Thatcher will leave office 'soon'? When exactly—"

"They're *not* predictions," he admonished. "They're . . . *expectations.*"

For Farris, the lessons are clear: he needs to moderate his prose, but he also needs a slick magazine, a PR staff, a private jet, sweet-voiced secretaries and, judging by his photograph on the posters, a personal style make-over. After hearing my new ideas, Farris wailed, "I've *triiied* those things!" He was even one step ahead of me. I hadn't thought of book publishing. But Farris has. For years he's been shopping two doctrinal manuscripts to the Scott Meredith Literary Agency, chosen because it represents beloved Missourian Margaret Truman Daniel ("I *cannot* get past their skepticism"). Even Vantage Press, America's leading vanity ("you-pay-us-and-we'll-print-it") publishing house, has turned him away.

I felt bad about letting Farris down. But, ever forgiving, he gave me another chance and asked if I knew of anyone who knew about book promotion. The two syllables I spoke must have seemed mysterious to him, but in time, I know, he'll understand their wisdom: *Zarem.* ❸

SMOKE 'EM IF YOU GOT 'EM

BY JAMES GRANT

Large sectors of the economy and entire regions of the country are still unowned by Kohlberg Kravis Roberts & Company this spring, despite an unusually busy and productive winter for the leveraged-buyout behemoth. Staten Island, Iowa, Spuyten Duyvil, the Catholic church and parts of Los Angeles remain independent, and many companies on the New York Stock Exchange have not yet been taken over. Chieftain Henry Kravis—salt-and-pepper-templed, flinty-gazed, pocket-handkerchief-stuffed—has not yet announced for the 1992 presidential race, nor has he mentioned a coup d'état. At least publicly.



Nevertheless, financially speaking it is better to be Henry Kravis than almost anyone else in the world, living or dead. Many were the skeptics when KKR barged in on the management-led buyout of RJR Nabisco late last year; many are the believers today. There was, of course, carping at the size of the deal ($25 billion), at the shabbiness of the treatment of the RJR bondholders and at the hysterical, overarching greed of the investment bankers. If Kravis heard the cluck-clucking, he did not listen to it. Anyway, he has heard it all before, and his province is *action*, not logic chopping. In due course, $14 billion in financing was in the bag. Oddly, *bank* financing. You may ask, *Why would a bank lend to a company like the debt-ridden RJR Nabisco?* Answer: it would lend for the

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fees—for up-front payments rendered merely for agreeing to lend. In a typical LBO, banks have earned fees of 1 percent to 1.5 percent of the value of their loans. In the RJR transaction, the largest lenders, in need of a little encouragement, will receive 3 percent. Thus, whether or not RJR succeeds as a business, the banks stand to book millions, right out of the gate, in fees. Ditto KKR, which is in the wonderful position of *paying itself* for the deals it brings to its own investors. For concocting the RJR extravaganza, KKR has arranged to rake in fees in keeping with the spirit of the age, and not a penny less—$75 million, at latest word. Perhaps you wish that you too were a bank, so that you could lend to RJR. Stop fretting: ordinary people may participate by purchasing the soon-to-be-issued RJR junk bonds. You can pick and choose among $5 billion's worth.

But you won't be showered with groceries, as the pros were just for showing up on the eve of Groundhog Day to hear the RJR Nabisco sales pitch—"RJR Nabisco: proud of the past, prepared for the future." Attendees at a Boston investors' meeting were plied with lunch, barraged with loud music ("Let the Good Times Roll") and delighted with free duffel bags stuffed with RJR Nabisco's nontobacco products. If three of you had come to the meeting in

Financially speaking,

it is better to be Kravis

than almost anyone else

in the world

one cab, you needed two cabs to get back to the office—one for the passengers and one for the boodle. The bags contained, among other items, an RJR Nabisco sweatshirt, an RJR Nabisco T-shirt, an RJR Nabisco baseball cap and tote bag, containers of Teddy Grahams, Country Strawberry Fruit Blends, Planters Corn Chips, Planters Fancy Cashews, Planters Honey Roasted Peanuts, Fun Size Baby Ruth bars, Ritz Bits, Pure Chocolate Middles, Mister Salty Pretzels, Easy Cheese



Cheddar, Mix 'n Eat Instant Cream of Wheat, Care Free Sugarless Gum, Yogurt Raisin Fruit Snacks, Life Savers Five Flavor Drops, Sierra Trail Mix, American Classic Crackers and Oreos. Was it entirely coincidental that immediately after the giveaway a $3 billion RJR Nabisco junk bond offering was oversubscribed? An investment banker at KKR's RJR show scoffed at the idea that the investors were seduced by groceries. "It wasn't a bribe," he said with the authority of someone who knows a bribe when he pays one.

Kravis's critics have been raging impotently on the *Times* Op-Ed page, but they fail to recognize the opportunity the visionary had. Everyone knew that RJR (né R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company) had developed a vile-smelling "smokeless" cigarette called Premier. And everyone knew that Premier was a billion-dollar mistake. The American Medical Association was especially insistent, condemning the new product as a drug-delivery device. It is the work of a moment, medical researchers contended, to convert a Premier into a discreet and effective crack pipe. Next the stock market rendered its verdict. The crack allegations coincided not with a decline in the price of RJR Nabisco stock but with a little rally. Plainly, Kravis had scored another masterstroke. He had got in on the ground floor of the multipurpose drug-ingestion market.

Of course, the leveraged-buyout ground floor was long ago spoken for, and now the penthouse is fast filling up. Investors who had never heard of what in the 1960s were called bootstrap financings are now throwing money at them. One highly placed money-thrower from Chase Manhattan Bank, beaming in the afterglow of a profitable chemical-company buyout, unguardedly caught the spirit of the times. "It's clearly a reversal of our previous bunt-and-steal strategy," he said, forswearing bankerly prudence. "Now we're swinging for the fences."

When a steward of other people's money uses the word *swinging*, it is probably time to slip one's watch into one's shoe. In investments, as in baseball, a season reliably yields more strikeouts than dingers. Conspicuously rare is the financial fiduciary who bats .400—the banker, pension fund manager or portfolio trustee who, without violating his duty to protect the principal entrusted to him, can never-

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theless produce exceptional investment results.

A law of paradox governs investments, including Henry Kravis's investments. The law holds that a good idea is almost never appreciated at the time it is dreamed up; it merely sounds flaky. By the same token, a bad idea is often very popular, for the statistics and logic that support it are familiar and reasonable-sounding—and therefore probably irrelevant to what may lie ahead.

A decade ago, the wind was at Kravis's back. Stock prices were low and interest rates were lower than the rate of inflation: you could borrow money almost for free. It was thus the ideal time to pay for a company with debt. Oddly enough, however, KKR was doing mostly pint-size deals back then, some less than $20 million, maybe because institutional investors thought the very idea of leveraged buyouts was crazy. Nowadays, however, the economic circumstances are reversed: stock prices are bloated and interest rates are considerably higher than the inflation rate, which means borrowing is expensive, which in turn means that leveraged buyouts *ought* to seem unattractive. Yet competition among would-be deal makers is ferocious, sending stock prices even higher and the rate of return on the deals down.

For those of us over 35 or so, the current rush to do debt-ridden deals is reminiscent of the planeloads of bankers bound for Rio to thrust large checks on a bemused Brazilian bureaucracy. Leveraged buyouts are not Third World nations, of course, except for one particular: the queues of people in pin-striped suits offering other people's money to the deal makers.

Pin-striped state-employee pension plan managers, not the most avant-garde of investors, account for more than half of the $5.6 billion committed to the leveraged-buyout fund KKR amassed two years ago. Conspicuous among those pension plan investors are the politically progressive states of Iowa, Oregon and Washington—places, incidentally, where Draconian statutes make it hard to have a legal smoke, even of tobacco, in a public place. Yet Iowa, for instance, committed the equivalent of 9 percent of its pension plan assets to the KKR fund. And now a good chunk of Iowa's money is earmarked for buying RJR Nabisco, maker of products the pension plan beneficiaries may not use while sitting at their desks (the smoke is said to be unhealthy). ◆

MR. AND MRS. PERELMAN BUILD THEIR DREAM HOUSE(S)

BY CARL McDONALD

Ronald Perelman—big-cigar-wielding socialite, chairman of Revlon, balding corporate-takeover artist and Neil Sedaka look-alike—was reported recently by *The New York Times* to have $1 billion in cash on hand, all of it available to be spent on those special properties that will most enhance his overall mega-ness. That explains how he was able to pick up Marvel Comics last November for $82.5 million, and how he was able to peel off $315 million for the bankrupt thrifts.



But it only raises questions about his reluctance to pay humble laborers—okay, expensive contractors—the bills he has run up. Perelman and his wife, Claudia Cohen, the TV gossipeuse of *Live With Regis and Kathie Lee*, have found themselves thrice traipsing to court to do battle over money they refuse to pay.

In November 1986, Perelman and Cohen contracted to pay $347,000 to the Manhattan construction company of Civale & Trovato to renovate two floors of their megaswanky townhouse on 63rd Street. Work lasted a year, until Civale's workmen packed up and walked off the job, claiming that there was a matter of an unpaid balance of $402,134. How had the supposed debt become higher than the original estimate for the whole job? Well, the cost escalated to $1,069,987, according to Civale, because of the 95 changes—*count 'em, 95*—that were made in the original plans, nearly all of them initiated by the high-strung couple. Perelman and his holding company, MacAndrews & Forbes, nevertheless balked at paying the $402,134 Civale claimed was due them, saying the work hadn't been done properly.

Civale filed a lien against the house for the disputed amount—which almost automatically, as night follows day, earned a complaint from MacAndrews & Forbes, detailing dissatisfaction with the kitchen cabinets, with a skylight, with a fireplace, with the marble in the bathroom and with Claudia's beloved air-conditioning (see The Usual Suspects, November 1988). Civale denies the charges of defective labor and materials, of course, and says any problems were caused by the flash and frequency of the mind changes of Perelman and Cohen, and by some design changes insisted upon by their architect, Peter Marino. (Marino declined to return SPY's phone calls, as did his clients. Civale & Trovato and their attorneys also refused to answer questions, because litigation is pending. Fortunately, we were able to learn about the disagreement from court papers, and from numerous observers who insisted on confidentiality.)



The air-conditioning, for example. Cohen wanted the house to be cold, and she wanted it to turn cold the very instant she felt the first waves of summer heat shimmer across her tight brow. Thus, for her, Civale supplied not an ordinary system, nor even a special system often installed by eccentric billionairesses. No, after many exasperated and costly changes of

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design, after much ripping out of ceilings and much putting back in of ceilings, the contractors supplied the Perelmans with a 15,000-ton air-conditioning system, one more powerful than those used to cool industrial computer rooms, one capable of dropping room temperatures 25 degrees in five minutes. But for the hate-to-be-hot Perelmans, this was apparently neither fast nor cold nor gratuitously deluxe enough.

The marble in Cohen's bathroom was also a disaster—*an absolute disaster*! The original plans called for a floor of pink marble, setting off the white Thásos marble of the walls, and the white marble tub (with its round custom corners), and the white marble steps at the back of the tub and the shower with the seat inside where Cohen rests comfortably while the eight individual shower heads hose her down. When Cohen saw the pink floor, however, she was aghast. It was the wrong color, she insisted. *Pink amid all that white? That's insane! I never selected it! I never approved it! Take it out! Take it out! Now! Now! Now!*

If the workmen were surprised by this finickiness, they just hadn't been paying attention. Cohen, for instance, had insisted that a small raised joint in the shower floor be shaved to spare her toes the trauma of the tiny promontory. She also had workers pivot the television set in the bedroom to every possible angle until she found the one that allowed her to study *Dynasty* without moving her neck. And she demanded that the toilet in her bathroom be placed just so, ordering workmen to make it precisely "the height of a throne" and then to move it one inch this way or a half inch that way, backward, forward, sideways, ripping out tiles with each maneuver, until it was right.

But the episode with Civale & Trovato was no aberration. A couple of Long Island contractors, Two Bears Builders and Bates Electric, have also experienced firsthand the Perelmans' perfectionism and refusal to pay bills. Two Bears and Bates were hired in the summer of 1987 to renovate the couple's $6 million house on Lily Pond Lane in East Hampton—and to complete work before Memorial Day 1988.

"People bent over backward to finish the project—they busted their buns—but when the time came to pay, the Perelmans would not," said a source. In time, suits were filed in New York State Supreme Court, Two Bears demanding $26,632.51 and Bates an amount between $4,000 and $5,000. The disputes were eventually settled out of court. The terms are secret, but Two Bears, at least, is unhappy.

Throughout the renovation, Perelman and his son (by a previous marriage) were often at the site, offering their useful supervision. According to a worker, late one Friday afternoon as workmen were preparing to knock off for the weekend, Ron's son blocked the driveway with his car, deliberately preventing them from leaving. Many other times, Ron asserted his primal authority, screaming about subjects as consequential as throw pillows. (Ron, a man renowned for screaming at underlings, did not deny the workmen on the city townhouse job an opportunity to view him in performance. During a manic session in his office, he screamed at one contractor nonstop for about ten minutes straight. When the man at last interjected, "Can I talk now?" Perelman screamed, "No!" and stalked out.)

Not to be outdone by husband and stepson, the chatelaine proved her status within the family with her own manic decorating vision. Cohen went shopping for furniture nearly every week, buying pieces that she would soon decide she didn't like and that she would replace, only to grow disenchanted once more. "It was the most gross mass consumption of money I have ever seen," says a firsthand observer.

Perhaps the problem is that Cohen has trouble visualizing her concepts. For the townhouse, she was intrigued by the idea of building her bedroom around a lacquered bed finished in quilted silk with sharkskin trim (*hey—is that swanky, or what?*) with a six-foot curved headboard and sharkskin-trimmed end tables. To help her make up her mind, she had a model of the bed made, along with full-scale drawings that were taped against the orange silk damask wall so she could envision the final appearance. But after she approved the plan, after she ordered the bed from France and agreed to pay $50,000 for it, after she had workers haul it up to the bedroom, she changed her mind. "She hated it when it was delivered," a source said. *Out! Out! Out!*

But then, Cohen even has difficulty visualizing herself, it would seem. A bedroom mirror in the East Hampton house had to be replaced twice, once on a Sunday. The rejected mirrors—faulty, malmanufactured, bad, bad, *terrible* mirrors—all, she complained, made her look too fat. ◑

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THE GREATEST GIFT

BY ELLIS WEINER

It began last summer: a torrent (four pieces) of hate mail, thinly disguised as "letters to the editor," seeking to destroy me by attacking my comments about—well, everything. Baby-sitters. Los Angeles. Writing in the margins of books. My use of the word *manse*. Naturally, in my struggle to either be a grown-up or just look like one, I tried to shrug off my critics' not unspirited prose, not untiresome indignation, not unboneheaded opinions. But wounded? Of course I was wounded. Excuse me, but I happen to be a human being. Pain, as *Mad* magazine once put it, hurts.



Then, somewhere in that nether zone between unappeasable despair and being-in-a-grouchy-mood, I came upon a redeeming, enlightening, grown-up-ish insight, a sort of philosophical soufflé, fragile and exquisite and puffed up and half-baked. The emotion these people must have felt, taking keyboard in hand to input their vile, if constitutionally protected, documents of hate! Unbloodied but bowed, I found myself wondering, *Could these people be my enemies?*

One hopes so. At least, one has ever since seeing Sean Connery win the Oscar for Best Movie Star in a Secondary but Nonetheless Appealing Role for his performance in *The Untouchables*. He acknowledged his friends and then added, with an ironic little laugh, ". . . and a few enemies." And one thought, *Aha. Enemies.*

As though awakening from a lifelong mental slumber, I wondered, *Could it be that the getting and having of enemies was the secret to a healthy, happy, successful life?* Eat a balanced diet, get regular exercise, acquire implacable foes—was that the formula?

History suggests so: all great men and women, in every field of endeavor, have had enemies. Even Will Rogers was suspiciously, tellingly, silent about all the men he met who didn't like him. (Memo to self: Must enemy-having be reciprocal? Reread all of Aristotle tonight.) As for friends, well, they have their place—and, indeed, one enjoys spending the odd weekend there every summer. You can have lunch with friends, and all that. But how do you feel afterward? Suffused with comradely warmth? Chucklingly comfy-cozy? I tell you, these are the emotions of weaklings, of sissies who visit pet shops just to wave at the nice puppies, of old ladies who nod over their Constant Comment tea as Bill Moyers interviews yet another sage whose job it is to make the rest of us feel stupid. Friends? Children have friends. Adults have enemies. Indeed, enemies are proof that one is an adult, that one has in word or deed asserted oneself emphatically in a world run by institutions dedicated to pacifying or intimidating—i.e., to infantilizing. Are not our enemies—even the posturing nincompoops with nothing better to do than write letters to the editor—the very footprints left by the Reeboks of our selfhood in the wet sand of society? Merely to ask the question is to reply, immediately and instinctively, *Well, I mean . . . yeah. I guess so. What does Sean Connery think?* But isn't it obvious? He doesn't go up to a pet shop to look and simper and tap the window and smile and wave at the nice puppies. He goes in to *buy* the nice puppies. And if his enemies don't like it—tough.

Eat a balanced diet,

get regular exercise,

acquire implacable foes—

was that the formula?

And none of this Constant Comment tea nonsense, either. Like all enemy-having adults, when this man wants tea, he reaches for Constant Conflict. And if A, B or C takes issue and must be punched in his or her alphabetical nose, so be it!

Admittedly, I don't know what I'm talking about. The closest I've ever come to exchanging blows was at the age of about nine, when a bunkmate in summer camp and I traded vituperation in the cabin one day. At a crucial moment a counselor breezed in and held up four leather objects. "I *just* happen to have these boxing gloves here—" he began provocatively. "But I have to take them back to the Athletic Department," he added, and that was that. I felt secret, vast relief.

Kind reprieve of fate? Or cruel joke of the gods? True, such a fight might have led to nothing much: a blackened eye, a bloodied nose and then the classic manly, or nine-year-oldly, confession of mutual respect and admiration. We might have gone off together to get drunk on bug juice.

But what if we had fought and then remained implacable foes? What, in other words, if I had thus become accustomed to the harsh imperatives of interpersonal conflict? Who knows but that I might then have been better prepared, three years later, to pop Steve Tetenbaum for repeatedly kicking me in the shins while standing in line after recess one day in sixth grade?

When it comes to enemies, the grown-up doesn't know what to think. On the one hand, he or she disapproves of self-justifying grudges, self-glorifying hatred, the self-aggrandizing dehumanization of others—of everything that makes having enemies the wicked pleasure it is. Ambidextrously on the other hand, though, the grown-up finds it hard to escape the proposition that if one has values and principles—which the grown-up has, in big canvas bags—then whosoever opposes them is your enemy, whether you like it or not.

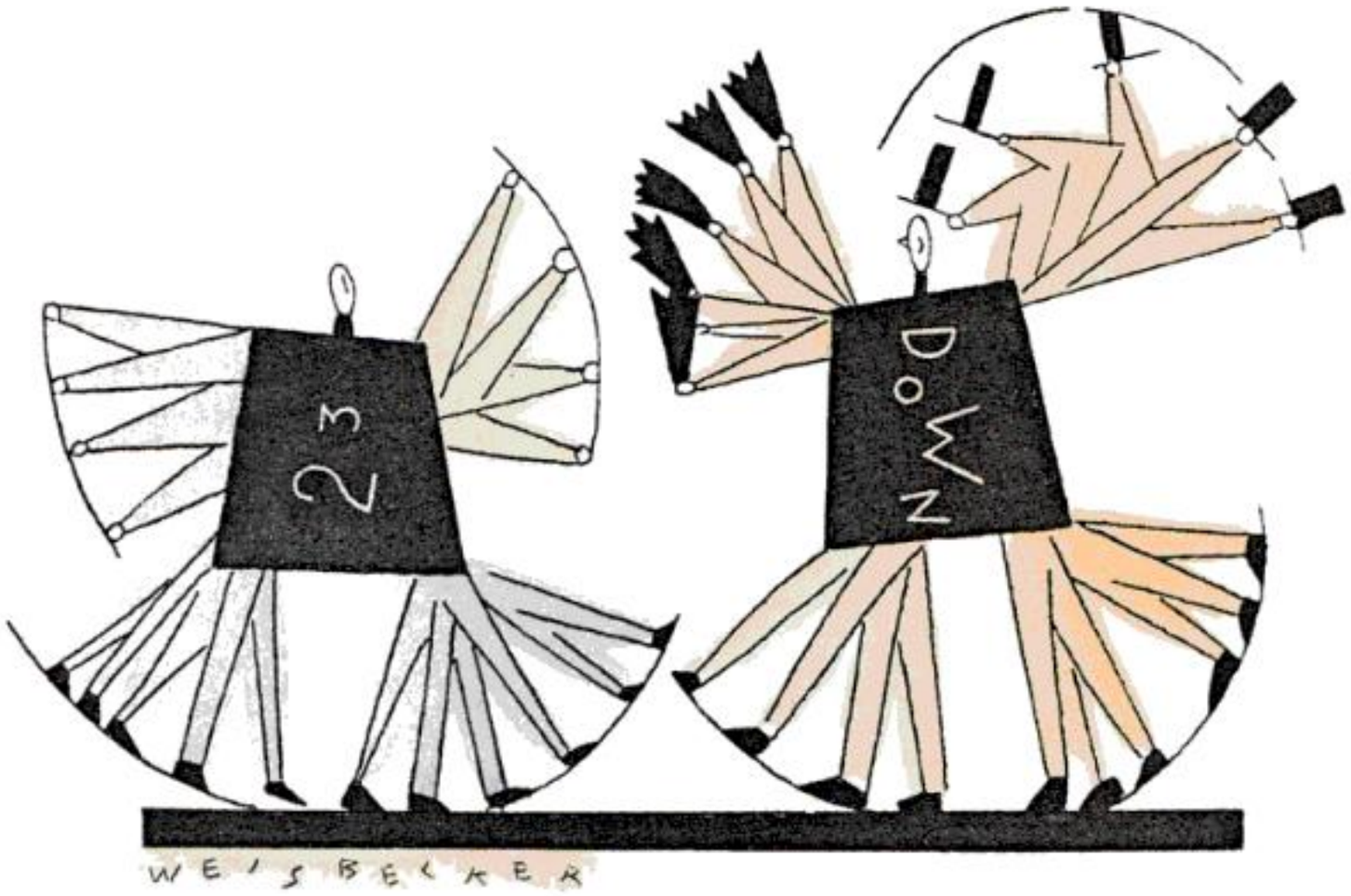
But, really, come on, grown-up—grow up. Never mind "values"; the world is crawling with people who seek to advance themselves at our expense. Idi Amin is the foe of mankind, yes, but what about that guy at the office? Is he our "competitor," or our "enemy"? Are we supposed to be above hating him, or does hating him define us to ourselves and announce our self-respect to others? Whom should the Man Who Would Be Grown-up emulate: Christ? Or Connery?

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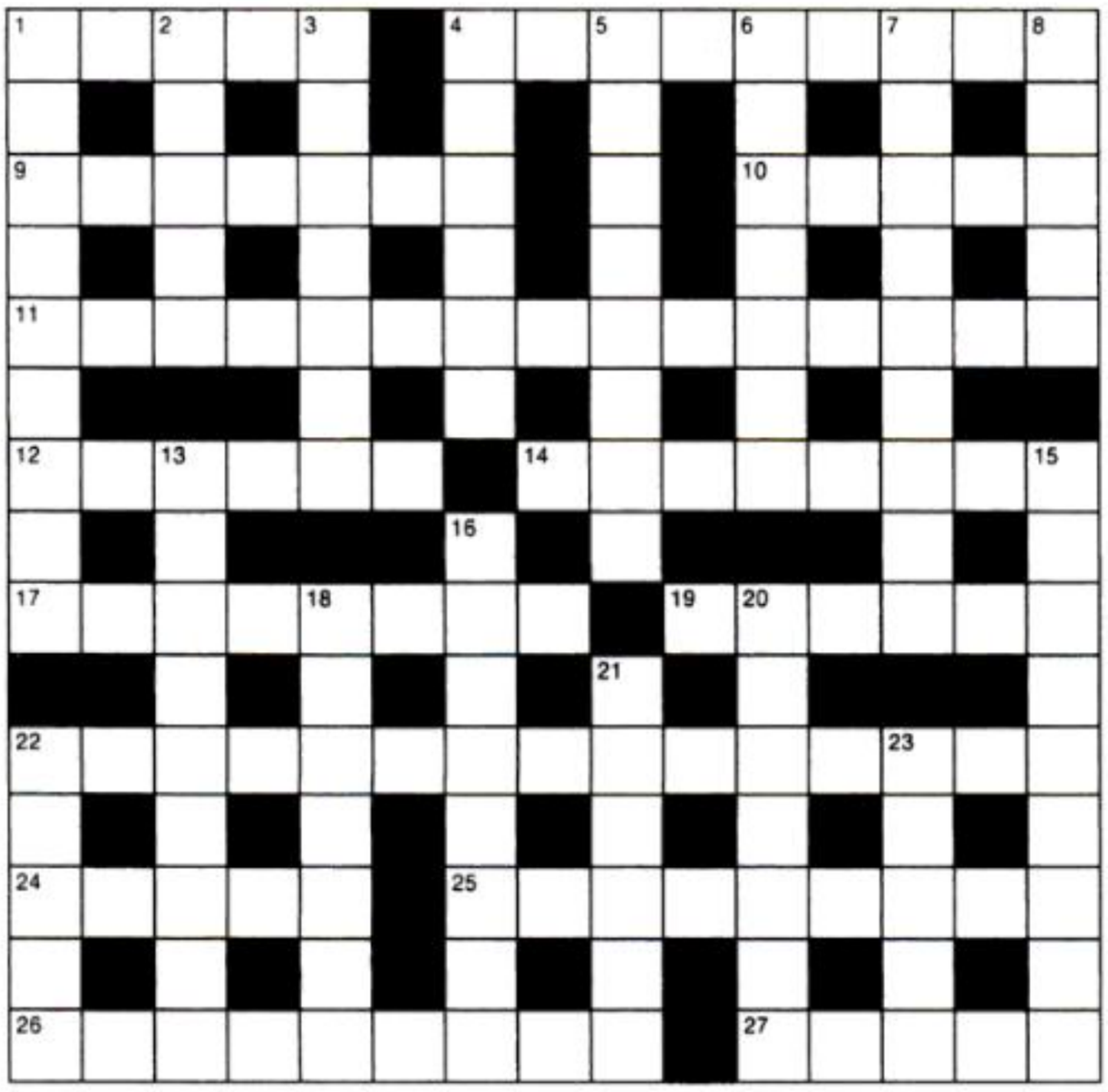
THE UN-BRITISH

Crossword Puzzle

BY ROY BLOUNT JR.



Who Says There Are No Easy Answers?



ACROSS

1. Sluggo's friend. (5)

4. The least you can say. (9)

9. A good excuse for forgetting. (7)

10. Take away two. (5)

11. Just put in whatever you please. (8,3,4)

12. Can old McChicken stand alone,/If Chicken McNugget has __ _____? (2,4)

14. Sweetheart swallows kilo "on a _____ plain/ Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,/ Where ignorant armies clash by night" — Matthew Arnold. (8)

17. We find ourselves in nude mayo dancing. (3,3,2)

19. Nancy's friend. (6)

22. If "What does this puzzle have in its heart for every American?" is the question, then . . . (4,2,3,6)

24. Oil go crazy in home where Eskimo roam. (5)

25. Why sweat like busy elves?/Let's be easy on _____. (9)

26. If you're not reading this, we miss you./This month's SPY is a real ____ _____. (4,5)

27. Let's have fun with simple words./Let's not grind away like _____. (5)

DOWN

1. "[Sluggo's friend], you look faaaaantaaaaastic." (9)

2. Aunt Fritzi's niece. (5)

3. Can this answer be as easy as a female chicken? (3,1,3)

4. Mr. Dick Ted Wallace. (6)

5. Galaxy with heart of nougat and caramel. (5,3)

6. Said Harry T. (or Scrooge McDuck),/With me is where this stops: ___ _____. (3,4)

7. How are you making flecks of cheese?/Are you somehow irritating?/Simple answer to both of these/ Questions is: "You fool, __ _____." (2,7)

8. You can ___ __ if you really try. (3,2)

13. Sad Swedish car. (4,5)

15. Prudent person lends to these or takes them. (4,5)

16. What we're into when we're singing "Feelings." (8)

18. Oddly, I'm reborn again (without benefit of manger) in capital of Kenya. (7)

20. Jack O's trailed by a simple light. (7)

21. Abiding message of the Dukakis campaign: "Let _____ do it." (6)

22. What Joe Isuzu is prone to be doing. (5)

23. Go back and forth with one who signals hello/bye-bye. (5)

The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 157.

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THIRD PARTIES At Mortimer's, former best-selling right-wing author William F. Buckley Jr. makes eyes at a furry tray of finger sandwiches as the giantess and sugar mommy with whom he lives, Pat Buckley, reluctantly proffers her artificially bruised-looking face to Glenn Bernbaum. Meanwhile, frosted-lip-gloss-addict and Random House publisher and CEO Joni Evans offers a frosted-nail-polished hand to Robert Hughes, each of them attempting to ignore what looks to be Random House vice president and editorial director Jason Epstein's falsetto rendition of "My Way."



Like Mort Zuckerman, Jasper Johns maniac and IRS litigant S. I. Newhouse has been able to use his enormous wealth to engineer proximity to all kinds of fascinating, soigné, really, really classy people. At an ultraswanky party for the pun-obsessed staff of Newhouse's *Vanity Fair*, the proprietor is transfixed by superstylish bigot-hotelier (*see page 36*) Steve Rubell's elegant way of nibbling an egg roll.

WHAT MONEY CAN BUY Celebrating the New York City Ballet's 40th anniversary at Lincoln Center, gala chairman Mort Zuckerman shows a few of his swinging bachelor touch-dance moves to a very lucky, evidently very thrilled lady—waistless ballerina Heather Watts. A little later, with hands around two separate waists, party animal and Hotel Carlyle owner Peter Sharp attempts to shove together dancer turned walker Peter Martins's two most assiduous and mutually repellent escorts, jilted ballet patroness Anne Bass and ballerina–other woman Watts.





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party POOP

At the ballet gala, gossipist and former wig wearer Billy Norwich (1) clenches his teeth in anticipation of ingratiating himself with vintage socialite Mollie Wilmot by pressing his lips against her not altogether human-seeming fingers (2) and then enthralls *Vogue* editor Anna Wintour—seemingly by recounting the horrible Wilmot incident in excruciatingly vivid detail (3).









Those ultrasophisticated nightclub people have outdone themselves this time. In a desperate but extremely artistic attempt to revive interest in his once-popular night spot M.K., taxidermy artist–club owner Eric Goode experiments with what could become a wacky, sure-to-succeed new door policy: only completely naked people will be admitted (Goode is the one half covering his genitals with a flower that resembles genitals). But a few blocks away at Bolido (*right*), former fatgirl and Henry Moore sculpture look-alike Dianne Brill proves the old adage that the fatgirl who wears a little is a whole lot more alluring than the fatgirl who wears nothing at all.

Nightlife Decathlon Update

1989 Ironman front-runner Anthony Haden-Guest momentarily lost his lead at The World when SPY's decathlon judges spotted him actually shielding his much-photographed face from the glare of friendly flashbulbs; minutes later, however, the peppy Englishman recovered the lost points, enrapturing hundreds of jaded downtowners by successfully juggling a bottle of Rolling Rock and an inflatable apple bearing the marvelous bon mot FRIENDS LIKE YOU DON'T GROW ON TREES.

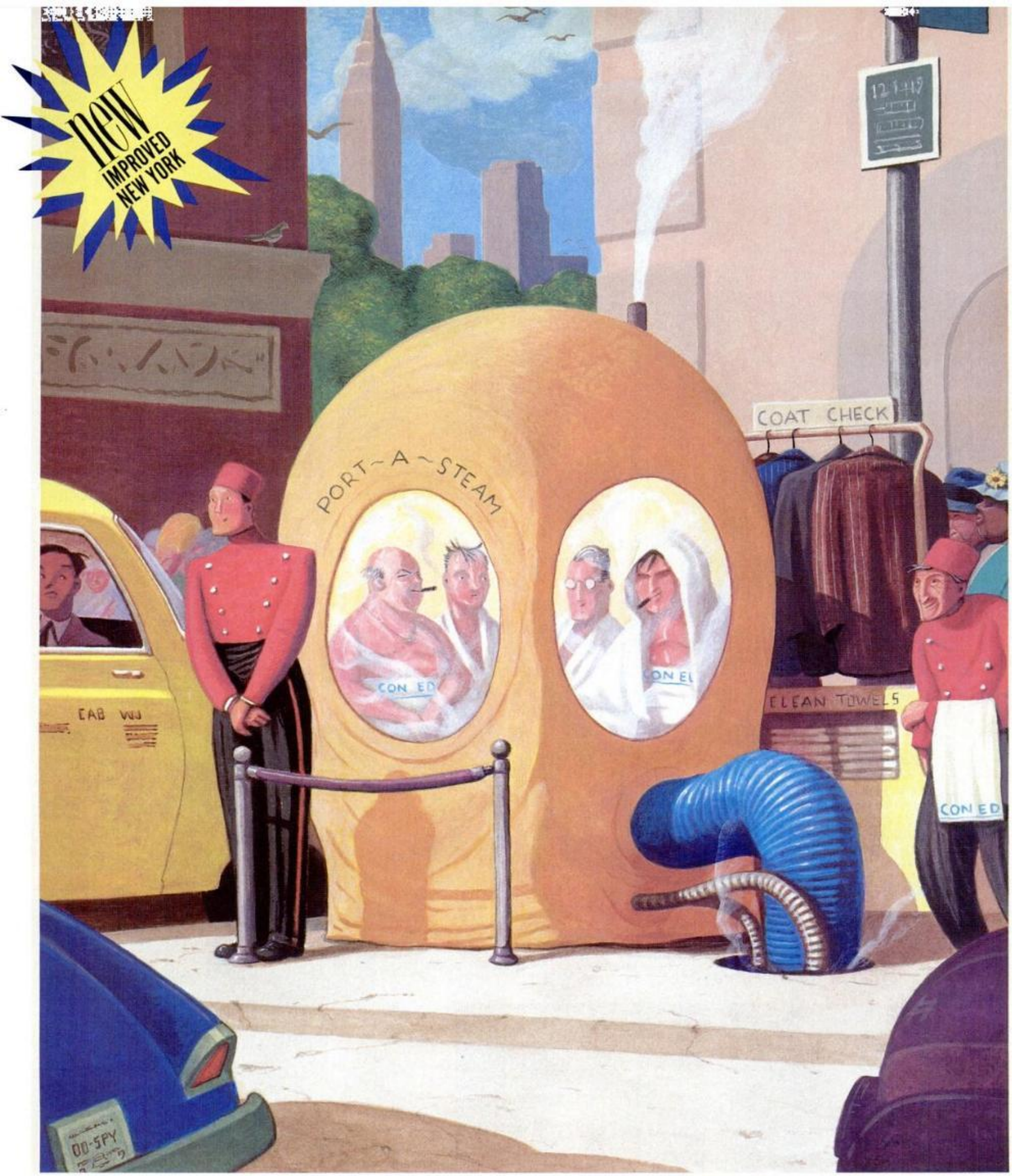






BEAUTY EXPERTS At the Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute Benefit: normally dressed cosmetics mogul and Hummel figurine look-alike Estée Lauder, art-and-escort-procurer Richard Feigen and maybe-not-really-all-that-bosomy dirty-book writer Shirley Lord. *Vogue*'s tenaciously youthful beauty director, Lord is living proof that you can always tell a beauty professional when you see one—she knows how to select clothing that accentuates her good points.

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SIDEWALK STEAM.

It pours out of holes in the street and sidewalks all over the city. It frightens out-of-towners. It makes work easy for film noir cinematographers. It's essentially useless. Until now. In our New, Improved New York, you can enjoy the age-old pleasures of a good steam bath without joining a health club or buddying up to mobsters. The 42 Port-a-Steam installations are shifted nightly to best harness the fickle plumes of steam that issue, without warning, from just about any opening in Manhattan's skin. So wrap on a towel, sit back, watch the rush hour traffic creep up Sixth Avenue and let the inexplicable exhalations from the city's bowels breathe life back into your exhausted body. But enjoy it now, because in a few short months the prospect of sitting around sweating won't be a matter of choice. And you'll have to do it fully clothed. In the office. Without a cigar. D

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UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

Quite simply, this month's puzzle is a response to all those readers who have informed me that they like *the Un-British Crossword but they can't imagine that anyone is supposed to work it. Well, anyone is. Elizabeth Hardwick works it, I happen to know, and so does Rochelle Larkin, who is connected with* Female Bodybuilding *magazine and writes to this department occasionally on stationery whose heading reads, quite appropriately,* THE STYLISH PROSE OF ROCHELLE LARKIN. *Otherwise, this puzzle does not get a wide range of positive feedback. That's all right. We who function in the major media do not expect positive feedback, and when we get it, it is usually weird. On October 2, 1987, this was reported in* The New York Times*:*

" 'St. Elsewhere' created additional controversy Wednesday night with a closing shot of the actor Ed Flanders's bare buttocks. . . . The network . . . received 43 phone calls from New York viewers about the program, 10 favorable and 33 unfavorable."

Now, anyone who has had any small part in the expansion of the boundaries of acceptability in the American public eye—as I like to think I have—can readily imagine the tone of those unfavorable responses. (I myself did not watch St. Elsewhere *that night, or indeed any other night, so I can only say that my reaction to the scene in question would have depended on tastefulness and context.) But how about the* favorable *ones?*

"Listen, I have never called a network before, but after what I saw last night, well—I just wanted to tell you personally that at last the television medium has justified our trust. When our family's eyes lit on that elderly gentleman's heinie, we were surprised, yes. Jolted, even. But we were also—somehow, I can't say just why—drawn closer together. So—I won't keep you any longer, but we just wanted to tell you thanks, and: More!"

The truth is, we who provide your entertainment—and, perhaps, sometimes, your edification—do not know what you are like out there. Not really. We can't even be all that sure what we are like in here.

So, no, this month's puzzle is not an attempt to cater. Nor is it exactly an April Fools' (i.e., Reader-Friendly) Special. I just thought—spring is a-coming in, and oh, heck, you know. Maybe it's time this puzzle became a little more sunny and mellow.

In California, incidentally, the calls about Ed Flanders's buttocks ran 17 against and 19 in favor. —*R.B.*

ACROSS

1. The time has come for me to disclose that I am a member of the secret and exclusive Ernie Bushmiller Society. Bill Griffith, creator of *Zippy the Pinhead*, has disclosed that he is a member, so why the hell shouldn't I? (Don't think this means that anyone can just up and disclose that he or she is a member, though, because he or she almost certainly isn't.) Griffith has even gone so far as to reveal that the motto of the society is "Dare to be dumb," which came as news to the society. Not disagreeable news, perhaps; but still, news. And the Bushmiller Society is not out to make news. In fact, until Griffith breached security, the society was not out at all. Don't think that you can hit on me for any further information, aside from what should be common knowledge: that Ernie Bushmiller created, and for 44 years (until his death in 1982) drew, *Nancy*. In *The Best of Ernie Bushmiller's Nancy* (a recent collection–cum–tributes-and-analysis edited by Brian Walker), Mark Newgarden and Paul Karasik observe, "There is little that is beneath Bushmiller in his quest for a gag. A kind of sublime dumbness became Bushmiller's personal territory and he mined it brilliantly." And of course what they say is right on the money, though it is dumb of them—in my view—to come out and say it. A new version of *Nancy*, drawn by someone else (someone who is still alive), has started appearing in newspapers lately. This new version just goes to show you that there is sublime dumbness, and then there is dumbness.

4. In literary circles this is known as minimalism. Of course, Bushmiller in his prime gave us more minimalism every Sunday—in color, half a tabloid page—than any literati are likely to come up with on their most astringent little Tuesdays or Wednesdays.

12. A simple verse clue, a type that you will find only, I believe, in the Un-British Crossword. I could go into a whole long thing about the unnaturalness of boneless chicken (marketed as chicken *fingers* in some establishments), but I won't. Not this month. I will just say this: round as she was, Nancy had bones.

14. *K* (for kilo) in *darling* ("sweetheart"). And, of course, a quote from "Dover Beach." Matthew Arnold described culture as "to know the best that has been said and thought in the world." When I speak of dumbness as sublime, I do not mean to deny for one moment that I majored in English.

24. When a word like *crazy* or *oddly* appears, it may well mean that the letters of the words next to it are to be rearranged. I tell you this every month.

DOWN

4. Mister Shawn, Dick Shawn, Ted Shawn and Wallace Shawn are all well-known figures in the humanities. Not that the humanities end of it matters. They are all Shawns, that's the point, and if you never heard of them, hey—not having heard of people who are well known in the humanities does not diminish *your* humanity, very much.

15. Hard to say what constitutes a good risk in the eighties. The "thrifts"—such down-to-earth home-financing institutions as the building-and-loan glorified in *It's a Wonderful Life*—are sucking wind. Treasury bills have nothing behind them but the U.S. government. And what with LBOs and junk bonds and all, who knows what collateral is anymore? What we can say is that today's prudent money person will take care that his investment fraud involves other guilty parties, so that he can implicate them in return for an easier time of it if he's caught. That kid David Bloom, who spent his investors' money on fine things for himself, got an eight-year sentence—whereas Ivan Boesky, who stole a lot more money but was prudent enough to have accomplices he could betray, got only three years. We may define being overleveraged, then, as swindling outside cahoots. But let us not cavil. The people who run money are not stupid, they realize that business must be based on trust. The SEC will probably start requiring that distribution of indictability be written into all sweet deals. Incidentally, would Sweet Deal be a good name for an all-girl group?

18. *I'm reborn again* rearranged ("oddly") and with the letters of *manger* taken out. Do you respect me, when I give these things away? Do you think it is good for you, for me, for the long-term health of this puzzle? Do you think I know the answers to these questions? I am not even sure whether I am out of line in suggesting that Sweet Deal would be a good name (tongue in cheek, of course, they would have to jolt us repeatedly and have scraggly, atonal hair) for an all-girl group. Or maybe The Soft Spots. Or how about Right on the Money? If you want to know what my idea of a good time is, it's sitting around with congenial people thinking of good names for an all-girl group. This puzzle is just an excuse, really, a way for us—we know who we are—to get together. And I'm sorry if I'm being too open, and I'm sorry if I'm going on and on too much, and I'm sorry if this puzzle has been too easy, and I'm sorry if all the others have been too hard; and let me just say: *you almost certainly aren't in the Ernie Bushmiller Society, nyah-nyah-nyah-nyah-nyah-nyah,* not even Elizabeth Hardwick.

1 N	A	2 N	C	3 Y	■	4 S	O	5 M	E	6 T	H	7 I	N	8 G
A	■	A	■	E	■	H	■	I	■	H	■	M	■	E
9 A	M	N	E	S	I	A	■	L	■	10 E	I	G	H	T
A	■	C	■	A	■	W	■	K	■	B	■	R	■	I
11 A	N	Y	T	H	I	N	G	Y	O	U	W	A	N	T
A	■	■	■	E	■	S	■	W	■	C	■	T	■	■
12 N	O	13 B	O	N	E	■	14 D	A	R	K	L	I	N	15 G
C	■	L	■	■	■	16 E	■	Y	■	■	■	N	■	O
17 Y	O	U	A	18 N	D	M	E	■	19 S	20 L	U	G	G	O
■	■	E	■	A	■	O	■	21 G	■	A	■	■	■	D
22 L	O	V	E	I	S	T	H	E	A	N	S	23 W	E	R
Y	■	O	■	R	■	I	■	O	■	T	■	A	■	I
24 I	G	L	O	O	■	25 O	U	R	S	E	L	V	E	S
N	■	V	■	B	■	N	■	G	■	R	■	E	■	K
26 G	O	O	D	I	S	S	U	E	■	27 N	E	R	D	S

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WASHINGTON, DC, 2001 M. Street N.W., Mazza Gallerie - BOSTON, MA, Market Place Center - HAMILTON, BERMUDA, Reid Street - COCONUT GROVE, FL, Mayfair Mall
PHILADELPHIA, PA, King of Prussia - TOWSON, MD, Towsontowne Centre - CAMBRIDGE, MA, At Charles Square - LONG ISLAND, N.Y. 517 Central Ave, Cedarhurst
HACKENSACK, NJ, Riverside Square - BETHESDA, MD, Montgomery Mall - TAMPA, FL, At Old Hyde Park - FAIRFAX, VA, Fair Oaks Mall - ALEXANDRIA, VA, 400 King Street.
TORONTO, ONTARIO, 110 Bloor Street West - OTTAWA, ONTARIO, Rideau Centre 50, Rideau Street.



Then of course there's teeny-bopper idol *Remo Ricci*, who has yet to be seen without his perennial pair of shades, and who they say never smiles, to keep his kissable mouth wrinkle-free. At once the locals gather in swarms around a pink convertible carrying the director, *Il Grande Maestro*, in a Panama hat and the queen of the screen herself, Swedish dream lady *Kristina Björk*, her hair done up in a silk scarf. *The Maestro* manages a polite wave to the crowd and heads for an outdoor café, where he nonchalantly snaps, «Champagne, per favore» for himself and for the members of the press. *Capriccio d'amore* is off to a fine start.

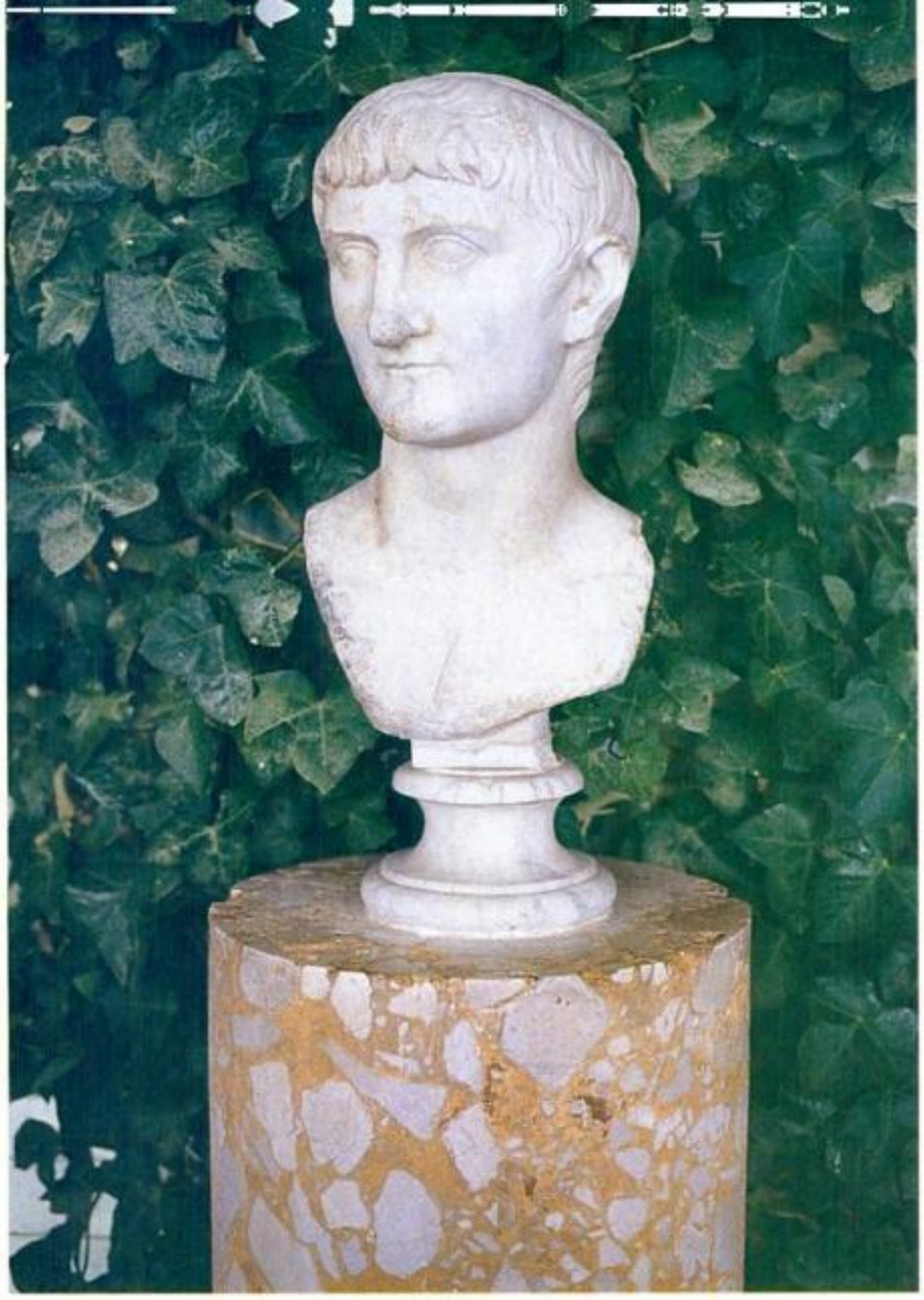
Be sure to stop by your local Sisley store and pick up a free «Capriccio d'amore» booklet, in addition to postcards and poster.



CREATIVITY BY ENERGY PROJECT. DIRECTION/STYLING: MAGNUS SKOGSBERG. PHOTO: G. HILDEBRAND. HAIR: MIKE LUNDGREN. MAKEUP: TUIJA VALÉN.

At *Lora's* side is mini-skirted *Monica Dolfi*, the ravishing brown bellezza from *Sorrento*, a starlet who's gone straight to the top. This is finally it! They are about to begin shooting *Capriccio d'Amore, Holly Studios'* hottest flick this year, and probably for years to come. Meanwhile *Monica* takes the child protagonist, *Costantino*, by the hand. *Costantino* is the lucky local kid who was chosen from hundreds to star in the film. Then over there is *Joe Brandino*, and yes, it's *Tony Cosmo*... both just in from *Hollywood*.

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CAPRI, LATE SPRING.
It's one of those idyllic Sunday mornings on the Mediterranean and the *Capri* locals are lounging around the cafés of the *Piazzetta* doing what's become the national past-time: *Il dolce far niente.* Then, all of a sudden, to the surprise of the sedate scene of capuccino sippers, out of the dark depths of the funicular, parading out into the piazza is the most amazing line-up of personalities that this place has ever laid eyes on. Out struts the star of the big screen *Lora de Angelis*, her sultry dark eyes shaded by a bizarre straw hat in the shape of a... «Pare 'nu paralume!» (She's wearing a lampshade!) yells the wife of a local fisherman. *Lora*, looking momentarily peeved, quickly regains her cool, and flashes one of those famous smiles of hers.





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SPRING SUMMER 1989

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CAPRICCIO D'AMORE

The shooting of a masterpiece.

SPECIAL REPORT FROM CAPRI!

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